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Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME CI

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1908

TURNING THE NEW LEAVES

WHATEVER may be said in extenuation of magazine editors, it must be admitted that they confuse the calendar. They keep a private Christmas in midsummer, and Easter by the first snowfall. If the *Atlantic's* editor wishes to say Happy New Year to the patrons of the magazine, he is forced to write in November the words which he would prefer to speak, two months later, at some real banquet of the *Atlantic's* readers. A year ago, the Toastmaster remembers, he was writing his New Year's greeting in a sunny window-seat in Florence. Two cabmen, lazily exchanging Tuscan epithets on the square beneath the window, distracted his attention as he meditated upon the *Atlantic's* coming semi-centennial and composed with due piety a few paragraphs about Turning the Old Leaves. And he said to himself, "This is poor writing, but that may be the cabmen's fault. At worst, it gives a good title for another January greeting, after the anniversary is over. That shall be called Turning the New Leaves."

And so, in fulfillment of this year-old editorial engagement, Turning the New Leaves it shall be. After all the kindly wishes which the *Atlantic's* semi-centennial has brought, and with the abundant space which the anniversary number devoted to the founders, no one will be likely to think that the magazine is unmindful of its past, or ungrateful for the tributes to its ancient achievements. We have been having a sort of family reunion, when the talk has turned naturally upon old scenes, half-forgotten incidents, and vanished personages; things dear to the family circle, although elsewhere unintelligible. But the reunion is over now. The old leaves have all been turned, gently, humorously, or with regret. The *Atlantic* for 1908 is waiting to be read, and it will be read because its subscribers enjoy what it contains to-day, and not because Ralph Waldo Emerson was a contributor to the first number.

Men and women who are alive and writing — not dead and famous — make the *Atlantic* what it is. They write as well as their fathers did. Excluding the first half-dozen names of the older generation, as representing heights of poetry and imaginative prose unreached to-day, the children write even better than their fathers, and they have a greater variety of interesting things to say. No one can have read the four articles in the November number, comparing 1857 and 1907 as regards the state of politics, literature, art, and science, without becoming freshly aware that we are living in a world of new conditions. Some things dear to *Atlantic* readers of the old sort have disappeared forever, but the life of America — which it is the object of this magazine to reflect and to interpret — was never so various, vigorous, and right-minded as it is this very morning. No one need dwell among the tombs.

A magazine cannot endeavor to offer the hospitality of its pages to writers representing these new varieties of training, conviction, and experience, without wounding some sensibilities. The Toastmaster gives the floor to many kinds of speakers. Sometimes, in truth, he gets anxious during their remarks and looks at his watch. Occasionally the audience, in turn, looks anxious, and possibly some one gets up and goes out. This has hap-

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pened during 1907, as it will doubtless continue to happen, but the fact that there have been two new subscribers for every old one lost does not lessen the Toastmaster's regret that tolerance for the other parish is still a plant of imperfect flowering.

For the *Atlantic* is not a club made up of an esoteric circle of people who use its pages for the exchange of congenial ideas. The Toastmaster once tried to picture it as a *pension*, where there were violets by each plate, indeed, as if it were a private dinner party, but where both Caterer and boarders were in reality quite aware that there were other *pensions* near by, clamorous for patronage. In his gloomier moments, the Toastmaster's task appears to him as being not so much that of the Caterer and Announcer of a feast, as that of an Umpire, calling balls and strikes to the perfect satisfaction of neither the players, the spectators, nor himself. But the real umpire has printed rules for his guidance, and police protection after the game. The editor has neither. He is rather, let us say, a Picture Dealer, with certain private standards of taste in the back of his head, perhaps, but obliged to buy only such canvases as his capital will warrant, and to hang them in such a fashion as may reasonably be expected to attract purchasers, — all other canvases being "unavailable" for him. Yet one must remember that some of these harassed dealers — the joke of artists, and compelled to buy only what they could sell again — have nevertheless managed to form and to maintain a sound artistic taste in a whole community.

After all, the plain "$4.00 a year" printed upon the *Atlantic's* cover is as good an image and symbol of editorial policy as could be wished. Subscribing to a magazine, like buying a picture, is a business transaction. Sentiment may have a share in it, but at bottom it is a question of getting and giving the worth of the money. Four dollars is a good round sum, — if one has to go out and earn it, as most of the *Atlantic's* subscribers do. The notion that they belong to the leisure class is an amusing fiction, which dies hard. The great majority of them — and all of the Cheerful Readers, apparently — have to work for their four dollars, and they expect, month by month, a fair return upon their investment. If they do not receive it, they will surely begin to speculate with some of the *Atlantic's* youthful and comely rivals, in spite of their respect for Fiftieth Anniversaries and for the reputation of distinguished dead contributors. And the *Atlantic*, preferring these clear-headed subscribers to any others, means to give them their money's worth. The Toastmaster may be prejudiced, — even umpires and picture dealers have been known to be, — but he cannot help thinking that the writers engaged for 1908 are good enough company for the best authors and readers who ever sat around the *Atlantic's* table. Turn the new leaves, and see.

B. P.

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A SECOND MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

I

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

PARIS TO POITIERS

SPRING again, and the long white road unrolling itself southward from Paris. How could one resist the call?

We answered it on the blandest of late March mornings, all April in the air, and the Seine fringing itself with a mist of yellowish willows as we rose over it, climbing the hill to Ville d'Avray. Spring comes soberly, inaudibly as it were, in these temperate European lands, where the grass holds its green all winter, and the foliage of ivy, laurel, holly, and countless other evergreen shrubs, links the lifeless to the living months. But the mere act of climbing that southern road above the Seine meadows seemed as definite as the turning of a leaf — the passing from a black-and-white page to one illuminated. And every day now would turn a brighter page for us.

Goethe has a charming verse, descriptive, it is supposed, of his first meeting with Christiane Vulpius: "Aimlessly I strayed through the wood, *having it in my mind to seek nothing.*"

Such, precisely, was our state of mind on that first day's run. We were simply pushing south toward the Berry, through a more or less familiar country, and the real journey was to begin for us on the morrow, with the run from Châteauroux to Poitiers. But we reckoned without our France! It is easy enough, glancing down the long page of the *Guide Continental*, to slip by such names as Versailles, Rambouillet, Chartres and Valençay, in one's dash for the objective point; but there is no slipping by them in the motor, they lurk in one's path, throwing out great loops of persuasion, arresting one's flight, complicating one's impressions, oppressing, bewildering one with the renewed, half-forgotten sense of the hoarded richness of France.

Versailles first, unfolding the pillared expanse of its north façade to vast empty perspectives of radiating avenues; then Rambouillet, low in a damp little park, with statues along green canals, and a look, this moist March weather, of being somewhat below sea-level; then Maintenon, its rich red-purple walls and delicate stone ornament reflected in the moat dividing it from the village street. Both Rambouillet and Maintenon are characteristically French in their way of keeping company with their villages. Rambouillet, indeed, is slightly screened by a tall gate, a wall and trees; but Maintenon's warm red turrets look across the moat, straight into the windows of the opposite houses, with the simple familiarity of a time when class distinctions were too fixed to need emphasizing.

Our third château, Valençay — which, for comparison's sake, one may couple with the others, though it lies far south of Blois — Valençay bears itself with greater aloofness, bidding the town "keep its distance" down the hill on which the great house lifts its heavy angle-towers and flattened domes. A huge cliff-like wall, enclosing the whole southern flank of the hill, supports the terraced gardens before the château, which to the north is divided from the road by a vast *cour d'honneur* with a monumental grille and gateway. The impression is grander yet less noble.

But France is never long content to

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repeat her effects; and between Maintenon and Valençay she puts Chartres and Blois. Ah, these grey old cathedral towns with their narrow clean streets widening to a central *place* — at Chartres a beautiful oval, like the market-place in an eighteenth-century print — with their clipped lime-walks, high garden-walls, Balzacian gables looking out on sunless lanes under the flanks of the granite giant! Save in the church itself, how frugally all the effects are produced — with how sober a use of greys and blacks, and pale high lights, as in some Van der Meer interior; yet how intense a suggestion of thrifty compact traditional life one gets from the low house-fronts, the barred gates, the glimpses of clean bare courts, the calm yet quick faces in the doorways! From these faces again one gets the same impression of remarkable effects produced by the discreetest means. The French physiognomy if not vividly beautiful is vividly intelligent; but the long practice of manners has so veiled its keenness with refinement as to produce a blending of vivacity and good temper nowhere else to be matched. And in looking at it one feels once more, as one so often feels in trying to estimate French architecture or the French landscape, how much of her total effect France achieves by elimination. If marked beauty be absent from the French face, how much more is marked dullness, marked brutality, the lumpishness of the clumsily-made and the unfinished! As a mere piece of workmanship, of finish, the French provincial face — the peasant's face, even — often has the same kind of interest as a work of art.

One gets, after repeated visits to the "show" towns of France, to feel these minor characteristics, the incidental graces of the foreground, almost to the exclusion of the great official spectacle in the centre of the picture; so that while the first image of Bourges or Chartres is that of a cathedral surrounded by a blur, later memories of the same places present a vividly individual town, with doorways, street-corners, faces intensely remembered, and in the centre a great cloudy Gothic splendour.

At Chartres the cloudy splendour is shot through with such effulgence of colour that its vision, evoked by memory, seems to beat with a fiery life of its own, as though red blood ran in its stone veins. It is this suffusion of heat and radiance that chiefly, to the untechnical, distinguishes it from the other great Gothic interiors. In all the rest, colour, if it exists at all, burns in scattered unquiet patches, between wastes of shadowy grey stone and the wan pallor of later painted glass; but at Chartres those quivering waves of unearthly red and blue flow into and repeat each other in rivers of light, from their source in the great western rose, down the length of the vast aisles and clerestory, till they are gathered up at last into the mystical heart of the apse.

A short afternoon's run carried us through dullish country from Chartres to Blois, which we reached at the fortunate hour when sunset burnishes the great curves of the Loire and lays a plum-coloured bloom on the slate roofs overlapping, scale-like, the slope below the castle. There are few finer *roof-views* than this from the wall at Blois: the blue sweep of gables and ridge-lines billowing up here and there into a church tower with its *clocheton* mailed in slate, or breaking to let through the glimpse of a carved façade, or the blossoming depths of a hanging garden; but perhaps only the eye subdued to tin house-tops and iron chimney-pots can feel the full poetry of old roofs.

Coming back to the Berry six weeks earlier than on our last year's visit, we saw how much its wide landscape needs the relief and modelling given by the varied foliage of May. Between bare woods and scarcely-budded hedges the great meadows looked bleak and monotonous; and only the village gardens hung out a visible promise of spring. But in the sheltered enclosure at Nohant, spring seemed much nearer; at hand already in

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clumps of snow-drops and violets loosening the soil, in young red leaves on the rose-standards, and the twitter of birds in the heavy black-fruited ivy of the grave-yard wall. A gate leads from the garden into the corner of the grave-yard where George Sand and her children lie under an ancient yew. Feudal even in burial, they are walled off from the village dead, and the tombstone of Maurice Sand, as well as the monstrous stone chest over his mother's grave, bears the name of Dudevant and asserts a claim to the barony. Strange inconsequence of human desires, that the woman who had made her pseudonym illustrious enough to have it assumed by her whole family should cling in death to the obscure name of a repudiated husband; more inconsequent still that the descendant of kings, and the priestess of democracy and Fourierism, should insist on a right to the petty title which was never hers, since it was never Dudevant's to give! On the whole, the grave-stones at Nohant are disillusioning; except indeed that of the wretched Solange, with its three tragic words: *Mère de Jeanne.*

But the real meaning of the place must be sought close by, behind the row of tall windows opening on the tangled, mossy garden. They lead, these windows, straight into the life of George Sand: into the big cool dining-room, with its flagged floor and simple white-panelled walls, and the *salon* adjoining; the *salon*, alas, so radically remodelled in the unhappy mid-century period of wall-papers, stuffed furniture and centre table, that one seeks in vain for a trace of the original chatelaine of Nohant — that high-spirited, high-heeled old Madame Dupin who still haunts the panelled dining-room and the box-edged garden. Yet the *salon* has its special story to tell, for in George Sand's culminating time just such a long table with fringed cover and encircling arm-chairs formed the centre of French indoor life. About this elongated board sat the great woman's illustrious visitors, prolonging, as at a mental *table d'hôte*, that interminable dinner-talk which still strikes the hurried Anglo-Saxon as the typical expression of French sociability; and here the different arts of the household were practised — the painting, carving, and fine needle-work which a stronger-eyed generation managed to carry on by the light of a single lamp. Here, one likes especially to fancy, Maurice Sand exercised his chisel on the famous marionettes for the little theatre, while his mother, fitting their costumes with skilful fingers, listened, silent *comme une bête*, to the dissertations of Gautier, Flaubert or Dumas. The earlier life of the house still speaks, moreover, from the walls of the drawing-room, with the voice of jealously-treasured ancestral portraits — pictures of the demoiselles Verrières, of the great Marshal and the beautiful Aurora — strange memorials of a past which explains so much in the history of George Sand, even to the tempestuous face of Solange Clésinger, looking darkly across the room at her simpering unremorseful progenitors.

Our guide, a close-capped brown-and-ruddy *bonne*, led us next, by circuitous passages, to the most interesting corner of the house: the little theatre contrived with artless ingenuity out of what might have been a store-room or wine-cellar. One should rather say the little theatres, however, for the mistress of revels had managed to crowd two stages into the limited space at her disposal: one, to the left, an actual *scène*, with "life-size" scenery for real actors, the other, facing the entrance-door, the more celebrated marionette theatre, raised a few feet from the floor, with miniature proscenium arch and curtain; just such a *Puppentheater* as Wilhelm Meister described to Marianne, with a prolixity which caused that amiable but flighty young woman to fall asleep.

Between the two stages about twenty spectators might have found seats, behind the front row of hard wooden benches reserved for the chatelaine and her most distinguished guests. A clean emptiness

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now pervades this temple of the arts: an emptiness made actually pathetic by the presence, on shelves at the back of the room, of the whole troupe of marionettes, brushed, spotless, well cared-for, and waiting only a touch on their wires to spring into life and populate their little stage. There they stand in wistful rows, the duenna, the Chimène, the *grande coquette*, Pantaloon, Columbine and Harlequin, Neapolitan fishers, odalisques and peasants, brigands and soldiers of the guard; all carved with a certain rude vivacity, and dressed, ingeniously and thriftily, by the indefatigable fingers which drove the quill all night upstairs.

It brought one close to that strange unfathomable life, which only at Nohant grows clear, shows bottom, as it were; closer still to be told by the red-brown *bonne* that "Monsieur Maurice" had modelled many of his humorous peasant-types on "*les gens du pays;*" closest of all when she added, in answer to a question as to whether Madame Sand had really made the little frocks herself, "Oh, yes, I remember seeing her at work on them, and helping her with it. I was twelve years old when she died."

Here, then, was an actual bit of the Nohant tradition, before us in robust and lively middle age: one of the *berrichonnes* whom George Sand loved and celebrated, and who loved and served her in return. For a moment it brought Nohant within touch; yet the final effect of the contact, as one reflected on the vanished enthusiasms and ideals that George Sand's name revives, was the sense that the world of beliefs and ideas has seldom travelled so fast and far as in the years between *Indiana* and to-day.

From La Châtre, just south of Nohant, we turned due west along the valley of the Creuse, through a country possessing some local fame for picturesqueness, but which struck us, in its early spring nudity, as somewhat parched and chalky-looking, without sufficient woodland to drape its angles. It makes up however in architectural interest for what its landscape lacks, and not many miles beyond La Châtre the otherwise featureless little town of Neuvy-Saint-Sépulcre presents one feature of unusual prominence. This is the ancient round church from which the place is named: one of those copies of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem with which the returning crusader dotted western Europe. Aside from their intrinsic interest, these "sepulchre" churches have gained importance from the fact that but three or four are still extant. The most typical, that of Saint Bénigne at Dijon, has been levelled to a mere crypt, and that of Cambridge deviates from the type by reason of its octagonal dome; so that the church of Neuvy is of quite preëminent interest. A late Romanesque nave — itself sufficiently venerable-looking to stir the imagination in its own behalf — was appended in the early thirteenth century to the circular shrine; but the latter still presents to the dull old street its unbroken cylindrical wall, built close on a thousand years ago, and surmounted, some ninety years later, by a second story with a Romanesque exterior arcade. At this stage, however, one is left to conjecture, with the aid of expert suggestion, what manner of covering the building was meant to have. The present small dome, perched on the inner drum of the upper gallery, is an expedient of the most obvious sort; and the archæologists have inferred that the thinness of this drum may have made a more adequate form of roofing impossible.

To the idle sight-seer, at any rate, the interior of the church is much more suggestive than its bare outer shell. We were happy enough to enter it toward sunset, when dusk had gathered under the heavy encircling columns, and lights twinkled yellow on the central altar which has so regrettably replaced the "Grotto of the Sepulchre." It was our added good fortune that a small train of the faithful, headed by a red-cassocked verger and a priest with a benignant Massillon-like

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head, were just making a circuit of the Stations of the Cross affixed to the walls of the aisle; and as we stood withdrawn, while the procession wound its way between shining altar and shadowy columns, some of the faces of the peasants seemed to carry us as far into the past as the strange symbolic masks on the capitals above their heads.

But what carries one farthest of all is perhaps the fact, well-known to modern archæology, that the original church built by Constantine over the grotto-tomb of Christ was not a round temple at all, but a vast basilica with semi-circular apse. The Persians destroyed this building in the seventh century, and the Christians who undertook to restore it could do no more than round the circle of the apse, thus at least covering over the sacred tomb in the centre. So swift was the succession of demolition and reconstruction in that confused and clashing age, so vague and soon obliterated were the records of each previous rule, that when the crusaders came they found no memory of this earlier transformation, and carried back with them that model of the round temple which was henceforth to stand, throughout western Europe, as the venerated image of the primitive church of Jerusalem.

Too much lingering in this precious little building brought twilight on us soon after we joined the Creuse at Argenton; and when we left it again at Le Blanc lights were in the windows, and the rest of our run to Poitiers was a ghostly flight through a moon-washed landscape, with here and there a church tower looming in the dimness, or a heap of ruined walls rising mysteriously above the white bend of a river. We suffered a peculiar pang when a long-roofed pile towering overhead told us that we were passing the great Benedictine abbey of Saint Savin, with its matchless lining of frescoes; but a certain mental satiety urged us on to Poitiers.

Travellers accustomed to the marked silhouette of Italian cities — to their immediate proffer of the picturesque impression — often find the old French provincial towns lacking in physiognomy. Each Italian city, whether of the mountain or the plain, has an outline easily recognizable after individual details have faded, and it is, obviously, much easier to keep separate one's memories of Siena and Orvieto than of Bourges and Chartres. Perhaps, therefore, the few French towns with definite physiognomies seem the more definite from their infrequency; and Poitiers is foremost in this distinguished group.

Not that it offers the distinctive *galbe* of such bold hill-towns as Angoulême or Laon. Though a hill-town in fact, it somehow makes next to nothing of this advantage, and the late Mr. Freeman was justified in grumbling at the lack of character in its sky-line. That character reveals itself, in fact, not in any picturesqueness of distant effect — in no such far-seen crown as the towers of Laon or the domes of Périgueux — but in the homogeneous interest of the old buildings within the city: the way they carry on its packed romantic history like the consecutive pages of a richly-illuminated chronicle. The illustration of that history begins with the strange little "temple" of St. John, a baptistery of the fourth century, and accounted the earliest Christian building in France — though this applies only to the lower story (now virtually the crypt), the upper having been added some three hundred years later, when baptism by aspersion had replaced the primitive plunge. Unhappily the ancient temple has suffered the lot of the too-highly treasured relic, and fenced about, restored, and converted into a dry little museum, has lost all that colour and pathos of extreme age that make the charm of humbler monuments.

This charm, in addition to many others, still clings to the expressive west front of Notre Dame la Grande, the incomparable little Romanesque church holding the centre of the market-place. Built of a dark grey stone which has taken on —

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and been suffered to retain — a bloom of golden lichen like the trace of ancient weather-worn gilding, it breaks, at the spring of its portal-arches, into a profusion of serried, overlapping sculpture, which rises tier by tier to the splendid Christ Triumphant of the crowning gable, yet never once crowds out and smothers the structural composition, as Gothic ornament, in its most exuberant phase, was wont to do. Through all its profusion of statuary and ornamental carving, the front of Notre Dame preserves that subordination to classical composition that marks the Romanesque of southern France; but between the arches, in the great spandrils of the doorways, up to the typically Poitevin scales of the beautiful arcaded angle turrets, what richness of detail, what splendid play of fancy!

After such completeness of beauty as this little church presents — for its nave and transept tower are no less admirable than the more striking front — even such other monuments as Poitiers has to offer must suffer slightly by comparison. St. Hilaire le Grand, that notable eleventh-century church, with its triple aisles and its nave roofed by cupolas, and the lower-lying temple of Sainte Radegonde, which dates from the Merovingian queen from whom it takes its name, have both suffered such repeated alterations that neither carries the imagination back with as direct a flight as the slightly less ancient Notre Dame; and the cathedral itself, which one somehow comes to last in an enumeration of the Poitiers churches, is a singularly charmless building. Built in the twelfth century, by Queen Eleanor of Guyenne, at the interesting moment of transition from the round to the pointed arch, and completed later by a wide-sprawling Gothic front, it gropes after and fails of its effect both without and within. Yet it has one memorable possession in its thirteenth-century choir-stalls, almost alone of that date in France — tall severe seats, their backs formed by pointed arches with delicate low-relief carvings between the spandrils. There is, in especial, one small bat, with outspread web-like wings, so exquisitely fitted into its allotted space, and with such delicacy of observation shown in the modelling of its little half-human face, that it remains in memory as having the permanence of something classical, outside of dates and styles.

Having lingered over these things, and taken in by the way an impression of the confused and rambling Ducal Palace, with its magnificent Grande Salle completed and adorned by Jean de Berry, we began to think remorsefully of the wonders we had missed on our run from Le Blanc to Poitiers. We could not retrace the whole distance; but at least we could return to the curious little town of Chauvigny, of which we had caught a tantalizing glimpse above a moonlit curve of the Vienne.

We found it, by day, no less suggestive, and full of unsuspected riches. Of its two large Romanesque churches, the one in the lower town, beside the river, is notable, without, for an extremely beautiful arcaded apse, and contains within a striking fresco of the fifteenth century, in which Christ is represented followed by a throng of the faithful — kings, bishops, monks and clerks — who help to carry the cross. The other, and larger church, planted on the summit of the abrupt escarpment which lifts the *haute ville* above the Vienne, has a strange body-guard composed of no less than five feudal castles, huddled so close together on the narrow top of the cliff that their outer walls almost touch. The lack, in that open country, of easily-fortified points doubtless drove the Bishops of Poitiers (who were also Barons of Chauvigny) into this strange defensive alliance with four of their noble neighbours; and one wonders how the five-sided ménage kept the peace when local disturbances made it needful to take to the rock.

The gashed walls and ivy-draped dungeons of the rival ruins make an extraordinarily romantic setting for the curious church of Saint Pierre, staunchly

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seated on an extreme ledge of the cliff, and gathering under its flank the handful of town within the fortified circuit. There is nothing in architecture so suggestive of extreme age, yet of a kind of hale durability, as these thick-set Romanesque churches, with their prudent vaulting, their solid central towers, the close firm grouping of their apsidal chapels. The Renaissance brought the classic style into such permanent relationship to modern life, that eleventh-century architecture seems remoter than Greece and Rome; yet its buildings have none of the perilous frailty of the later Gothic, and one associates the idea of romance and ruin rather with the pointed arch than with the round.

Saint Pierre is a singularly good example of this stout old school, which saw the last waves of barbarian invasion break at its feet, and seems likely to see the ebb and flow of so many other tides before its stubborn walls go under. It is in their sculptures, especially, that these churches reach back to a dim, fearful world of which few clues remain to us: the mysterious baleful creatures peopling their archivolts and capitals seem to have come out of some fierce vision of Cenobite temptation, when the hermits of the desert fought with the painted devils of the tombs.

The apsidal capitals of Saint Pierre are a very menagerie of such strange demons — evil beasts grinning and mocking among the stocky saints and angels who set forth, unconcerned by such hideous propinquity, the story of the birth of Christ. The animals are much more skilfully modelled than the angels, and at Chauvigny one slender monster, with grey-hound flanks, sub-human face, and long curved tail ending in a grasping human hand, haunts the memory as an embodiment of subtle malevolence.

(To be continued.)

JUSTICE TO THE CORPORATIONS

BY HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

LATELY our great public has been reflecting on the evil deeds of corporations and has been seeing them punished, and even threatened with destruction, until people have forgotten the great benefits which the corporations have brought to the country. Yet in our modern world men will combine in every way to accomplish their desired ends, whether to reach a fuller, larger service, or to win more happiness or power; in short, they combine to obtain what is otherwise impossible without combination, and the best form of combination for business is a corporation. Combination is but one phase of the advance of civilization, and must bring in its train benefits or hardships to some men and jealousy to many men. Following the natural impulse of mankind, there springs up the wish to punish some one, either for losses borne or for riches gained by successful men; and corporations, becoming an entity in the eyes of the world, are attacked; therefore we hear much of past sins and are told that justice must be meted out to these corporations or, preferably, to the wicked corporation managers, for only the managers or officers can be blamed. But corporations are simply bodies of men and women who, busy with their own affairs, combine their capital and intrust to directors or officers the conduct of their business. The shareholders of these corporations have not sinned, yet they must suffer because, as we are told, juries will

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not punish the officers and, therefore, they punish the corporations. The logic is bad; one cannot punish the son because the father has done wrong.

These corporations have wrought great material benefits to every country which has used them, and every country which has not developed the system of corporations has been left far behind in material progress; for as a result of combining capital in corporations there follows work for the willing hungry men and women whose numbers increase fast and who flock to the workshops of these corporations. It would be a problem to feed and clothe this growing multitude of human beings if it were not for the corporations, and the pessimist meets this problem by a prayer for terrible plagues or bloody, useless wars as means for destroying the human race.

It is idle to reply that the corporation managers have done their great deeds from selfish motives, for the same is true of every living creature at every hour. We all ask both for enlightened selfishness and for thought and care of others; but, in order to win our bread, we must think and work for ourselves as well as for others. Yet it is true that in no age has organized altruism been so common as to-day, and it is a necessary consequence of good work that it perforce helps others. We are all bound together by the laws of nature, and help each other whether we will or not. The idea that "I can live by myself and need nothing from my fellow-men" is untenable and barbaric.

Who have built all the mills, the dams, the railroads, the tramways, the gas and electric works, and who have dug the mines? The corporations, made and managed by enterprising, able, thoughtful, patient men. Have they failed or succeeded? They have done both in many, many cases. Would men undertake such tasks if warned at the outstart that they could reap but a portion of their success, and must bear the whole of their loss or their failure? Surely not. The nations which show the greatest energy, invention, resource, and patience, have won the great economic prizes, and we Americans have settled and developed our splendid country by virtue of these qualities. Who then is to judge what portion of gain is to come to the pioneers, and how did these judges learn their chosen high task, namely, to judge rightly? — for judgment is a great gift, which results from much knowledge, reflection, and high conduct.

To every man forty years old, remembering accurately his youth, the developments of the nineteenth century seem incredible. A group of men undertook to build a railroad into the wilderness where no house had ever stood, and settlers followed and built houses, barns, and presently towns and cities. These railroad pioneers struggled, failed, tried again, failed again, but in the mean time the homes for thousands were made. Crops, cattle, horses, schoolhouses, churches, and towns followed, and, lo, a new state was born! If, in the struggle for existence, bargains and railroad rates were made which seemed a hardship to the farmers, is it not fair to ask whence came these iron roadways and how the farmers would have marketed their crops without them? And, moreover, is there a railroad in our broad land that has not been forced to wade through dire distress, if not bankruptcy — bankruptcy often repeated several times?

The Union Pacific Railroad is a fair sample. The United States Government offered a large land grant in order to get a line connecting the East with the Pacific Coast, and, by adding a handsome subsidy in money and land, induced some bold — and we used to think foolish — men to build that railroad. It cost the leader of the group insolvency, and cost his associates great anxiety and loss. The burden crushed many partners in the enterprise, and the company was only saved in 1884 through the indorsement of its notes by all the directors. Eventually it was set on its feet through the

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assumption of great risks by the directors, great labor by its officers, and by the gradual growth of the country.

The Boston & Lowell Railroad was built early and the rails were laid on stone ties, as more steady and lasting than wood. Every tie had to be taken out because they were too rigid, and the shareholders bought this experience and bore this loss. For years our Massachusetts roads struggled to maintain themselves and to pay to the shareholders a decent rate on the money invested. The Rutland Railroad has been but a sink for money poured in again and again during fifty years, in the vain hope of a return, and in a degree this is true of all the Vermont railroads.

One short piece of railroad in Iowa was in the hands of a friend in 1858 who, writing about it at that time, spoke slightingly of it. The shares cost $100 (full paid) in 1857 and made no return until 1880. Yet now it is a link in the main line of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. The original stockholder, reckoning interest on his money, found the shares costing him $400 a share, and to this day he has never received a decent return on his money. No doubt he sold his shares long before 1880 because he needed the money.

The Northern Pacific Railroad was a case of failure and success. About 1870 Jay Cooke undertook to build that line in an unknown region where snow came early and stayed late. Men laughed at him but he persisted, issued his bonds, and in 1873 came down with a crash. Presently, as years went on, Villard proposed the scheme to Morgan and was met with approval. The work was taken up with great determination, the public lent its money freely, and in 1883–84 another failure came. But a railroad once built must run. Little by little, the country filled up with busy immigrants, the railroad officers persevered, the owners were patient, and the result is before us — a fine, modern railroad through a splendid country populated by a busy people who are efficiently served by this railroad; but forty years have been needed to achieve this result, and it might be well to count the hearts broken and the fortunes lost in the struggle.

What is the usual comment of experienced men about the investment of capital in these new companies? "Wait until that railroad has had the childish diseases — *mumps, scarlet fever, measles,* and the like, and be grateful if you don't get a case of cancer." What is true of the railroads is true of the factories, oil-wells, and mines. In almost every case our cotton mills have been forced to reduce their capital (always full paid at the outstart) because of losses by bad debts, mistakes of judgment, changes of tariff, and the need of new machinery. Woolen mills have had much harder luck from the difficulty of meeting the unsuspected problems, and yet their product has clothed many of us at half the cost of the goods. The same is true of the iron mills near Boston, which were once of so much importance and have now disappeared — their owners impoverished or ruined. Innumerable iron mines have been opened with skill and managed with ability; the miners have been paid and the owners have been ruined.

The wrecks of cattle companies in our western states are laughing-stocks because a laugh is the sole return which the owners have ever had; yet the cowboys were paid their wages and the country ate the beef. If the truth were known, very many successful corporations have been built on the ruins of others, and, because the successors have reaped the harvest sown by the original men, they have prospered, but the return on the first and second capital taken together is not large.

The Bell Telephone Company struggled for years to get a footing. Luckily it was taken in hand by some young and energetic men of means who, after risking their first money, found that it was insolvent; then had to meet a very power-

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ful corporation in mortal combat; lastly, had to overcome a fierce, long fight about the patents; and, finally, by the incredible ability and industry of their counsel and the unyielding courage of the managers and stockholders, won. We all know the unspeakable gain to the world from this company, and do we remember that this work has killed the leaders in the struggle? Whatever gain in money has come to the original men of this company, it is none too much to compensate the founders for their work and sacrifice. Their great counselor never owned a share of stock because he wished to keep his nerve steady and his eyes clear to the good of his company. Is it a question whether the world or the telephone managers have made the greater gain?

Lastly, the United States Steel Company was organized to avoid the fatal quarrels and to combine the advantages of several steel companies which made many kinds of articles and which could manufacture better and more economically under one head. A cardinal principle of the United States Steel Company was to prevent extreme fluctuations between high and low prices, such as had formerly prevailed in the iron and steel industries. Always a feast or a famine had been the rule, and such a rule is most injurious to the workmen, who need steady wages, and to the owners, who need steady returns. The company has asked the workmen to become shareholders of preferred stock, and has conducted its affairs wisely, bettering its plants and increasing its cash in bank. The United States Steel Company has lived up to its principles and to-day stands like a rock in the storm. It is a corporation which has set to all manufacturers a wholesome example of well conducted business, giving a reasonable, steady return and steady work.

To all these tasks from the beginning to the end went wonderful energy, resource, and patient industry — the same qualities, although in a greater degree, which have turned our great western states into granaries and homes, and wrought out civilization of a certain kind. Most of our great railroads and industrial enterprises have had the same history; and now to us older men who have seen money and hope and life sunk in these colossal tasks, arises strongly the wish that justice should be done to these men and to their numerous supporters, who have bought their bonds and shares, and have waited for returns — too often in vain.

Now what does all this preface mean? Simply that if justice is to be done, we must remember the childish diseases which mark the early history of all these great corporations, and the agony going with them, and that the efforts, the struggles, the sufferings, the genius of the pioneers are not to be disregarded. Of course these pioneers and their successors may have sometimes gone too far in their efforts and have made too hard bargains after they had achieved success. But does the farmer who paid $1.25 or $2.50 an acre for his land demand anything less than the utmost price for his crops or his cattle, and does he not sometimes sell his goods as first-rate even when they are damaged? And to-day, when a newcomer asks for a price on the $1.25 per acre farm, does the owner blush as he names $50 an acre for land which has already enriched him even to the extent of a handsome bank account? He has taken his risk, has worked very hard, has succeeded, has earned and fairly deserves his profit, and why should he hesitate to take all that he can get? Often he has bought his land of the railroad, which owned it in fee and which has served him well, but now has he the right to turn and rend his maker? The benefit has been and is mutual, and this fact he and his countrymen should remember. Therein lies the basis of his prosperity and of honor and fair dealing between man and man; in short, the foundation for a civilized community. We, as a nation, rejoice in this splendid agricultural population, but we ask the agri-

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cultural population to remember the men who helped to make the land and its great prosperity; and we ask our rulers to be mindful of the facts. We ask the farmers to remember their own dark days of short crops and of low prices, and then to reflect on their later results which appear in the farmers' deposits of cash in banks — $225,000,000 in one new western state, $300,000,000 in another. These farmers always have shelter and food and, so far, stand better in the world than many of their fellow-countrymen. They have fought and won their own deserved success, but they cannot fairly carp at the success of other men who have worked as hard and borne as much as they. The great officers of great corporations, who have brought untold blessings to many people, are not to be lightly censured. They and such as they have grown up under different conditions from those now existing. They have lived under the high pressure of new and difficult enterprises; under the powerful influences of the greatest and the worst trust in existence, — our United States Tariff, — which has given to our nation great wealth and has also been the source of great corruption.

Thinking of these great pioneers three cases among many loom up in the writer's memory. One, of a poor boy who passed through one stage of honest industry after another, never flagged in his task and, while intent on the day's work, saw his chance to acquire a piece of bankrupt railroad, and built it on until he had reached the Pacific Ocean, using his knowledge and skill to win success; who has toiled without salary, allowing neither to himself nor any of his officials side profits or interest in adjoining lands, factories, or mines, contributing business to his railroad; who has distributed throughout his country, at his own cost, the best live stock, and has helped in divers ways everybody within his domain.

Another man, beginning without money and with only his own education and right arm, has built up a colossal mining property, has seen to it that the miners should have excellent homes, hospitals, churches, schoolhouses and clubhouses, to say nothing of a dozen physicians and a large fund for the relief of the sick and the wounded. One staunch and able friend bore his full share of the labor and went through very deep water before, at the end of five years of great labor and anxiety, the first money return came. During this period the shares sold for five dollars and people did not like to acknowledge their ownership. Since that day the shares have sold at one thousand dollars, and the price was not too high for their intrinsic value. Some friends were always ready to help the officers of the company, and the end was a great victory. It would be very hard to estimate the material and educational benefits which have come to the world from this company's great wealth. When the mine was opened it was in a wilderness where now stand several towns, aggregating forty thousand people, dependent for their livelihood on this enterprise.

The third instance is most remarkable. In 1858 Charles Elliott Perkins took service as a clerk in a railroad office and from that time stayed in the same service until his death on November 8 of this year. He was the chief factor in building up and managing the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, 8,700 miles long, thereby opening to our agricultural population new farms and homes in fourteen states. He inspired the people of these states and the men of his company with great respect and liking. In a period of great distress and distrust throughout our whole land he deliberately, with a full knowledge of the facts and against strong remonstrance, put his shoulders under a bank in which he had but a very slight interest and no responsibility, rescued it from insolvency by a sacrifice of the larger part of the fortune which he had earned, and saved it and his state from serious embarrassment.

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His only wish was that he should not be known in the matter.

When the corporations became self-supporting and powerful, they were met by the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, an act loosely framed and drawn. This act was intended to prevent monopolies and also combinations in restraint of trade. It is not clear what either of these things is. Many combinations of railroads are most beneficial to the public and are welcomed by them. If several corporations aim to keep steady the prices of commodities much used by our people and to prevent great fluctuations, they thereby antagonize speculation. Here is what Judge Taft, now Secretary of War, says about that act: "The Sherman Anti-Trust Act is one which might have been made much more definite, in justice to the business community, in justice to the executive and other courts required to enforce it, and a large share of the difficulty which has been experienced in attempted execution of that act is due, not at all to the lack of energy and courage on the part of the executive or courts in enforcing it, but to the indefiniteness of the act and the necessity for mending it or rendering it specific by judicial decision in such a way that it may become of practical use. The first section against conspiracies in restraint of trade is perhaps not so difficult to construe, but when it comes to the definition of what an unlawful monopoly is in interstate trade, it is no wonder that even at this late day there has been no satisfactory judicial decision which can be used as a guide by those charged with the immediate execution of the law." No wonder that men were puzzled by an act which even our learned lawyers could not understand and which our courts could not construe. These corporation officers had grown up under another system and were astonished at a law which was neither well-considered nor well-expressed and which fettered their action; and, although willing to be ruled justly, they chafed under unknown restriction.

After the Sherman Act came the Elkins Act, which was but feebly enforced. As a result, men made light of it. Now we have reached a different and more difficult stage, and the railroad man has noted well that his franchise was granted by the territory — now state — to which he owes allegiance and obedience. If the inhabitants of his state forget the past and enact laws too stringent and unjust, the railroad man must nevertheless obey them and serve his public as well as the railroad rates will allow; but the inhabitants of the state on their side would do well to remember how shy of railroad securities the great body of investors has been at times, because of bad crops and floods and of the fear born of granger threats, and they should not forget that if investors will not buy railroad bonds the railroads have only their earnings for improvements.

And here another aspect of affairs presents itself. It is to be borne in mind that the great body of investors, whether individuals or institutions, are cautious and often timid, buy only investments of an established character, and do not touch the new ventures, which must, therefore, rely on the good-will and the pockets of the pioneers. The pioneers know that they must bear the delays invariably accompanying new ventures, and must meet frequent losses; therefore they ask for handsome returns. If these men think the laws or the restrictions too severe, and fear that they will be attacked hereafter on account of large profits, they will undertake nothing new and will even let incomplete ventures rest. It is these men who give employment to millions of wage-earners, and they must be tempted by the chance of good profits, else they will remain passive.

Already we see the beginning of dull times, for many enterprises are halting and many factories are curtailing work because of the extreme difficulty of getting the needed capital. The whole world has been developing manufactures and trade too fast and must suffer for a time

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from the effects of undue enterprise. It is a mistake in which we all have shared and which, having brought benefits to the world, will now bring temporary losses. This condition of affairs seems strange, for trade can hardly be too good, crops too fine, railroad traffic too large, factory products excessive. Yet such is the case to-day, for we need capital and ready money. When the pressure for ready money becomes too severe, some large house or some bank fails and then fright seizes people who, otherwise reasonable, fear the loss of their money on deposit, and, forgetting all common-sense arguments, withdraw it and hide it in stockings or boxes, thereby greatly increasing the difficulties of the borrowers. Such action is natural, childish, selfish, for the lender has been glad to lend his money and, therefore, to receive interest for it; and he cannot fairly at a critical moment ruin the borrower or inflict on him heavy loss. In such days who is it that saves the situation? It is the business men of nerve and experience, the founders and managers of great enterprises, because they know that this same law of combination, of manful and resourceful team-play, is effective and sure of success in the end. See what a few determined, thoughtful men have lately done in New York; simply by joining hands all around, they help the men temporarily embarrassed, and keep cool, because they know the true course to be taken and think of the great public rather than of themselves. They know that our financial institutions are sound and well conducted, and, if a weak spot is seen, they repair it for the moment and later on cure it. They fully recognize the need of prompt action and few words.

At such times as we have lately been through some honest men, wishing to meet their obligations, are prone to lose their nerve, and any relief, any assurance which can quiet them, is wise. At such times hard words and harsh legislation are dangerous because they may easily lead to the long depression usually following panics, and to the consequent idleness of many wage-earners. If, on the other hand, these pioneers and capitalists are not harshly treated, probably after a period of adjustment the corporations will go on and presently flourish; but several remedies for the existing troubles may be applied to-day.

It may never be forgotten that we are all in the same boat, that we must help or hurt one another, and that it is idle to call Wall Street hard names or to speak of serious troubles there as a "Wall Street flurry." Wall Street is the money shop of our country, to which the man who would build a railroad or a factory or open a mine comes for his capital. He comes at first when he begins or he comes at last when he needs more capital. In this same street live and labor a large number of able, wise, courageous men who are ready for any enterprise which is promising and well considered. They are not gamblers or thieves as is sometimes said, but men who know that ability, knowledge, and chiefly character, are the needed elements of success. Nowhere in the world is character more highly valued or relied on than in the great marts of commerce. The nation and our legislators can safely trust the ruling Wall Street men and expect great results from them. Any nation is fortunate if its public men average as well as they do.

Interdependence of the farmer, the wage-earner, the manufacturer, the railroad manager, the miner, the banker, the schoolteacher, the seamstress, the professional man is essential; is, in short, the essence of all society, all nations. To-day the farmer and the planter assert their independence of banks and rely on their real riches, the crops; but they can hardly move their crops to market, because, through foolish fear, money is hard to find, and yet the money of the last month or last year is all in existence and has not been eaten up. It is simply hidden by foolish people who presently will recover their senses, deposit their money in the banks, which will send it to the

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farmers, who then will return bread and meat to feed us. It is a circle which must exist, and he who breaks it even for a minute injures us all. The farmer depends on the banker and the banker on the farmer, and so on, — it is a law of God, for which we may all be grateful. The laws of the world which have sprung from human usage, from the struggles and habits of men, from the thought and high purpose of great statesmen, in short, the unchangeable laws of the world,[1] may well be deemed better guides than the laws occasionally enacted by legislators who often do not understand their subject and still more often do not express themselves clearly, — *vide* the Sherman Law.

Punish future infractions of the laws by the corporations, but punish the officials and not the stockholders. If juries hesitate and fine the corporations, it is an act of great injustice; in short, it is an outrage. Let the present laws stand and watch their result, for the wise physician prescribes one medicine and watches its effect before prescribing another. Cease all threats or hard words about the corporations and capitalists, for such words are only idle and frighten a public already scared. And one may not forget that the savings banks are the great owners of corporation bonds and notes, are, in short, the trustees of the wages of the great wage-earning public; for the poor men lend to the rich corporations because they know that the notes of the rich corporations have always been their safest investment.

Let bygones be bygones. Past offenses against laws which have not been diligently enforced may safely be regarded with leniency, for the offenders have perforce formed their habits of business long ago and have not believed that the government really "meant it." Now they are sure that the government "means it." The old Saturday night spanking for faults which the children may have committed without the knowledge of their parents has been given up. Let us begin anew, knowing that the corporations are to-day obeying the laws, and knowing also that the standards of honesty, honor, and fair dealing between man and man have been carefully studied and are higher than in the last century. We live in a busy day, and so let us busy ourselves with the future and try to fit our acts to the newer standards.

Finally, the power to see the truth and to deal out justice to many men of many virtues and faults is difficult, and humility in the face of great problems as yet unsolved is needed if our rulers, wishing to do their full duty and to be honored in the future, are to be called not only able but wise. Our rulers of nation and of state are our servants also, and we expect of them trust and belief in our citizens, just as we trust them, and we ask them to recognize that the highest, largest virtue is wisdom — wisdom in the administration of human affairs.

[1] Since writing this article I have seen the noble words of the late Mr. James C. Carter, and I add them (with deep gratitude to him) to my own words: "I hope at least that I have done something to convince my hearers that while Legislation is a command of the Sovereign, the unwritten Law is not a command at all; that it is not the dictate of Force but an emanation from Order."

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ROSE MACLEOD [1]

BY ALICE BROWN

XI

On the way back to the house, Peter kept looking solicitously at Rose, breaking now and then into quick regrets.

"What have I done?" he asked her, in his impetuous stammer. "Should n't I have written to your father? Rose, what have I done?"

She seemed not to hear him. Her face had a strained expression, the old look he remembered from the days of Tom's illness and her not quite natural grief. Then she had never given way to the irrepressible warmth of sorrow, like a loving wife. She had seemed to harden herself, and that he accounted for by his knowledge of Tom's hideous past. The woman had known him, Peter reflected, from illuminating intercourse, and his death meant chiefly the turning of a blotted page. But now! over her bloom of youth was the same shadowing veil. She was not so much a woman moved by strong emotion as made desperate through hidden causes. Still he besought her to forgive him, finally to look at him. Then she wakened.

"It's all right, Peter," she said absently. "It had to be."

But still he saw no reason for her blight and pain. It was not merely incredible, it was impossible that any one should shrink because Markham MacLeod was coming. At the door she did look at him. He was shocked at the drooping sadness of her face. Yet she was smiling.

"Don't bother, Peter," she said. "You 've done nothing wrong, nothing whatever."

Then she went up the stairs, and Peter, after watching the last glimmer of her dress, strode away into the orchard and threw himself on the grass. Thoughts not formulated, emotions one yeast of unrest went surging through him, until he felt himself a riot of forces he could not control. It was youth that moved him, his own ungoverned youth, but it seemed to him life, and that all life was like it. Peter thought he had experienced enormously because he had lived in Paris and painted pictures. Yet he had never governed his course of being. It had been done for him. The greatest impression it had made on him thus far was of the extreme richness of things. There was so much of everything! He was young. There was a great deal of time, and if he did not paint his pictures this year, he could do it next. There were infinite possibilities. He had ease and talent and power. He had, even so far, won laurels enough to be a little careless of them. Since he had by the happy pains of art got so much out of life, he made no doubt that by superlative efforts, which he meant to make in that divine future where the sun was always shining, he should set all the rivers afire. There was money enough, too. He had never lacked it, thanks to old Osmond's thrift, Osmond who did not need it himself in the ordinary ways of man. He found such pure fun in the pleasures money bought that there was a separate luxury in giving it up, turning it in to the sum of things, and living straitly that labor might take some ease.

And here he lay on the grass, youth seething within him and pointing like a drunken guide, a vine-crowned reveler, to a myriad paths, all wonderful. His mind wandered to Rose and settled there in a delighted acquiescence. He had never before given himself wholly up to her spell, but now, whether the summer day beguiled him, or whether her mysteri-

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ous trouble moved him, he thought of her until they seemed to be alone together on the earth, — and that was happiness. Beauty! that was what she meant to him, he told himself when thought was at last uppermost, and not mere passionate feeling. She was delight and harmony, and allegiance to her was like worship of the world.

When he got out of his dream and went in to dinner with the noon sun upon his burning face, she was on the veranda with grannie, a little pale still, but sweet and responsive in the quiet ways she had for every day. Peter, looking at her, felt the sun go out of his blood, and the mad worship of that hour in the orchard seemed like a past bacchanal rout and triumph when the worshipers go home to feed the flocks. His will, recalled, took him by swift revulsion to Electra, but it could not make the journey welcome. She seemed to be far away on some barren plain at the top of climbing. Rose, too, was far away, but the mountain where she lived was full of springs and blossomy slopes, and at the top the muses and the graces danced and laughed. There were flying feet always, the gleam of draperies, the fall of melody, — always pleasures and the hint of pleasures higher still, — and echoes from old joys tasted by gods and nymphs in the childhood of the world. The way there, too, was hard, but what would the path matter to such blisses of the mind and soul? In his daze he became aware that grannie was looking at him kindly.

"I guess you've been asleep," said she.

"He's been dreaming, too," said Rose, in her intimate kindliness, always the same to him as if he were a boy with whom she had a tender and confident relation.

Peter rubbed his eyes.

"I got lost," he said ruefully. "I went up on the mountain and got lost."

"I guess you dreamed it," said grannie. "Come, let's have our dinner;" and they went in together, both the young things helping her.

Peter reflected that Rose had not even heard what he said. She did not care what the mountain was, or whether he was lost. But at the table, while grannie talked about gardening and the things Osmond meant to do another year, and Rose glanced up with involuntary question in her eyes whenever Osmond's name was mentioned, he seemed to have the vision of the mountain again before him and to hear the laughter and the sound of dancing feet. The picture, little by little, faded and would not be recalled, and by afternoon it had quite gone. Sobered, his feet on the earth again, he went away in the early evening, to see Electra.

Rose waited until the dark had really fallen and evening sounds had begun. Then she stole out of the house and, a black cloak about her, this time, went across the fields to the oak-tree. At a little distance from it she paused, her heart too imperious to let her speak and find out whether he was there. But when she was about to venture it, a voice came from under the tree.

"Don't stay there, playmate. Come into the house."

Then she went on.

"Where are you?" she asked. There was an eloquent quiver in her voice.

"Never mind. I'm in the house. Stop where you are. There's a little throne. I made it for you."

She had her hand on the back of a rough chair. At once she seated herself.

"I never heard of a throne in a playhouse," she said, with that new merriment he made for her.

"You never saw a playhouse just like this. That's a beautiful throne. It fits together like a chair. It's here in the playhouse by night, but before daylight I draw it up into the tree and hide it."

"What if somebody finds it?"

"They'll think it's a chair."

"What if they break it?"

"That's easy. We'll make another. There's nothing so easy as to make a throne for a playhouse, if you know the

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way. Well, playmate, how have you been, all this long time?"

When she came across the field she had meant to tell him how sad she was, how perplexed, how incapable of meeting the ills confronting her. But immediately it became unnecessary, and she only laughed and said, —

"It has n't been a long time at all."

"Has n't it? Oh, I thought it had."

"Have you been here every night?"

"Every night."

"But it rained."

"I know it, outside. It does n't rain in a playhouse."

"Did you truly come?"

"Of course. What did I tell you? I said 'every night.'"

"Did you have an umbrella?"

"An umbrella in a playhouse? You make me laugh."

"You must have got wet through."

"Not always. Sometimes I climbed up in the branches — in the roof, I mean. You're eclipsed to-night, are n't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"That dark cloak. The other night you were a white goddess sitting there in the moonlight. You were terribly beautiful then. It's almost a shame to be so beautiful. This is better. I rather like the cloak. You're nothing but a voice to-night, coming out of the dark."

Immediately she had a curious jealousy of the white dress that made her beautiful to him when he did not really know her face.

"You have never seen me," she said involuntarily.

"Oh yes, I have. In the shack, that night. Then the day you came. I saw you driving by."

"Where were you?"

"In the yard looking at some grafted trees. Peter was late from the train. I got impatient, so I went round fussing over the trees, to keep myself busy. Then you came up the drive, and I saw you and retreated in good order."

"You need n't have hated me so. You had n't really seen me."

"I saw enough. I saw your cheek and one ear and the color of your hair. Take care, playmate, you must n't do that."

"What?"

"You must n't say I hated you. You know it was n't hate."

Some daring prompted her to ask, "What was it then?" but she folded her hands and crossed her feet in great contentment and was still.

"Tell me things," she heard him saying.

"What things? About the house up there? About grannie? About Peter?"

"No, no. I know all about grannie and Peter. Tell me things I never could know unless we were here in the playhouse, in the dark."

Her mind went off, at that, to the wonder of it. She was here in strange circumstances, and of all the occurrences of her life, it seemed the most natural. Immediately she had the warmest curiosity, the desire that he should talk inordinately and tell her all the things he had done to-day, yesterday, all the days.

"You tell," she said. "Begin at the beginning, and tell me about your life."

"Why, playmate!" His voice had even a sorrowful reproach. "There 's nothing in it. Nothing at all. I have only dug in the ground and made things grow."

"What people have you known?"

"Grannie."

"She is n't people."

"She's my people. She's all there is, except Peter, and he has n't been here."

Something like jealousy possessed her. She was stung by her own ignorance.

"But there are lots of years when we did n't meet," she said.

"Lots of them. But I don't care anything about them. I told you so the other night."

"Don't you care about mine?"

"Not a bit."

She was lightheaded with the joy of it. There were things she need not tell him.

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"Not the years before we met?" Then because she was a woman, she had to spoil the cup. "Nor the years after I go away?"

"No, not the years when you've gone away. You can't take this night with you, nor the other night."

He had hurt her.

"That's enough, then — a memory."

Osmond laughed a little. It was a tender sound, as if he might scold her, but not meaning it.

"You must n't be naughty," he said. "There's nothing naughtier in a playhouse than saying what is n't true. You know if you go away you'll come back again. You can't help it. It may be a long time first. You were twenty-five years in coming this time. But you'll have to come. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," she said gravely, "I know that." Then the memory of her wandering life and the sore straits of it voiced itself in one cry, "I don't want to go. I want to stay."

"Stay, dear playmate," said the other voice. "There never will be a night when I'm not here. Is the playhouse key in your hand, all tight and warm? I wear mine round my neck. We shan't lose them."

Immediately she felt that she must tell him her new trouble.

"My father is coming here," she said, in a low tone.

"Ah!" he answered quickly. "You won't like that."

"How do you know?"

"From what you said the other night. You don't like him."

"Is it dreadful to you, if I don't like my father?"

She put it anxiously, with timidity, and he answered, —

"It's inevitable. He has n't treated you well."

She was staring at him through the darkness, though she could see nothing.

"You are a wizard," she said, "a wizard. Why do you say he has not treated me well?"

"Because I see how you hate him. You would never hate without reason. You are all gentleness. You know you are. You'd go on your knees to the man that was your father, and beg him to be good enough so you could love him. And if you could n't — George! that settles him. Why, playmate, you're not crying!"

She was crying softly to herself. But for a little unconsidered sniff he need not have known it.

"I like to cry," she said, in a moment. "I like to cry — like this."

"It's awful," said the other voice, apparently to itself. "To make you cry and not know how to stop you. Don't do it, playmate!"

She laughed then.

"I won't cry," she promised, "but if you knew how pleasant it is when it only means somebody understands and likes you just as well — "

"Better," said the voice. "I always like you better. Whatever you do, that's the effect it has. Now let's talk about your father. We can't stop his coming?"

"No. Nobody ever stopped him yet in anything."

"Then what can we do to him after he gets here?"

"That's what I am trying to think. Sometimes I'm afraid I must run away — before he comes."

"Yes, playmate, if you think so." There was something sharp in the tone: a quick hurt, a premonition of pain, and it was soothing to her.

"But I've so little money." She said that to herself, and his answer shocked her.

"There's money, if that's all. I'll bury it here under a stone, and you shall find it."

"No! no! no! How could you! oh, how could you!"

The voice was hurt indeed now, and willing to be thought so.

"Why, playmate, is that so dreadful? Money's the least important thing there is."

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"It is important," said she broodingly. "It seems to me all my miseries, my disgraces have come from that."

"You don't want to tell me about them? You don't think it would make them better?"

"You said you did n't care. You said what we had lived through — what I had — these twenty-five years, made no difference!"

"Not to me. But when it comes to you, why, maybe I could help you."

She thought a while and then answered definitely and coldly, —

"No, I can't do it. I should have to tell — too many things."

"Then we won't think of it," said the voice. "Only you must remember, there 's money and there 's — Peter to take you off and hide you somewhere. You can trust Peter." Again he seemed ready to break their companionship, and she wondered miserably.

"You seem to think of nothing but my going away."

"I must think of it. Nothing is more likely."

"You don't seem to care!"

"Playmate!" Again the voice reproached her.

"Well!"

"There 's but one thing I think of — really. To give you a little bit of happiness while you are here. After that — well, you can make the picture for yourself. I shall come to the playhouse every night — alone."

The one thing perhaps that had been the strongest in guiding her romantic youth had been eternal faithfulness. Her heart beat at the word "forever." Now her gratitude outran his calm.

"Will you do it?" she cried.

"Shall I promise?"

"No! no! I would not have you do it really — only want to do it. Do you think you will remember — to want to come?"

He said the words after her, so slowly that they seemed to come from lips set with some stern emotion.

"I shall remember. I shall want to come."

She rose.

"Good-night," she said. "Shake hands?"

"No," said the voice, "not that. In playhouses you can't shake hands. Good-night — dear lady."

She turned away, and then, because she was silent, the voice called after her, —

"Playmate!"

"Yes."

"I shall follow you to the wall and watch you home. You're not afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid."

"And you're almost happy?"

At the anxiety in his voice, she was unreasonably happy.

"Yes," she called back. "Good-night."

"Got the key safe?"

"All safe. Good-night."

"God bless you, playmate." That was what she thought she heard.

XII

Madam Fulton was at the library table, considering her morning mail, and Billy Stark sat on the veranda just outside the window where she could call to him and be cheerfully answered. Presently Electra came in, a book, a pencil, and some slips of paper in her hand. There was intense consideration on her brow. She had on, her grandmother thought with discouragement, her clubwoman's face. Billy Stark, seeing her, got up and with his cigar and his newspaper wandered away. He had some compassion for Electra and her temperament, though not for that could he abstain from the little observances due his engagement to Madam Fulton. He had a way of bringing in a flower from the garden and presenting it to the old lady with an exaggerated significance. Electra always winced, but Madam Fulton was delighted. He called her "Florrie," prettily, and "Florrie, dear." Again Electra shrank, and then he took the wrinkled hand. One

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day Madam Fulton looked up at him with a droll mischief in her eyes.

"I suppose it's an awful travesty, is n't it, Billy?"

"Not for me," said Billy loyally. "Can't I be in love with a woman at the end of fifty years? I should smile."

"It's great fun," she owned. Then more than half in earnest, "Billy, do you suppose I shall go to hell?"

This morning Electra had found something to puzzle her.

"I've been working on your book a little, grandmother," she began.

"What book? My soul and body!" The old lady saw the cover and laid down her pen. "That's my 'Recollections.' What are you doing with that?"

"They are extremely interesting," said Electra absorbedly. She sat down and laid her notes aside, to run over a doubtful page. "We are going to have an inquiry meeting on it."

"We? Who?"

"The club. Everybody was deeply disappointed because you've refused to say anything, but it occurred to us we might give an afternoon to classifying data in it, naming people you just refer to, you know. I am doing the Brook Farm section."

Madam Fulton sank back in her chair and looked despairingly from the window for Billy Stark.

"I shall never," she said, "hear the last of that book!"

"Why should you wish to hear the last of it?" asked Electra. "It is a very valuable book. It would be more so if you would only be frank about it. But I can understand that. I told the club it was your extreme delicacy. You simply could n't mention names."

"No, I could n't," murmured the old lady. "I could n't."

"But here is something, grandmother. You must help me out here. Here where you talk about the crazy philanthropist who had the colonization scheme — not Liberia — no, that's farther on — Well, you say he came to grandfather and asked him to give something to the fund." She was regarding Madam Fulton with clear eyes of interrogation.

"No, no, I don't remember," said the old lady impatiently. "Well, go on."

"You don't remember?"

'Yes, yes, of course I remember, in a way. But go on, Electra."

"Well, then the philanthropist asked him to be one of the five men who would guarantee a certain sum at their death, and grandfather was indignant and said, 'Charity begins at home.' Listen." She found her page and read, "'I shall assuredly leave every inch of ground and every cent I possess to my wife, and that, not because she is an advanced woman but because she is not.'"

"Of course!" corroborated the old lady. "Precisely. There's a slap at suffrage. That's what I meant it for and you can tell 'em so."

Electra did not stop to register her pain at that. She held up one hand to enjoin attention.

"But listen, grandmother. You don't see the bearing of it yet. That was five years after grandfather made his will, leaving this place away from you."

"Well, what of it?"

"Five years after, grandmother! And here, by his expressed intention, he meant to leave it to you — not to his son, but you. Do you see what that implies?"

"I don't know what it implies," said the old lady, "but I know I shall fly all to pieces in about two minutes if you don't stop winding me up and asking me questions."

Electra answered quite solemnly, —

"It means, grandmother, that legally I inherited this place. Ethically it belongs to you. My grandfather meant to make another will. Here is his expressed intention. He neglected doing it, as people are always neglecting things that may be done at any time. It only remains for me to make it over to you."

Madam Fulton lay back in her chair for a moment and stared. She seemed incapable of measuring the irony she

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felt. But Electra went quietly on, —

"There is simply nothing else for me to do, and I shall do it."

Madam Fulton gasped a little and then gave up speaking. Again she glanced at the window and wished for Billy Stark. Electra was observing her compassionately.

"It excites you, does n't it?" she was saying. "I don't wonder."

Now the old lady found her tongue, but only to murmur, —

"I can't even laugh. It's too funny; it's too awfully funny."

"Let me get you a little wine." Electra had put her papers together and now she rose.

Then Madam Fulton found her strength.

"Sit down, Electra," she said. "Why, child, you don't realize — I don't know what you'd do if you did — you don't realize I put that in there by the merest impulse."

"Of course," said Electra kindly. "I understand that. You never dreamed of its having any bearing on things as they are now, they have gone on in this way so long. But it would be shocking to me, shocking, to seem to own this house when it is yours — ethically."

"Don't say ethically. I can't stand it. There, Electra! you're a good girl. I know that. But you're conscience gone mad. You've read George Eliot till you're not comfortable unless you're renouncing something. Take things a little more lightly. You can if you give your mind to it. Now this — this is nothing but a joke. You have my word for it."

"It is n't a joke," said Electra firmly, "when grandfather could write that over his own signature and send it to a well-known person. How did it come back into your hands, grandmother?"

But Madam Fulton looked at her, wondering what asylum Electra would put her in, if she knew the truth. She essayed a miserable gayety.

"Very well, Electra," she smiled, "call it so, if you like, but we won't say any more about it. I can't have houses made over to me. I may totter into the grave to-morrow."

Electra's eyes went involuntarily to the garden where Billy Stark was placidly walking up and down, smoking his cigar and stopping now and then to inspect a flower. The old lady interpreted the look.

"I know, I know," she said wickedly; "but that's nothing to do with it. Besides, if I marry Billy Stark, I shall go to London to live. What do I want of houses? Let things be as they are, Electra. You keep the house in your hands and let me visit you, just as I do now. It's all one."

Electra spoke with an unmoved firmness. Her face had the clarity of a great and fixed resolve.

"The house is yours; not legally, I own, but" —

"Don't you say ethically again, Electra," said the old lady. "I told you I could n't bear it."

She sank back still further into her chair and glared. At last Madam Fulton was afraid of her own emotions. Such amazement possessed her at the foolish irony of things, such desire of laughter, that she dared not yield lest her frail body could not bear the storm. Man's laughter, she realized, shout upon shout of robust roaring, was not too heroic for this folly. Electra was speaking: —

"I insist upon the truth from others," she said, still from a basic resolution that seemed invulnerable. "I must demand it from myself."

"The truth, Electra!" groaned Madam Fulton. "You don't tell the truth."

"I don't tell the truth?"

"You don't know anything about it. You've thought about it so much that now you only tell horrible facts."

This Electra could not fathom, but it was evident that she was putting it away in her consciousness for a thoughtful moment. Madam Fulton was rallying. She felt a little stronger, and she knew

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she was mentally more vigorous than her young antagonist. It was only in an unchanging will that Electra distanced her.

"Electra," she said, "you've got to be awfully careful of yourself." There was a wistful kindness in her voice. It was as if she spoke to one whom she wished to regard leniently, though she might in reality shower her with that elfin raillery which was the outcome of her own inquietude.

Electra opened her eyes in a candid wonder.

"Careful of myself?" she repeated. "Why, grandmother?"

"You've trained so hard, child. You've trained down to a point where it's dangerous for you to try to live."

"Trained down, grandmother? I am very well."

"I don't mean your body. I mean, you've thought of yourself and your virtues and your tendencies, and tested yourself with tubes and examined yourself under a glass until you're nothing but a bundle of self-conscious virtues. Why, it would be better for you if you were a care-free spontaneous murderess. You'd be less dangerous."

"Suppose we don't talk about it any more," said Electra, in that soothing accent suited to age.

"But I've got to talk about it. I never have done any particular duty by you, but I suppose the duty's there. I've got to tell you when you sail into dangerous latitudes. You mark my words, Electra, as sure as you sit there, you've trained so hard that there's got to be a reaction. Some day you'll fly all to pieces and make an idiot of yourself."

Electra had risen.

"Excuse me for a moment, grandmother," she said. "I must get you a glass of wine."

Madam Fulton, too, got up and rested one hand upon the table.

"If you leave the room before I've finished," she cried, "I'll scream it after you." A small red spot had come upon each cheek. She looked like a fairy godmother, a pinpoint of fury in the eye. "I insist upon your listening. God Almighty meant you for a handsome, well-behaved woman. You're not clever. There's no need of your being. But you've made yourself so intelligent that you're as dull as death. You've cultivated your talents till you've snapped them all in two. You've tried so hard to be a model of conduct that you're a horror, a positive horror. And you mark my words, the reaction will come and you'll do something so idiotic that you won't know yourself. And then when you're disgraced and humble, then will be the time I shall begin to like you."

She was shaking all over, and Electra looked at her in great alarm. She dared not speak lest the paroxysm should come again. A little new gleam sprang into Madam Fulton's eyes. At last she realized that she had, though by ignoble means, quite terrified her granddaughter. That one humorous certainty was enough, for the time, to mitigate her plight. She drew a quick breath, and shrugged her shoulders.

"There!" said she. "It's over. I don't know when I've had such a satisfying time. Run along, Electra. It won't happen again to-day." Then it occurred to her that she was foregoing an advantage, and she added shrewdly, "Though it might at any minute. But if you bring me anything to take, anything quieting or restorative, I'll throw it out of the window."

Electra, relieved slightly at the lulling of the storm, looked delicately away from her and out at the peaceful lawn. She would have been sorry to see again the red of anger in those aged cheeks. Her gaze hung arrested. Inexplicable emotion came into her face. She looked incredulous of what so fired her. Madam Fulton sat down again, breathing relief at the relaxing of her inward tension, and she too looked from the window. A man, very tall and broad, even majestic in his bearing, stood talking with Billy Stark. Billy, with all his air of breeding

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and general adaptability, looked like comedy in comparison.

"Grandmother!" Electra spoke with a rapid emphasis, "do you know who that is?"

"No, I'm sure I don't."

"It is Markham MacLeod."

"What makes you think that?"

"I know him. I know his picture. I know that bust of him. He is here before Peter expected."

Life and color came into her face. She laid down her book and papers, and went with a sweeping haste to the hall door. Billy was coming with the stranger up the path, and MacLeod, glancing at the girl's waiting figure, took off his hat and looked at her responsively. Electra's heart was beating as she had never felt it beat before. Greatness was coming to her threshold, and it looked its majesty. MacLeod had a tremendous dignity of bearing added to the gifts nature had endowed him with at the start. He was a giant with the suppleness of the dancer and athlete. His strong profile had beauty, his florid skin was tanned by the sea, his blue eyes were smiling at Electra, and in spite of the whiteness of his thick hair, he did not seem old to her. She would have said he had the dower of being perennially young. Meantime Billy Stark, who had known him at once from his portraits, had named him to her, and the great man had taken her hand. He had explained that he was in advance of his time, that he had driven to Peter's and had been told that the young man was probably here. So he had strolled over to find him.

"He is not here," said Electra. "Please come in." She was breathless with the excitement of such notability under her roof. She led the way to the sitting-room, judging hastily that grandmother was too shaken by her mysterious attack to see a stranger, and also even tremblingly anxious to speak with him before any one could share the charm. MacLeod followed her, offering commonplaces in a rich voice that made them memorable, and Billy stayed behind to throw away his cigar, and debate for an instant whether he need go in. Then he heard a voice from the library softly calling him.

"Billy, I want you."

He stepped in through the long window, and there was Madam Fulton, half laughing, half crying, and shaking all over. He ran to her in affectionate alarm.

"Billy," said she, "I've had a temper fit."

Billy put his arm about her and took her to the sofa. There he sat down beside her, and she dropped her head on his shoulder.

"Shoulders are still very strengthening, Billy," said she, laughing more than she cried, "even at our age."

"They're something to lean on," said Billy. "There! there, dear! there!"

Presently she laughed altogether, with no admixture of tears, and Billy got out his handkerchief and wiped her face. But she still shook, from time to time, and he was troubled for her.

"Now," she said presently, withdrawing from him, and patting her white hair, "Now I think we've weathered it."

"What was it?" ventured Billy.

"I can't tell you now. I might die a-laughing. But I will." She rested her hand on his shoulder a moment before she went away. "I'll tell you what it is, Billy," she said, "the beauty of you is you're so human. You're neither good nor bad. You're just human."

XIII

Markham MacLeod's great advantage, after that of his wonderful physique, was his humility. A carping humorist, who saw him dispassionately, the more so that women were devoted to "the chief," said that humility was his long suit. There was his splendid body, instinct with a magnetic charm. He was born, charlatans told him, to be a healer. But he deprecated his own gifts. With a robust humor he disclaimed whatever he had done, and listened to other voices,

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in specious courtesy. Now, face to face with Electra, he had convinced her in five seconds that it was an illuminating thing to come to America and find her there. This was more than the pliancy of the man of the world. It seemed to her the spontaneous tribute of a sincere and lofty mind. As for her, she was abounding in a tremulous satisfaction.

"You have not been in America for a long time," she was saying.

"Not for years. I have been too busy to come."

"You are needed over there."

She glowed the more, and he looked upon her kindly as a handsome young woman whose enthusiasm became her.

He smiled and shook his head.

"I don't know whether they wanted me so much. I needed them."

"Your brothers, you mean. The units that make your brotherhood."

She was quoting from his last reported speech, and her spirits rose as she felt how glad she was to have been ready. It seemed to her that there were so many things she had to say at once that they would come tumultuously. MacLeod, when his position was assured, was quite willing to let the disciple talk. It was only over ground not yet tilled that his eloquence fell like rain. And Electra, leaning toward him in a brilliant, even a timid expectation, was saying, —

"Tell me about Russia. What do you foresee?"

A reporter had asked him the same question a few hours before, and the answer would be in the evening paper. He smiled at her, and spread out his hands in a disclaiming gesture.

"You know what I foresee. You know what you foresee yourself. It is the same thing."

"Yes," said Electra, "it is the same thing."

But there were times when MacLeod wanted to escape from posturing, even though it brought him adulation.

"I have n't apologized for breaking in on you like this," he said, with his engaging smile. "They told me at Grant's that I should probably find him over here, in the garden. The next house, they said. This is the next house?"

"Oh, yes," returned Electra. "He has not been here, but I will send for him. He shall come to luncheon. You must stay."

"Shall I?" He was all good-nature, all readiness and adaptability. Electra excused herself to give the maid an order, and while she stood in the hall, talking to the woman, temptation came upon her. Yet it was not temptation, she told herself. This was the obvious thing to do.

"Tell Mr. Grant I wish him particularly to come to luncheon," she said, "and to bring — " she hesitated at the name and shirked it, "and to bring the young lady, — the lady who is staying there."

Then she returned to MacLeod. But she was not altogether at ease. Electra was accustomed to examine her motives, and she had the disquieting certainty that, this time, though they would do for the literal eye, they had not been entirely pure. Still, was it her fault if Rose, confronted by the newcomer, proved unprepared and showed what was fragile in her testimony? But she was not to be thrown off the scent of public affairs.

"Talk about Russia," she entreated. She had never felt so spontaneously at ease with any one.

MacLeod was used to making that impression and he smiled on her the more kindly seeing how the old charm worked.

"I'd rather talk about America," he said, "about this place of yours. It's a bully place."

Electra was devoted to academic language, and to her certainty that all great souls expressed themselves in it. She winced a little, but recovered herself when he asked with a new conversational seriousness, "And how is my friend Grant?"

"Well." She found some difficulty in answering more fully, because it somehow became apparent to her that he had not really placed her. Peter was his only

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clue in the town. It hardly looked as if he expected to find a daughter here.

"Is he painting?" MacLeod went on.

Electra frowned a little. Peter was doing nothing but idling, she suspected, up to yesterday, and then, driving past, she had caught a glimpse of him in the garden before a canvas and of Rose lying before him in her long chair. That had given her a keener, a more bitter curiosity than she was prepared for in herself. She had shrunk back a little from it, timid before the suspicion that she might like Peter more tempestuously and unreasonably than was consonant with self-mastery. But while these thoughts ran through her head, she gazed at MacLeod with her clear eyes and answered, —

"I fancy he looks upon this as his vacation. He must have worked very hard in Paris."

MacLeod entered into that with fluency. Peter must have worked hard, he owned, but that was in the days before they met. When they met, Peter's talent was at its blossoming point. It was more than talent. It was genius, it was so free, so strong, so unconsidered. He implied that Peter had everything that belonged to a fortunate youth.

Electra's eyes glowed. Here was some one to justify her choice. The newspapers had done it, but she had not yet heard Peter's praises from the mouth of man.

"You have had an enormous influence over him," she ventured.

He deprecated that.

"He has an enormous affection for me, if you like," he owned, "but influence! My dear young lady, I could n't influence a nature like that. I'm nowhere beside it. All I could hope for is that it would think some of the things I think, feel some of the things I feel. Then we could get on together."

Billy Stark, coming in at the door, thought that sounded like poppycock, but Electra knew it was the wisdom of the chosen. She rose and indicated Billy.

"You know Mr. Stark?"

The two men recurred humorously to their meeting in the garden, and owned their willingness to continue the acquaintance. At the moment there were steps and MacLeod turned to see Rose coming into the room. Electra's heart beat thickly. She felt choked by it. And there was, she could not help owning, a distinct drop of disappointment when MacLeod, with an exclamation of delighted wonder, went forward and kissed Rose on the cheek. Then he kept her hand while he gave the other one to Peter, and regarded them both with expansive kindliness. Rose was the one who had blenched under the ordeal. Yet she had herself immediately in hand. She let her fingers stay in MacLeod's grasp. She looked at him, not affectionately or in pride, but with a sad steadfastness, as if he were one of the monumental difficulties of life, not to be ignored. Peter was ecstasy itself.

"How did you get here?" he was insisting. "How did you know I might be over here? You had n't met Electra."

Then the stranger dropped the hands he held and turned to her.

"I have n't met her yet," he said, with a humorous consideration that stirred her heart. "Is this Electra?" He put out his hand, and she laid hers in the waiting palm. She felt bound to something by the magnetic grasp. The certainty was not weakened by any knowledge that other men and women felt the same.

Madam Fulton came in then. She had removed the traces of past emotion, but with the red still burning in her cheeks she looked very pretty. MacLeod greeted her with an extreme deference, which presently slipped into the ordinary courtesy of man to woman as he found she had no desire to exact any special consideration. They went out to luncheon with that air of accelerated life which contributes to the success of an occasion, and then MacLeod talked. Rose sat silent, looking on with a sad indifference, as at a scene she had witnessed many

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times before, to no good end, and Madam Fulton listened rather satirically. But Electra and Peter glowed and could hardly eat, and MacLeod addressed himself chiefly to them. Now he did exactly what was expected of him. The brotherhood of man was his theme, and it was no mere effusion of sympathetic propaganda. His memory was his immense storehouse behind emotion, his armory. He could mobilize facts and statistics until the ordinary mind owned itself cowed by them. When they rose from the table, the millennium was imminent, and it had been brought by the sword. At the library door, Peter, beside Electra for an instant, irrepressibly seized her hand, as it hung by her side, and gave it passionate pressure. Instantly she looked at him, responsive. The sympathy they lacked in their personal relation sprang to life under MacLeod's trumpeting. Electra was in a glow, and Peter, with a surprised delight, felt all his old allegiance to his imperial lady.

MacLeod would not sit down.

"I must catch my train," he said.

There was outcry at once from two quarters. He was not to return to the city. He was to stay here, Peter declared. It was absurd, it was unthinkable that he should do anything else. MacLeod took it with a friendly smile and the air of deprecating such undeserved cordiality; but he looked at Electra, who was frankly beseeching him from brilliant eyes. It was settled finally that he should go back to his hotel for a day or two, see some newspaper men and meet a few public engagements, and then return for a little stay.

"Get your hat," he said to Rose, in affectionate suggestion, "and walk with me to the station."

And as it became apparent that father and daughter had had no time for intimate talk, they were allowed to go away together, Peter following them with impetuous stammering adjurations to MacLeod to rattle through his business and come back. When they were out upon the highroad, MacLeod turned to Rose.

"Well," he said, "you don't look very fit."

Rose had one of her frequent impulses to tell him the crude truth: to say now, "I did until you came." But she answered indifferently, —

"I'm very well."

They walked along in silence for a moment, and she felt the return of old aches, old miseries he always summoned for her. In the first moment of seeing him, she always recurred to the other days when to be with him was to be in heaven. Nobody ever had so blest a time as she in the simple charm of his good-will. No matter what she was doing, for him to call her, to hold out a finger, had been enough. She would forsake the world and run, and she never remembered the world again until he loosed the spell. It was broken now, she thought, effectively, but still at these first moments her heart yearned back to the old playgrounds, the old lure.

"What did she call you," he was asking — "Madam Fulton? Mrs. Tom?"

"Yes," said Rose, with a quiet bitterness, "Mrs. Tom."

"Have they accepted you?"

She raised her eyebrows and looked at him.

"You heard," she answered.

"Extraordinary people! Who is Electra? I could n't call her anything. Everybody was saying Electra."

"She is Madam Fulton's granddaughter. She and Peter are engaged."

"Ah! I'd forgotten that. I rather fancied it was you — with Peter."

She summoned the resolution to meet him bluntly.

"Don't do that, please. Don't assume anything of the sort about me."

He went on with unbroken good humor. She had never seen him angry, but the possibility of it, some hidden force suspected in him, quelled her, of late, when she considered the likelihood of rousing it.

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"No, of course not," he said, with his habitual geniality. "Why are n't you staying with them?"

She temporized, only from the general certainty that it was unsafe for him to know too much.

"Peter asked me to stay there. His grandmother is very kind. I like her."

"Ah! Have these people money?"

"What people?"

"Electra. Tom's family in general."

"I don't know."

"They must have. They have the air. Will they do anything for you?"

Her face contracted. The look of youth had fled and left her haggard.

"I have not accepted anything."

"Have they offered it?"

"No."

"There! you see! No doubt they will."

"Why did you come over here?" she cried irrepressibly.

But he ignored the question.

"The prince is much disturbed about you," he volunteered, throwing it into the talk as if it were of no particular validity, but only interesting as one chose to take it.

"Ah! that's why you came!"

"I saw him two weeks ago, in Milan. He was greatly troubled. I had to own that you had left Paris without seeing me, without even telling me your whereabouts."

"Then—" said Rose.

She knew what else had happened. The prince had urged, "Go over to America. Influence her. Bring her back with you." But this she did not say. The unbroken cordiality of his attitude always made his best defense. If she had ever known harshness from him, she might brave it again. But many forces between them were as yet unmeasured. She did not dare.

"You must remember," he said, with the air of talking over reasonably something to which he was not even persuading her, "the prince is exceptionally placed. He could give you a certain position."

"I have a certain position now. Don't forget that, will you?" She seemed to speak from an extremity of distaste.

"He offers a private marriage. He is not likely to set it aside; the elder line is quite assured, so far as anything can be in this world. Besides" — he looked at her winningly — "you believe in love. He loves you."

"I did believe in it," she said haltingly, as if the words were difficult. "I should find it hard now to tell what I believe."

"Well!" He took off his hat to invite the summer breeze. It stirred the hair above his noble forehead, and Rose, in a sickness at old affection dead, knew, without glancing at him, how he looked, and marveled that any one so admirably made could seem to her so persistently ranged with evil forces. Yet, she reflected, it was only because he arrogated power to himself. He put his hands upon the wheels of life and jarred them. "Well! I believe in it. Is n't that enough for you?"

"Not now, not now!" She had to answer, though it might provoke stern issues. "Once it would have been. There is nothing you could have told me that I would not have believed. But you delivered me over to the snare of the fowler." Grandmother had read those words in her morning chapter, and they had stayed in her ears as meaning precisely this thing. He had known that it was a snare, and he had cast her into it. She turned her moved face upon him. "We must n't talk about these things. Nobody knows where it will end. And you must n't talk to me about the prince."

"If it does n't mean anything to you, would n't it move you if I told you it meant something to me?"

"What?"

"It would mean a great deal if you formed an alliance there."

She answered bitterly.

"You are humorous. Alliance! An alliance is for princes. There are other words for these things you propose. I

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try not to think what they are. I dare say I don't know all of them. But there are words."

"It would make me solid with the prince. He would get several concessions from his brother. They would be slight, but they would mean a great deal to the Brotherhood."

"I see. You would pull a wire or two in Germany. In Russia, too, perhaps? You think you would disarm suspicion, if the prince stood by you. Maybe you'd get into Russia, even. Is that it? It would be dramatic to get into Russia after you'd been warned."

She was following his mind along, as she often did, creeping with doubtful steps where he had taken wing. "But still!" She looked at him, smiling rather wistfully. "Still, you would n't throw me to the wolves for that, would you?"

He met her look with one as candid, and little as she believed in the accompanying smile, she felt her heart warmed by it. Now he was gazing about him at the summer prospect.

"I am delighted to find you here," he volunteered. "It's a change. It will do you good — do us both good."

"Are you quite well?" She hesitated slightly in asking that, but he turned upon her as if the words had given him a shock of terror or dismay. In her surprise she even fancied he paled a little.

"What makes you ask that?" he cried. "What do you mean by it?"

"Why, I don't know! You look well, but not quite yourself, perhaps, — somehow different."

MacLeod took off his hat and wiped his forehead beaded with a moisture come on it, he knew, at that moment.

"I should like to ask," he said peevishly, "what in the devil you mean. Have you — heard anything?"

"No," said Rose, entirely amazed. "What is there to hear?"

They had reached the station, and she led him to the bench under a tree where lovers and their lasses assembled at dusk to see the train come in. She sat down, dispirited and still wondering, and he stood before her, all strength, now, and candor, as if he had thrown off his dubious mood and resolved to be himself.

"About the prince," he was saying. "I want you to think of him. He would give you experiences such as I never could. You'd live on velvet. You'd have art, music, a thousand things. He likes your voice. He'd insist on fostering that. You would meet men of rank, men of note —"

She interrupted him.

"Men of rank! I've no doubt of it. How about their wives?"

He shook his head. A look of what seemed noble pain was on his face, impatience at the shallowness of things.

"Rose," he said, "you know how little I respect society as it is. Take out of it what good you can, the play of emotion, the charm, the inspiration. Don't undervalue the structure, my dear. Live, in spite of it."

She looked at him wearily and thought how handsome he was, and that these were platitudes. Then his train came, and he left her with a benedictory grace, standing on the step hat in hand, majestic in his courtesy. But as she watched him, suddenly, an instant before the train was starting she saw him yield and sway. He leaned upon the rail with both hands and then, as if by a quick decision, stepped to the platform again. She hurried to him, and found him with an unfamiliar look on his face. It might have been dread anticipation; it was surely pain.

"What is it?" she asked him. "Tell me."

He did not answer, but involuntarily he stretched out his hand to her.

"Rub it," he said. "Hold it tight. Infernal! oh, infernal!"

As she rubbed the hand he suddenly recovered his old manner. The color came back to his face, and he breathed in a deep relief.

"That's over," he said, almost reck-

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lessly, she thought. "Queer how quick it goes!"

"What is it?" She was trembling. It seemed to her that they had each passed through some mysterious crisis.

"Is there another train to town?" he was asking an official, who had kept a curious eye on him. There would be in three minutes, an accommodation crawling after the express he had lost.

"Good-by again," he called to Rose, with a weaker transcript of his usual manner. "I'm to be down in a few days, you know. Good-by."

This time he walked into the car, and she saw him take his seat and lie back against the window-casing. But he recovered himself and smiled, when his eyes met hers. If anything was the matter, she was evidently not to know.

XIV

As the two had walked away, Peter turned to Electra, stammering forth, —

"Is n't he a great old boy?"

He was tremendous, she owned, in language better chosen; and this new community of feeling was restful to her.

"Come out into the garden," he said, and as they went along the path to the grape arbor, he took her hand and she left it to him. They seemed restored to close relations, as if MacLeod had wrought some spell upon them. By the time they reached the liquid greenness of the arbor light, Peter was sure he loved her. He could turn to her quite passionately.

"Electra," he said, holding both her hands now, "I've missed you all these days."

She smiled a little and that, with her glowing color, made her splendid.

"You have been here every day," she said, conceding him the grace of having done his utmost.

"Yes, but it has n't been right. There's been something between us — something unexplained."

She knew, so she reflected, what that was. Rose had been between them. But she listened with an attentive gravity.

"We must go back to Paris," Peter was urging. "I shall work there. We will live simply and turn in everything to the Brotherhood. We must be married — dear." He looked direct and manly, not boyish, now, and she felt a sudden pride in him. "Electra, you'll go with me?"

She withdrew from him and sat down, indicating the other chair.

"Something very queer has happened," she said. "I must tell you about it." It had just come to her again as it had been doing at moments through the absorbing hour at luncheon, that she was in a difficult place with grandmother, and that here was the one creature whom she had the right to count upon. Rapidly she told him the facts of the case, ending with her conclusion, —

"The house belongs to grandmother."

Peter was frowning comically. In his effort to think, he looked as if the sun were in his eyes.

"I don't believe I understand," he said, and again she told him.

"You don't mean you are building all this on a casual sentence in a book?" He frowned the harder.

Electra was breathing pleasure at the beauty of the case.

"It is not a casual sentence," she insisted. "It's an extract from a letter."

Peter had no intimate acquaintance with the business of the world, but he knew its elements. He regarded her with tenderness, as a woman attractively ignorant of harsh details.

"But Electra, dear, that is n't legal. It does n't have the slightest bearing on what you should give or what she could exact from you — if she were that kind."

"No," she said, "it is n't legal. But it is — ethical." She used the large word with a sense of safety, loving the sound of it and conscious that Peter would not choke her off.

"But it is n't that. You don't know how your grandfather wrote that letter.

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He may have done it in a fit of temper, or malice, or carelessness, or a dozen things, and forgotten it next day. A letter 's the idlest thing on earth. There's no reason for your considering it a minute."

"I am bound to consider it," said Electra. "There it is, in black and white. I shall make over the place to grandmother."

"Well!" Peter felt like whistling, and then unpursed his lips because, according to Electra, whistling was not polite. He had no restrictions relative to her giving away her property, but he felt very seriously that she must not be allowed to indulge herself in any form of insanity, however picturesque. A detail occurred to him, and he said quickly, with a look at her, —

"But Electra, you and Tom inherited this place together."

She knew what was coming and her color deepened. Again Rose had stepped between them, and Electra felt herself back in their old atmosphere of constraint.

"I have inherited it from Tom," she rejoined.

"You ignore his wife?"

Electra was silent for a long time. It was a hard struggle. But she spoke at last and in a tone which made the difficulty of speech apparent.

"Since Mr. MacLeod has been here —"

"Well?"

"I must recognize her as his daughter."

"Did n't you believe that, Electra? Not even that?"

"I am forced to believe it now. When he comes back, I shall ask him to corroborate her story. If he does — I shall be obliged to — give her what is just."

"Not otherwise, Electra? You believe him."

"I believe him implicitly." Her tone rang out in an astonishing assurance. She might have been pledging fealty to some adored intimate.

"You believe him. You would not believe me?"

She hedged a little here. "You gave me no proof — only the woman's word."

"Would you believe him without proof?"

She was silent, yet she knew she must.

"But," she said, with the haste of finishing an unwelcome subject, "I shall settle the matter as soon as possible after he comes back. If he tells me his daughter was married to my brother, she shall be paid every cent she is entitled to. But she shall not share this house — not an inch of it."

"Why not?"

Electra seemed to be carried on by a wave. Hurt pride found its voice, — all the revulsion she had felt in these days of Peter's divided allegiance.

"The house is ours. It belongs to the family. I shall make it over to grandmother, but not to that girl. She shall never own a timber in it."

Peter spoke involuntarily, with an unpremeditated wonder: —

"What makes you hate her so?"

Tears came slowly into Electra's eyes. They surprised her as much as they did him. She was not used to crying, and she held them from falling, with a proud restraint. Electra felt very lonely at that moment in a world which would not understand. She was upholding truth and justice, and she was accused of mean personal motives. She had proposed a picturesque sacrifice for the sake of abstract right, and she could not be unconscious that the act ought to look rather beautiful. Yet Peter saw no beauty in it, and grandmother had called her a fool. Peter, seeing the tears, was enormously embarrassed by them. He could only kiss her hand in great humility. He, on his part, put justice cheerfully aside.

"How could I?" he murmured, with the contrition of the male who has learned that tears are to be staunched without delay. "How could I?" But Electra, on her feet, had drawn her hand away from him. She felt only haste,

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haste to conclude her abnegation, perhaps even to forestall any question of the house by getting the matter out of her hands before MacLeod came back and she had to reckon with his testimony.

"I am not crying," she said proudly. "I must go and talk to grandmother. Promise me this. Don't tell her — " she hesitated.

"Rose?"

"Don't tell her I have spoken of this."

She had gone, and Peter helplessly watched her walking up the path. Then he took his own way home. "My stars!" he muttered from time to time. His chief desire at the moment was to escape from anything so strenuous as Electra's moral life. It made a general and warm-hearted obliquity the only possible condition of conduct in a pretty world. Peter looked round at it admiringly then, as the shadow of Electra's earnestness withdrew into the distance. It was such a darling world, there were such dear shadows and beguiling lights and all things adorable to paint. He cast off the mood that teased him, and walking faster, began to whistle. It seemed to him that there were so many agreeable deeds to do, and so much time to do them in, that he must simply bestir himself to use half the richness of things. But when he got into the garden, the honeysuckle smelled so sweet that he sat down at its foot and breathed it until he went to sleep.

Electra walked into the library, where Madam Fulton sat at her tatting and Billy Stark read aloud to her from an idle book. Electra felt that she could not possibly delay. All her affairs must be settled at once and the ends knit up.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "Grandmother, may I speak to you a moment?"

Madam Fulton laid down her work.

"Is it the same old story?" she inquired.

"Yes, grandmother, I don't feel that I can wait."

"Electra," said the old lady kindly, "I can't listen to you. It's all fudge and nonsense. If we talk about it any more, we shall be insane together. Don't go, Billy."

"I should like to put it before Mr. Stark," said Electra, with her clear gaze upon him, as if she summoned him to some exalted testimony.

Billy stirred uneasily in his chair. He had confided to Florrie the night before that Electra's hypothetical cases made him as nervous as the devil. Madam Fulton cast him a comical look. It had begun to occur to her that a ball, once rolling, is difficult to stop.

"Go ahead then," she agreed. "I wash my hands of it. Billy, keep a tight grip on yourself. You'll die a-laughing."

Then Electra stated her case; but Billy did not laugh. Like Peter, he looked at her frowningly, and owned he did not understand. Electra stated it again, and this time he repeated the proposition after her. Madam Fulton sat in a composed aloofness and made no comment.

"But, my dear young lady," said Billy Stark, "you quite misunderstand. An extract from a letter has no legal value compared with a document signed and sealed in proper form."

"I know," said Electra, "not legal, but — " She was aware that Madam Fulton's eye was upon her and she dared not finish. "It was at least my grandfather's expressed wish," she concluded firmly. "I shall carry it out."

"But — " Billy sought about for a simile, "my dear child," — Electra, in the weakness of her lofty reasoning, seemed to him pathetically to be protected, — "don't you see you're putting yourself through all kinds of discomfort for nothing, simply nothing? You've gone and got a big sword — you call it justice — to cut a thread. Why, it's not even that. There's nothing, absolutely nothing there. It's very admirable of you" — Electra's waiting attitude quickened at this — "but it's fantastic."

She spoke decisively.

"It is the thing to do."

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Now Madam Fulton entered the field. She looked from one to the other, at Electra with commiseration, at Billy in a community of regret over that young intellect so dethroned.

"Now you see what I told you," she warned them. "Here we are, all crazy together. We've let you say it, and we've addled our own brains listening to it for a minute. I'll tell you what, Electra!" She had discovered. "If you're so anxious to get rid of the place, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll buy it."

"Buy it, grandmother? what belongs to you already?"

"Don't say that again. It gives me a ringing in my ears. That's what I'll do. You're going to marry Peter Grant and go abroad. I'll take the place off your hands. I've always wanted it. I've made a shocking sum out of my book, shocking. I can well afford it. There's an offer for you!"

Electra shook her head.

"I could n't," she said gently. "How could I sell you what is yours already? The letter — "

"The letter!" repeated the old lady, as if it were an imprecation. She looked at Billy. He returned the glance with a despairing immobility. She reflected that the case must be worse even than she had thought, since Billy had not smiled. Electra must be madder than she had imagined, and her own culpability was the greater for weaving such a coil. "Shall I tell her, Billy?" she asked faintly.

He nodded.

"I should," he said commiseratingly, and got up to leave the room. It seemed to Billy this summer that he was constantly trying to escape situations with a delicacy which was more than half cowardice, only to be dragged back into the arena. The mandate he had expected promptly came.

"Don't go, Billy," cried the old lady. "Sit down." Madam Fulton continued, in a hesitating humility Electra had never seen in her, "Electra, I don't believe you'll quite understand when I tell you there's something queer about the letter. You see there never was any letter. I — made it up."

The boot was on the other foot. All the values of the scene had shifted. Now it was Electra who doubted the general sanity. Electra was smiling at her.

"No, grandmother," she was saying, with a pretty air of chiding, "you must n't talk that way. You think that convinces me. It's very dear of you, very dear and generous. But I know why you do it."

"Bless my sinful soul!" ejaculated the old lady. "Oh — you tell her, Billy."

Billy shook his head. He was not going to be dragged as far as that. He was sorry for her, but she had had her whistle and she must pay for it. The old lady was beginning again in a weak voice, —

"You see, Electra, that book is n't what you think. It is n't what anybody thinks. I — I made it up."

Electra was about to speak, but her grandmother forestalled her.

"Don't you go and offer me wine. You get it into your head once and for all that I'm telling you a fact and that you've got to believe it. I made up my book of recollections. They're not true, not one of them. As I remember, there is n't one. The letters I wrote myself."

Electra was staring at her in a neutrality which was not even wonder.

Finally she spoke; her awed voice trembled.

"The Brook Farm letters!"

Perhaps it was this reverent hesitation which restored Madam Fulton to something of her wonted state.

"For heaven's sake, Electra," she fulminated, "what is there so sacred about Brook Farm? If anybody is going to make up letters from anywhere, why should n't it be from there?"

Electra was looking at Billy Stark as if she bade him save her from these shocks or tell her the whole world was rocking.

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But Billy twirled his eyeglass, and watched it twirling. Finally he had to meet her eye.

"Yes," he said, with a composure he did not feel, "the book is apparently not quite straight — a kind of joke, in fact."

Electra rose. She looked very thoughtful and also, Madam Fulton thought, with a quaking at her guilty heart, rather terrible. She was pinched at the nostrils and white about the lips.

"What I must do first," she was saying, as if to herself, "is to notify the club we cannot possibly have our inquiry afternoon."

"Notify them!" repeated Madam Fulton, in a spasm of fearful admiration. "Are you going to tell all those women?"

Electra included her in that absent glance. Now that there were things to arrange, dates to cancel, topics to consider, she was on her own ground. She spoke with dignity: —

"I shall most certainly tell nobody. A thing like that had better die as soon as possible. I cannot" — she turned upon her grandmother, a look of passionate interrogation on her face — "I cannot understand you."

Madam Fulton answered humbly, yet with some eagerness, as if Electra might readily be excused from so stiff a task,

"You never would, Electra, not if you lived a hundred years."

Electra was the accuser now, age and kinship quite forgotten.

"Why did you do a thing like that?"

"For fun," said the old lady faintly.

"For fun!" The tree of sin grew and flowered as she thought upon it. "You offered to buy this house with that money, unclean money from the sales of that fraudulent book!"

Madam Fulton turned to Billy Stark with a childlike gesture of real surprise.

"Is it unclean money, Billy?" she asked. "Do you call it that?"

"We must n't go too far," Billy temporized, with a warning look at Electra.

She was on the way to the door. There she paused.

"I do not fully understand it yet," she was saying. "It is monstrous. I dare say I never shall understand it." Then they heard her rustling up the stairs.

Madam Fulton and her old friend looked at each other. When a door closed overhead, Billy's face relaxed and Madam Fulton put a hand over her lips.

"Billy," said she weakly, "am I so bad?"

"You're a dear, Florrie. Don't you worry."

"But, Billy, is she right?"

"Oh, yes, my dear, she's right."

"I'm a shocking person, then!"

"Yes, you're truly shocking. But you're a dear, Florrie, you're a dear."

XV

And now it was night again and Rose hurried away to the tryst. She made no doubt that she should find him there.

"Playmate!" she called.

"Here," answered the voice. "There's your chair. There's your throne."

She plunged into the thick of the confidence intended for him.

"He has come."

"I know it. Peter told me."

"It's all as bad as I thought. Playmate, I'm afraid I shall have to go away."

"Can't you stand up to it?"

"I don't know. It's pretty bad."

"I guess it will have to come to your telling me about it."

"Yes. You see, the worst of it, he wants to make me love somebody I can't love."

"Peter?"

"No, no, not Peter. Not nice, like Peter."

"Could you love Peter?"

"Why should you ask me that? Peter belongs to Electra."

"Not so very much. Could you love him if he asked you to?"

"Oh, that's not fair, playmate!"

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"Yes, it is, when the night's as dark as this and it's only you and me. Could you love Peter?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want to know everything about you. Could you love Peter?"

For some reason, she felt constrained to use one of her small obstinacies.

"I could n't love any man when another woman stood between us."

"That's a good girl. Did you love your husband?"

"My husband!" She choked upon the word. "Tom Fulton! Did you know him?"

"Oh yes, I knew him."

"Was it likely I loved him?"

He was considering, it seemed.

"Yes," he said then, "it's very likely. Tom was a handsome devil."

"But he was — a devil."

"A woman would n't know that, not at first."

"No. I did n't, at first."

"Who is this other man?"

"A prince."

"So you would be a princess."

"No, I should not be a princess." Her voice had a curious sound.

"What has your father to do with it?"

"Everything. The prince can advance him in certain ways. My father plays for high stakes."

"Are you sure you don't want to be a princess?" The voice seemed to coax her. "Even if you do want it very much," it seemed to say, "why not relinquish it and stay here under the tree?"

"No," she said, "I don't want to be a princess, even if I could be. And I don't want anything my father can offer me, or buy for me, or steal for me."

"Then, playmate, when he comes back, you'll have to stand up to him or — cut."

At that moment he saw before him the imagined picture of her face with the tears upon it.

"It is n't easy," she was saying. "If you knew my father, you would see. You can't withstand him, he looks so kind. You can't refuse him, because he seems to want nothing but your good. You can't say you won't have a splendid time with him, because you simply have it."

"Are you sure he is so bad?"

"I am sure," she answered gravely. "He is very bad. And it is not because he wills to be bad. It is because he wills to have power, and as if he were better fitted to have power than almost anybody — except that he is not good. Why, do you know what power he has? He wears a ring, the seal of the Brotherhood. Whatever order is stamped with that seal is carried out, even if it is thousands of miles away. When Ivan Gorof died —" She stopped, shuddering.

"What was that?"

"I can't tell you. It is too dreadful. He withstood my father. And when he was found, they picked up in the chamber a bit of red wax on a shred of paper — there was nothing else — but I know and we all know it was a part of the seal that held the warrant they read to him — the assassins — before he died."

"Did your father sentence him to death?"

"Who else? Sometimes I get thinking about it at night, and then it seems to me as if all the people in the world had been delivered into his hand. That is because I have grown to be afraid of him."

"Was he always cruel to you?"

"Oh, never! never in the world! When I was little, I traveled about with him, and I had the best time a child ever had. I was fêted, and carried on shoulders, and made much of because I was his daughter. Then I grew up and it all — changed." Her voice fell. She remembered the snare of the fowler, but that she could not tell him.

"Is he unkind to you now?"

"Never! It is unbroken kindness, — a benevolence, shall I call it? But it terrifies me. For under it all is that unbending will. And I keep hardening myself against it, and yet I know the time will come when he will have his

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way, because he is stronger than I."

"You must not let him be stronger than you. The birch bends, but it can resist."

"You don't know! If he were outwardly cruel, I could defy him. But he is like the sun that nourishes and then burns. He seems to have such life in himself, such great inborn power, no one can resist it. You almost feel as if you were going against natural laws when you go against him; and you know you'll be beaten because the laws are inevitable."

"That was n't what you said of him that first night down in the shack."

"No! I scoffed at him then a little. He was so far away! Now I have been near him again and I tremble."

"But as you picture him, he's all good, all benevolence. You could convince a man like that."

"Never! He has n't any soul. He is this great natural force that radiates power."

"Power!" echoed Osmond. "No wonder he's drunk on it. I could go down on my knees and worship it."

"Not such as his!"

"Such as anybody's, so long as it is power."

For the first time she began to comprehend his mortal hunger.

"Don't you go over to him, too," she said jealously. "Peter is under his foot. So is Electra. If you go over, I shall be alone."

"I shall never go anywhere to leave you alone." Then, after a moment, he continued, "So you are not sure whether the prince loves you?"

"He would call it that. It is not that to me."

"Of course he loves you!"

"Don't be too sure, playmate. I know the world. You know your garden."

"Then why does he want you?"

"It's a game. My father wants to buy him. He may want to buy my father. Then maybe he wants the prestige of owning the woman with the most beautiful hair in Europe."

"Is that your hair, playmate?"

"He says so."

"Well, a man might do worse than gamble for a thing like that."

"You amaze me." But he would not continue that, and presently she asked him, "What have you been thinking about lately?"

"About you."

"When?"

"All day long while I was at work, and every night when I sat here and you did n't come."

"Was it a happy thing to do?"

"Very happy."

"Even when I did n't come?"

"Even when you did n't come."

"Then it's just as nice to think about me as to talk to me?"

"Almost!" He said it quite cheerfully, and through her pique she had to laugh.

"What do you think, playmate?"

"I make a world and I put you in it. Then I put myself in, too."

When he spoke like this, simply and even with a gay indifference, she wondered whether the world was a pageant to him, which it cost him no pains to relinquish, and whether, too, though he had great kindliness and understanding, deep emotions were forbidden him. At least, since he was impersonal and remote, she could ask him anything.

"What is your world? Is it like this?"

"It is n't my world. It's yours and mine. We go about in it, having a bully time, and nobody looks at us or asks us questions."

"Don't they see us?"

"Oh, yes, I dare say. Only they don't stare after us and say, 'Why do they do thus and so?' They don't even speak of your beautiful hair. I talk about that myself, all the time, and you like to have me. But we should think it was mighty queer if anybody else did."

"Do we speak to the other people?"

"Sometimes. If we want to. If you see a diamond or a sapphire, or I see a new patent weeder, then we say, 'We want to buy that.' But we don't have much

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time for other folks. We travel a lot. You tell me about pictures and Alps and thrones and principalities, because I don't know much except about grafting trees and sowing seed at the best time. But always we come home here to the plantation because I find that's where I feel most at peace. And you are at peace here, too. I am delighted when I find that out."

"Be delighted now, then. I am at peace here, more than anywhere else."

"And when we are here, we live in our house. At first, I built a large one over on the hill there, and I had you bring over pictures for it from abroad, and I planted trees, and it was very grand. But I was n't contented there, and you were n't, because of it. You saw at once that my shell had got to fit me, and the plain house did. So I kicked over the big house, and we lived in the old one."

"With grannie?"

"Yes, only I did n't think very much about her. She was always there, I suppose, like the sun through the windows, very kind and warm, and glad we were contented; but it was our house. That's what makes the charm of everything — that it's yours and mine. I could n't sleep in the house though. It had to be outdoors."

"Did I have my hammock swung in the upper veranda?"

He laughed out delightedly.

"How did you know? Yes, I slept down here or under the fir by the house, but you were afraid of caterpillars and you had to be up there."

"I'm not afraid of anything else," she explained humbly. "Not of bears or anything in the deep woods. But caterpillars crawl so!"

"However, it did n't make any difference where you were, because while we were asleep, it was just as it is while we are awake — there is a fine thread that goes from me to you. There might be processions of people between us, chariots and horses and marching armies, but they could n't break the thread."

"And what do we do all day?"

"Talk. Think. I think to you and you think back to me."

"But we must work. If we don't, you'll get tired of me." She spoke out of sad knowledge.

"Why, playmate!"

The reproach in his voice recalled her, and she was ashamed to find her belief less warm than his.

"Well," he conceded, "maybe we work. I go on grafting and sowing seeds and sending things to market, and you sit on a stone and sing."

"Shall I sing to you now?"

"No, playmate. It makes me sad."

"I could sing happy songs."

"That would n't make any difference. When you sing, it wakens something in me, some discontent, some longing bigger than I am, and that's not pleasure. It is pain."

"Are you afraid of pain?"

He waited a long time. Then he asked her, —

"Have you ever known pain?"

"Yes. I thought my mind was going."

"But not pain of your body?"

"Oh, no, not that."

"The pain of the body is something to be afraid of. If we have it once, we cringe when we see it coming. But your singing — can I tell you what it wakens in me? No, for I don't know. Pain, the premonition of pain. Something I must escape."

"Yet I was to sit by and sing to you while you were at work."

"Yes, but that would be when we were quite content." It was the first wistful hint that things were lacking to him. He could not be contented; yet, against reason, his manner told a different, braver story.

"You said," she began, "if armies came between us, they could not break the little thread. Suppose I go away?"

"That would n't break it. Don't you suppose my thought can run to London or Rome? It is n't worth much if it can't."

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"Suppose I — " she stopped, appalled at herself for the thought, but jealously anxious to be told.

"Suppose you marry the prince? That would be dreadful, because you don't love him. But it would n't break the thread. It would muffle it, I guess. We could n't think back and forth on it. But it would be there."

Immediately it seemed to her that she had something even more precious than she had guessed, something not to be imperiled.

"I must not do anything to muffle it," she said. "Either with the prince — or any one."

"The only thing I'm afraid of," he went on, "is that you won't stand up to your father. Why, you must, playmate, if you feel like that about him."

She answered bitterly.

"I am afraid, I suppose."

Osmond spoke out sharply in the tone of a man who dismisses dreams.

"Don't be afraid. Stand up and fight."

Her pathetic voice recalled him.

"But think! You said you were afraid of pain. You ought to know what fear is."

He answered slowly, and in what seemed almost exaltation, —

"I am afraid of pain, but when the time comes, I shan't wait for it. I shall go out to meet it."

"What do you mean?"

He seemed another creature, all steel and fire, not an impersonal thing speaking out of the dark.

"Don't you know we all want something big, something bigger than we are to fight and conquer? Before we leave this earth, we want to make our mark on it, that shall not be washed away."

"Are you ambitious?"

"I don't know. I do know I mean to live — when I am free."

Alarm was quickening in her. He seemed to be withdrawing into dark halls where she could not see to follow. He was building the house of his heart, yet there were apparently other edifices, fortresses or dungeons, it might be, where he walked alone.

"When you are free?" she insisted.

"When Pete has got his gait and I need n't back him. When grannie is dead — dear grannie! Then I shall do my one free act."

She was so shaken that it seemed as if the night itself terrified her, not he alone.

"Not —" she paused, and then whispered it. "Do you mean — to kill yourself?"

He laughed.

"Not on your life! I am going to get all that's coming to me. But I am going to get it in my own particular way."

"I cannot understand you."

"Of course you can't. But remember all of you have something to bring to life. You give as well as take. You have your beauty and your voice. Peter has his brush. Grannie has her mothering gift. That's better than being a queen. There's power in it. Your prince has his inheritance. I have had to look about and choose my gift. I chose it long ago."

"Is it something that makes you happy?"

"It made me wild when I discovered it, because I saw it was mine. Nothing had ever been mine before. As it comes nearer and nearer, it looks pretty grim to me. But it's mine, still. When men used to go out to fight, they must have said a good many times, 'This is a nasty situation, but it's my quarrel.' And this is mine."

She felt her loneliness. At once it seemed that she had not yet known the real man. Their play at friendship, sympathy, — what was it? — had been only play. Like all men, he could bring the woman a flower, a crown even, "a rosy wreath," but the roses must wither while he chose his sword. She could not speak.

"What is it, playmate?" he asked presently. It was the old kindly voice.

"I must go back. I'm cold."

"Cold! It's warm to-night."

"Good-night."

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He followed her.

"I did it. I chilled you somehow. Forgive me."

She could not speak, and he was at her side.

"I know. There are things that can't be talked about. They sound like twaddle. These things I've told you — they 're well enough to think about. They can't be said. You're disappointed in me!"

But it was not that he had told her too much; he had told her too little. He had put her away from him.

"Good-night," she said again. "It's all right, playmate, truly."

His anxious voice came after her.

"It's not all right. I've muddled it."

(*To be continued.*)

TO ONE WHO WENT TO CARCASSONNE

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

I CAN scarce believe the tale
Borne to me on every gale!
You have been to Carcassonne?
Looked its stately towers upon?
Trod its streets where, blithe and gay,
Knights and dames in bright array
Loitered in the evening glow,
Doffed their hats, or curtsied low,
When "two Generals," proud as they,
Gave "the Bishop" right of way?

Ah, the Cité on its hill!
Did you climb with right good will
Up to heights where banners fly
Red and gold against the sky?
Did the lofty ramparts gleam
Like the pageants of a dream?
Battlements and bastions soar
Like great mountains high and hoar,
While from azure skies the sun
Shone on mighty Carcassonne?

Carcassonne is not a myth —
Just a name to conjure with?
Figment of a poet's brain,
Child of his own joy and pain?
Do men *live* in Carcassonne —
Love and labor, strive and die,

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Pray vain prayers for bliss unwon,
Lift pale faces to the sky?
In its streets do children play,
Laughing, shouting, all the day?

You have been to Carcassonne.
Then for you the goal is won;
You have grasped the unattained;
What we long for, you have gained.
All men go to Arcady —
Dear, dream-haunted Arcady;
Soon or late, they breathe its air,
Learn its language, pray its prayer,
Linger there till dreams are done, —
Yet — few go to Carcassonne!

NOTES FROM A PERSIAN DIARY

BY "DIPLOMATIST"

THE Land of the Lion and the Sun lies off the beaten track. Travelers who, like Puck, are concerned for time when putting their girdle round the world, hold Persia hardly worth the long détour from the Red Sea highway and the reversion to primitive methods of progress.

The shortest and easiest approach to Teheran is the overland route through Russia to Baku, the centre of the oil region on the west shore of the Caspian. The monotony of this long railroad journey may be broken, however, by leaving the railway at Vladikavkas, taking a carriage through the magnificent scenery of the Darial Pass to Tiflis, and proceeding thence by the Caucasus line to its eastern terminus at Baku. Or we may avoid European Russia altogether by sailing on one of the Russian steamers from Constantinople through the Bosphorus and Black Sea to Batoum, which is the western extremity of the Caucasus railroad. This route affords glimpses of the Asia Minor coast, — at whose cities of Ineboli, Samsun, and Trebizond, the steamer touches; some distant but rather disappointing views of the snow-topped Caucasus range as the train skirts its southern flank; and for the traveler whose enjoyment depends upon recollections of the past as well as visions of the present, there will be memories of the Argonauts and the Golden Fleece, and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand.

The Caucasus route is absolutely free from all danger except as we happen upon such stormy times as recently made the streets of Tiflis and Baku to run with the blood of warring races. Peopled as is the Caucasus with fragments of nations, of semi-nomadic habits and widely differing origins and beliefs, which have wrestled for centuries in bloody conflict, any such relaxing of the governing hand as accompanied the recent Russian disasters in the Far East naturally resulted in an outburst of the underlying race hatreds. But the single governing hand is there, as it is not in the Balkan peninsula,

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and, so far as the semi-Oriental administration of Russia means pacification, the Caucasus may be said to be pacified.

Tiflis, a generally well-ordered city, whose museum contains a complete collection illustrative of the ethnology, archæology, and natural history of the region, may well detain the traveler. The West and the East meet here in sharp contrast, — meet, without mingling. From the broad streets and open squares of the Russian quarter, in whose modern opera house I heard Rubenstein's *Demonio* worthily given, one passes without transition to the narrow passageways and crowded bazaars of the old city where Persian, Georgian, and Armenian, Turk, Kurd, and Tartar jostle each other in endless variety of costume and tongue.

Except for its oil wells, which have filled the city with a restless population of adventurers and speculators, Baku contains little of interest. Less Eastern and more commercial than Tiflis, its pretensions to civilization are more offensive than barbarism itself. All genuine civilization, especially of the sanitary kind, is left behind at Tiflis, and it was in the so-called Grand Hotel of Baku, under conditions impossible of description, that I began to devise ways and means for getting my wife into Persia without too great a shock to her sensibilities. So much worse than pure nature is half civilization.

Once at Baku by any one of these three approaches, we proceed by steamer down the Caspian Sea, to the Persian port of Enzeli at its southern extremity.

The seasoned or more adventuresome traveler may discard the Caspian route altogether, either leaving the steamer on the Black Sea at Trebizond, to follow the old caravan route over which the riches of the East once found their outlet to Europe, or the Caucasus railway at Tiflis for the branch line terminating at Erivan under the shadow of Ararat. The long journey from Trebizond, as also that from Erivan, must be made in the saddle and has the Persian city of Tabriz as terminus. Tabriz in the west, Teheran in the centre, and Meshed in the east, form the three northern city gates of Persia; but only the traveler who crosses the Caspian to visit Khiva, Bokara, and Samarkand, would enter by the Meshed gateway.

Steadily pushing the development of her railway system and the construction of her military roads south of the Caucasus and trans-Caspian lines toward the Persian frontier, Russia is systematically tightening her hold on the northern provinces. Nothing comparable with the energy, intelligence, and military genius which foiled her plans in Manchuria bars her way to northern Persia, where there is neither patriotism, as we understand it, nor any desire or capacity to assimilate western ideas adequate to loosen the grip of its colossal neighbor. There is a creed — but creeds have never checked the advance of Russia.

While the traveler may enter Persia by various routes, he can do so in only one frame of mind. He must rid himself of all memories of Lalla Rookh, rose gardens, nightingales, and houris. He must be able to find compensation for the loss of the ordinary comforts of life in his love of freedom and wide horizons. He must often be content with the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and able at all times to rejoice in his nearness to nature, animate and inanimate. If he is dependent upon the factitious, or is of the temper of one whom I heard lamenting that there was no Ritz in Toledo, it were better not to invade the kingdom of the Shah. But if he loves the early start at sunrise, when horses are saddled and packs strapped, if the rushing waters at the ford are music to his ears, if he can forget the limbs stiff with yesterday's fatigues in the glorious views from the passes of the mountain ranges which traverse the Iranian plateau like the teeth of gigantic saws, and welcome at nightfall as a haven of rest the crowded caravanserai with its seething turmoil and babel of noises of man and beast;

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and can say with L'Estrange as he sinks in slumber, "We have a horror for uncouth monsters, but, upon experience, all these bugs grow easy and familiar to us," then Persia will prove a joy, as one of the last strongholds of untrammeled out-of-door life in the unadulterated Orient.

One approaches Enzeli with a dread, and leaves the Caspian steamer with a regret and a wonder: a dread of the bar which steamers cannot pass, which in rough weather will give you a thorough drenching ere your frail boat has crossed its stormy breast, and which at times is altogether impassable, necessitating a return to Baku, — whither a certain French diplomat was once carried back four times before a landing could be effected; a regret to leave the home of the delicious fresh gray caviar which, once tasted, makes all the black potted stuff we are familiar with seem like so much wheel-grease; a wonder that the Persian government should ever have surrendered its rights on the Caspian Sea. When in 1789 Hadji Mirza Akasi, then prime minister, ceded the sole right to navigate this sea to the Russians, he flippantly remarked, "Not being water fowl, what need have we of salt water?" adding, with a complacency which did little credit to his political sagacity, "nor for a few drops of it should we embitter the palate of a friend." While the writer was in Persia the strategic value of this concession was being tested by experiments with the Russian merchant fleet, with a view to ascertaining the force which could be landed within a given time on the Persian coast in the event of offensive operations.

Along the south Caspian shore and eastward along the whole northern Persian frontier stretch the Elburz Mountains, generally snow-covered, and terminated near Teheran by the splendid volcanic peak of Demavend, variously estimated at from 18,000 to 22,000 feet in altitude. Clothed with verdure and crowned with snow, they form a magnificent background at Enzeli, where naught but man is vile. A pagoda-like building situated in an orange grove and devoted to the entertainment of newly arriving ministers and officials is the only attraction of which Enzeli can boast; and like most royal edifices in Mohammedan countries, it is marked by the neglect and decay which characterize all buildings not built or occupied by the reigning sovereign. The Shah's yacht lends what dignity it can to official entries, but is more suggestive of a tugboat than a royal yacht, though very useful in crossing the great Enzeli lagoon, a shallow basin within the bar, many miles in extent, where passage in a rowboat is a tedious affair, enlivened only by the pelicans, cranes, ospreys, and gulls which swarm among its reedy shores and islands. A muddy river, ascended by alternate rowing, poling, and tracking, leads to Per-i-bazar, consisting of a few huts and the omnipresent custom house, whence one struggles for six miles through a veritable sea of mud to Resht, where the real journey to Teheran begins. This a few years ago, when there was no Russian road from Enzeli to the capital, when one followed the old caravan track which countless feet have worn from the days of Darius, — worn literally in the rock in holes so deep that unless your mount has his right foot forward he must in places stop and start afresh.

Before the completion of the carriage road travelers unencumbered by baggage made the journey of some two hundred and forty miles to Teheran in the saddle, covering two or even more stages of twenty-five miles each per day, and putting up with such shelter, food and horses as the post-houses or villages afforded. But more commonly, and especially with ladies, it was customary to travel "caravan," that is, with one's own animals, the necessary impedimenta of folding-beds, tables, chairs, rugs, curtains, and cooking utensils, permitting of only one stage a day. The length of a stage varies throughout Persia, depend-

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ing on the character of the country, and is reckoned in *farsaks*, the old Greek parasang. The *farsak* is a most elastic and uncertain measure, and as animals are paid for per *farsak*, as many as the credulity of the traveler will allow are crowded into each stage. "How far," I once asked an old Kurdish muleteer, "is a *farsak?*" "As far as one can distinguish a gray from a brown camel," was the discreet answer. They average about four miles, and the stage about six *farsaks*, or twenty-five miles.

At the end of each stage is either a caravanserai or chapar-khaneh where the night is passed. The caravanserais, the more important of which are ascribed to the reign of Shah Abbas the Great, of that Safavi dynasty which perished in the Afghan invasion of 1722, consist of a gateway leading into an open court surrounded by stables, with rooms overhead. The chapar-khaneh is a rest house for those who travel by post. In either case your servants hunt up an empty room, spread a rug, hang a curtain, unfold table, chairs, and bed, and, if you have been provident, fill your rubber bath, and in an incredibly short time, the samovar is steaming and your cook has an appetizing meal ready. Subsequently you will stroll in the courtyard crowded with camels snarling at their drivers, or calmly eating their dry-as-dust fodder with that sardonic disdain peculiar to them, with donkeys patiently waiting to be relieved of their loads, and the noisy mongrel humanity which makes up an Eastern caravan. Then darkness comes on, the hubbub gradually subsides, the stars come out, the smoke ascends from flickering fires into the silence and the night, and you seek your own rest, — to be awakened perhaps by the tinkling bells of a late-arriving caravan, and most certainly to be reminded before dawn of the plaint of the French traveler, "Ce n'est pas la piqûre dont je me plains, c'est la promenade."

The journey to Teheran may be divided into three parts, each distinct in character, — the Caspian border, the mountains, and the desert plain.

The Caspian border is the zone of rain and cloud which rarely pass the Elburz. Nearly all the moisture is precipitated on the northern slopes, which are therefore covered with forest and verdure. The first two stages lie through level reaches of mulberry, — for Resht thrives on the culture of the silkworm, — groves of olive, and forests of tamarisk and oak. On the second day you spread your lunch under the last olive, and on the third the track leaves the haunts of moss and fern and violet, to enter the rocky valley of the Sefid Rud, which it frequently fords, sometimes following the bare portions of the channel, sometimes clinging between a rock wall and a precipice where to pass a caravan is a ticklish business, sometimes scrambling up ledges where angels might well fear to tread, only to descend again on rocky stairways where angels would positively refuse to venture. My companion was quite ready to discard the seat of her sex for a cavalry saddle, especially after having forced one of a passing train of loaded donkeys over a precipice, to be seen no more. A pack animal knows well the safety side of the path. When in full possession of the whole track he will skirt the edge with provoking assurance, but when meeting another animal he will stubbornly contend for the inside passage. Some idea of the amount of traffic may be gained from the fact that in one day's journey on the two stages between Rustemabad, Menjil, and Paichenar, I counted 1394 animals.

The ford at Paichenar in flood time often proved a disastrous obstacle. In its foaming waters the pack mules of the wife of an English diplomat lost their footing, recovering themselves only after having soaked the contents of their loads. I met their owner, on her way to England, at Tiflis where, as lady-in-waiting to the then Princess of Wales and anticipating a London season, she was bemoaning her condition of "nothing to wear."

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My own audience with the Shah was delayed some weeks by the non-arrival of baggage, and for a time I feared it might be lying where I had seen a piano destined for a Teheran legation, — in this same ford of Paichenar, where, still awash in its case, I saw it again, six months later. A mishap of some kind was not unfrequent on the Resht-Teheran journey. It was at the end of the Menjil stage that the wife of the manager of the Imperial Bank at Teheran arrived one night to find her baby missing. It had slipped from the *kejaveh*, or panier, on the mule's back, and was found, with the aid of a lantern, some distance back by the roadside, uninjured.

The trail rises steadily on the fourth stage, and on the fifth climbs sharply to the summit of the Kazan pass, about seven thousand feet in altitude. Around you stretches a sea of mountain billows, crested with snow, and southward lies the great Iranian plateau, on which, thirty miles away, a dark spot marks the site of Kasvin, an ancient capital of Persia. Crossing this pass in April, we heard no patter of rain on leaves again till late December. You have left the zone of cloud and forest and will hereafter see no tree or flower that does not grow in garden or by running water.

From Kasvin to Teheran, about one hundred miles, you are riding along the southern flank of the Elburz, the illimitable plain stretching to the east, south, and west, the deep turquoise blue overhead. So abrupt is the change, it is difficult to realize that just over that bare mountain sky line are cool forests, the shadows of clouds and falling rain. But these bare mountains clothe themselves at dawn and twilight with the most delicate shades of color, and the dry clear air and sunshine of the Iranian plain is far preferable to the muggy atmosphere of Mazendaran and Resht. The old emblem of the fireworshipers, the sun, is a fitting national device. The woman's face in the centre was added, it is said, by one of the Persian monarchs as a memorial of his favorite wife. The lion below the sun is the sign of the Mohammedan conqueror, for Ali was called the Lion of God.

Over this so-called road from Kasvin to Teheran, whose dozen mule-tracks twist and turn between the loose stones like a loosened braid of rope, you may drive if you choose in a lumbering carriage drawn by four horses abreast, à la Russe. On this road our luckily half-starved post horses once ran away. When it became clear that they were beyond control I shouted to the servant on the box to urge the driver to hold on. "He speaks to them but they will not listen," was the picturesque reply. The anti-climax was at hand. For after sheer exhaustion had brought them to a halt, a wheel came off and we were obliged to walk three miles to the next post-house. Here a discarded cart wheel was fitted to the axle by sawing off a portion of the hub. It groaned at every revolution, but it revolved.

Stealing the fodder and grain of animals is a universal Persian habit. An English official told me that during his many years of residence in Persia either he, his wife, or the governess, had never failed to be present at the feeding hour. Coachman and stableboy invariably steal all they dare of each day's allowance, to sell it for a pittance in the bazaar, and on several occasions I had my own horses fall under me from weakness, although apparently in good condition, they having missed a day or two's food.

The completion of the Russian road has bettered the conditions of this particular journey. Elsewhere they remain unchanged. The passage of the Kazan pass in winter was formerly a critical matter in stormy weather. Whole caravans have perished there, and Teheran was not unfrequently without mails for a fortnight. It was, moreover, a curious thing to see the pack trains refusing to take such portions of the new road as had been completed, following the old rough trail although no tolls were then

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exacted. For the enjoyment of travel in Persia one must be properly equipped, have good horses and servants, and be fond of life in the saddle. Persian servants are at their best on the road, for they are born nomads. Habits permissible on a journey are a source of constant vexation in town life, and they have little conception of neatness or care of what is really good. When moving up to the Shimran for the summer it was somewhat discouraging to find hens and chickens comfortably installed in imported salon furniture, which had been so loaded on the heavy wagons that the seat of every chair was threatened with puncture by the legs of its neighbor. Tents are not necessary unless the post roads are abandoned, but are a luxury; for the caravanserai and chapar-khaneh are often crowded and always filthy. In this case the maximum of luxury is a double outfit, one equipment being on the road while you are yet asleep, to be ready for your arrival at the end of the day's journey.

An official entry into Persia is a shield of two sides. On the one hand is the novelty and freshness of Oriental life, and the pleasant sense of importance due to the ceremonies of reception by the governors of provinces and cities through which one passes, as well as at the capital itself. On the other hand, while most European governments provide traveling expenses, not only for the minister but also for his family and household servants, and in some cases an allowance for outfit, an American minister starts on his journey with no such provision, arrives at his post homeless, with a salary in my day of $5000,[1] as against the £5000 of his English colleague. Other governments too have much prized decorations, sometimes bestowed in acknowledgment of special courtesies received on the road, although a rifle, a watch, or even money are accepted without hesitation. Baksheesh of this variety forms no inconsiderable item of the traveling account, and must be reckoned with as a universal obligation. The official who entertains you at breakfast or at whose house you pass the night, the mounted escort which meets you a half day's journey from the city gates, and accompanies you on your departure, the imperial envoy, or memendah, who greets you at the frontier and is charged with your journey to the capital, the various officials concerned in your official reception, the servant who brings the horse presented to each newly arriving minister by His Majesty, must all be remembered in a substantial manner. When my horse was brought, the Vice-Consul-General, whose long residence in Persia renders him a valuable adviser, counseled its immediate return. "What, a gift from the Shah!" "Oh, the Shah knows nothing about it. He will be charged a hundred tomans for a beast not worth ten." The horse was in fact returned and a good Arab substituted. His Majesty himself is not above this form of baksheesh, and on one occasion, after dining at the house of the prime minister, accepted one thousand gold pieces, a number of richly caparisoned horses, besides silks, carpets, and embroideries for the harem, as a token that his condescension was appreciated.

The East loves splendor and reckons worth by display. A Persian nobleman never walks abroad without his retinue of followers, ragged though they may be. Too much economy may be fatal to the consideration and influence necessary to the effective discharge of official duties, a fact never lost sight of by governments accustomed to the ways of the Orient. An amusing illustration of the effect of our democratic business methods occurred after the death of the present Shah's grandfather. The envoy sent to Washington to announce the advent of the new sovereign to the throne was met by no memendah on landing, nor did any escort greet him on his arrival at Washington. He made his way with his suite to the hotel and was assigned to

[1] Since raised to $7500.

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number so-and-so like any other traveler. Nor did any state carriage convey him to the State Department on the day of the presentation of his credentials. On entering the elevator with the Secretary of State on his way to the White House, the Secretary excused himself a moment, having left some important papers behind, and when at last he had presented his credentials, and the customary exchange of speeches had taken place, the President excused himself on the plea of important business with the Secretary of State. All this is inexplicable to the Oriental mind, to which there *is* no business more important than the ceremony attaching to rank. This gentleman left our shores sore and indignant, and although later, when I knew him, he could laugh over his experiences, having like most Persians a keen sense of humor, it was only through the tact of the Vice-Consul-General that the reprisals at first intended were averted.

Teheran claims a population of three hundred thousand souls, but no statistical information of value is available. The death-rate is roughly computed from the dead brought to the wash-houses, but is unreliable, as the bodies of children, among whom the mortality is great, are not as a rule taken to the wash-houses. Surrounded by a dry moat and parapet, and entered by twelve more or less imposing gates of variegated tile, the city lies on the plain ten miles from the Elburz mountains, which rise without foothills of any importance, like a series of rounded blocks set on a checkerboard. Immediately north of the city they have an altitude of twelve thousand feet, the snow disappearing for the most part in August. Demavend, however, keeps its snow mantle throughout the year, and long after the last rays of the sinking sun have faded from the neighboring crests its great white cone glows like an opal in the sunset fires. This mass of color, which lingers when all below and around has disappeared, suspended, detached as it were from all support, is a vision of marvelous beauty. When at length the gray shadows creep up the cone and extinguish the great opal at its summit, the world seems dead indeed, and the mighty mountain itself but a ghostly shadow.

The proximity of the mountains affords Teheran an indispensable retreat in summer, most of the richer class, the legations, and royal household, having summer houses in the Shimran, or mountain district. The English government, besides its large city compound containing the minister's residence, separate houses for secretaries and resident English doctor, stables and garden, owns the entire village of Gulahek in the Shimran, where the summer legation is located. The Russians also own a Shimran village. The American Minister must not only hunt up his winter and summer quarters, often a difficult matter, but when transferred must bear the burden of unexpired leases. The furnishings of the official apartments, silver and table service, are also the property of the English government. To establish in a suitable manner several legations when, as frequently happens, several transfers occur within the space of a few years, is no slight undertaking, and it is certainly a curious fact that a great nation of democratic ideals should so scale the compensation of its representatives as to put its diplomatic honors beyond the reach of the great mass of its servants and make it necessary, in the consideration of their appointment, for talent and experience to give way to the aristocracy of riches, — a determining factor whose importance has greatly increased since the Spanish-American war.

From the mountains also Teheran derives its water. There is no public ownership or municipal supply. It is brought either on the surface in shallow open channels, or underground in tunnels, called kanáts, built and owned by private individuals. One follows an open waterway by its line of trees, and a kanát by the row of mounds of earth which come from the shafts of construction.

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These shafts are sunk a hundred or two feet apart, and in some instances are several hundred feet in depth. The earth is raised by a windlass, and the shafts connected at their bases by an unlined tunnel, dug by hand as a mole burrows, without any instrument of precision. Certain kanáts come to the surface only within the city, where their water is sold to the pools and gardens of private houses, or is stolen, like any other commodity. Small earthen dams divert the stream as it runs by the roadside, where women wash and men drink within sight of each other. The kanát of the English legation, which comes to the surface only within the walls of the compound, and, moreover, runs under no villages or cemeteries, was by courtesy the source of our drinking water, brought in skins and afterwards boiled and filtered. Ice, gathered in winter from trenches dug along the north side of high walls, is used by Europeans only in special vessels with outside pouches, the ice itself never coming into contact with the contents. The water of the public baths, where our servants bathed weekly, was renewed about once a week, and as may be imagined was not pellucid. Living amid abundance of water, we forget how dependent is all the beauty of the vegetable world upon moisture. A line of trees marks the Shimran road, because their roots are fed by the stream running beside it. Beyond is the baked, cracked earth, above which the hot air trembles as over a chimney-top. Far away in this furnace of hot air is a yellow mud-brick wall. You approach, open a door, and enter a paradise, — shade of trees, running water, deep pools, flowers, and the songs of birds. Do you wonder that the Persian poet praises these cool retreats of nightingale and rose? Not because they are common, but rare, — as a western poet might sing of heroic virtues. Some of the Shimran gardens, especially that of the Naibu's Sultana, a brother to the late Shah, laid out with stone terraces forming stairways of falling water, and avenues of stately plane trees, are truly royal. But there is no sod. No grove of palm or richness of southern foliage can compensate for the absence of lawn. One walks in gravel paths. There is no wandering on the smooth turf in the shade of widespreading beeches, and — greatest privation of all — one cannot lie down on the breast of our common mother. The Persian spreads a rug, — to rest, to eat, to say his evening prayer. Hence often the thick coating of dust which the merchant at your door must rub away before you can fairly discern the design of your contemplated purchase.

Many of the gardeners of Teheran are from the Parsee population. This remnant of the ancient race of fireworshipers is in general a superior class in point of morals and honesty, although they do not appear to possess the ambition and energy of their Indian brethren, — a difference, however, which may be accounted for by the more favorable conditions of English rule. Persecuted by the Mohammedan Persian, the Parsee looks down upon his persecutor. When endeavoring to purchase a small Christmas tree from the Parsee gardener of a Persian villa, whose master was absent, I suggested that from so many trees one surely would not be missed. "Am I a Persian dog that I should do this thing," was the reply. A few krans would have sufficed for the ordinary Persian gardener. Teheran is more tolerant of the Parsees than other Persian cities, where, as in Yezd and Kerman, they are obliged to wear a dress which distinguishes them from Moslems. Until within recent years they have been subjected to a variety of vexatious extortions in the form of special taxes, and irritating restrictions, such as the prohibition to build houses of more than one story, to ride in the public streets, to wear white stockings or garments of certain colors, to frequent the public baths, or to make use of spectacles and umbrellas. Edicts of the late Shah, and of his father, relieving them from

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many of these restrictions, have not proved of much effect, it being easier to issue a firman than to overcome native intolerance. We are just beginning in America to understand race hatred as a deep-seated fact of human nature which cannot be exorcised by meetings in Faneuil Hall or eradicated by abstract theorizations. Its fierce intensity appalls the traveler in the Balkans and the East. Jewish merchants are permitted to show their wares in Teheran harems, for a Jew is not a man. The Armenians are scorned not only as Christians, but as a cowardly, womanish race. Persians are themselves of two races, and as the Ionian Greek despised his ruder neighbor of Dorian blood, so the fanatical descendant of the Turkish tribes in the north, whose earlier home lies east of the Caspian, is despised by his clever, light-hearted brother in the south, of Aryan stock, who avers that the ass once complained to God, asking, "Why has Thou created me, seeing Thou has already created the Turk?" To which answer was made, "Verily We created the Turk in order that the excellence of thine understanding might be apparent." [1]

The lion and the sun of the national emblem bear witness to the further blend of races with the Arabian conquerors. After the struggle between the Kajar tribes and the Zend dynasty, which established the former as the reigning race, Teheran became the capital, and the ancient seats of Persian power in the south, Isfahan and Shiraz, where absolutely no loyalty or affection for their present rulers exists, were neglected. Official announcements of the Kajar usurper borrow the language of a glory which is not his, as if the Shah were a descendant of Cyrus, — an ethnological absurdity. "The Sovereign whose standard is the Sun, and whose brightness is that of the skies, whose armies are as the stars, whose greatness is that of Jemshid, and whose splendor equals that of Darius," etc. Whose armies are as the stars! At once I see the ragged soldiers assigned to the guard of the legation, whose shoes and overcoats were furnished by the American Minister, whose pay was a few paltry krans a month, yet who passed their spare time in the bazaar as changers and lenders of money!

The hatred existing between the Persian and the Turk is intensified by their religious differences, the former belonging to the Shiah and the latter to the Sunni faith, these being the two great rival sects of Islam. The sufferings and martyrdom of Hussein the son of Ali, whom the Shiahs regard as the legitimate successor of the Prophet, are the theme of religious ceremonies at which women wail and weep as at a burial, and men work themselves into a frenzy of religious fervor. The Persian curse, directed at the first three caliphs and recited like the Catholic "Hail Mary" as an act of virtue, voices the intensity of Shiah bitterness: —

"O God, curse Omar; then Abu Bekv and Omar; then Othman and Omar; then Omar, then Omar."

Although of a sunnier disposition, the Persian Shiah is far more bigoted than his Turkish co-religionist. One may visit with impunity the mosques of Cairo and Constantinople, but it is difficult to obtain access to a Persian mosque except in disguise, a proceeding likely to be followed by unpleasant if not dangerous consequences. Yet, though intensely bigoted, he is passionately fond of speculative discussion. This is true not only of the cultivated classes, but equally so of the huckster in the bazaar and the idler in the tea-house. In no other land do the problems and mysteries of life which we relegate to the schoolmen form so absorbing a theme for every-day conversation, and this characteristic brings one at once into intimate contact with the thought and heart of the people. A desire for discussion, an eagerness to probe the reasons for your own beliefs,

[1] This anecdote was related to Professor Browne in Kerman.

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and a wide familiarity with the mystic poetry and literature of their own past, constitute a distinctive charm of Persian society. It is as if every Persian heard the words of Hafiz: —

"They are calling to thee from the pinnacles of the throne of God —
I know not what hath befallen thee in this dust-heap."

When dining once with an English professor of Oriental literature, the latter quoted a line from Saadi. The quotation was immediately taken up by the host and then in turn by each of his Persian guests, till, when the circle of the table had been made, the entire poem had been recited.

Professor Browne has pointed out that this characteristic is not one that would be looked for in the most bigoted sect of a religion preëminent for intolerance, since "a dogmatic theology is notoriously unfavorable to speculation." Whether, as he suggests,[1] the Arabian invader, victorious over the ancient political and religious systems of Persia, was powerless to extinguish the Aryan passion for speculation, or whether Islam itself contains the germs of Pantheism,[2] the fact remains that since Hafiz first sung of "the ten and seventy jangling creeds," freedom of thought has been a marked characteristic of the Persian.

The Persian of the lower orders, especially in the north, is not a lovable person, has no reputation for honesty, and is far less manly and faithful than the Kurd or Turk. But those of the higher classes are delightful companions, punctilious in all matters of etiquette, and generally well informed. Many have been educated abroad, or by foreign tutors, are most hospitable, and entertain lavishly in Teheran in European style. The dinner given by the Sadr Azam to the diplomatic corps on the Shah's birthday, followed by a display of fireworks specially ordered from Japan, was a fête not unworthy of Versailles. With that same Sadr Azam I dined six years later in a European capital, it having been intimated to him that a pilgrimage to Mecca would be conducive to his health. To his energy of character the late Shah probably owed his throne. Fearing that the Shah's eldest son, the Amin-i-Sultan — a strong personality who held the governorship of several provinces, and had a large following well armed, with artillery — might claim the succession, he concealed the mortal character of his master's wound, supporting the dead body in a sitting posture during the ten-mile drive from Shah-Abdul-Azim, where the assassination took place, to the palace in Teheran, secured a loan for the payment of the troops, issued ammunition and posted regiments in the bazaar and public squares, telegraphed for the heir apparent at Tabriz, and announced the Shah's death only after the situation was well under control. Exile and sudden death walk hand in hand with greatness in Persia, and the cruel mutilations which Darius inflicted upon the Median chieftain, recorded in the king's own words in the rock inscription of Behistan, are not uncommon to-day. Hands are still cut off for trivial offenses. All the butchers of Teheran, one day during my residence, were suspended by their heels before their shops for overcharging in their wares; faring, however, better than their confrères of Shiraz, whose tongues were cut out for a like indulgence in high prices. Confronted with the rottenness of officialdom, the suffering and open discontent of the lower classes, and the pressure from without of rivals for the succession, my first impressions of Persia were that the end was at hand. "So I thought," said a resident of twenty years' standing to whom I imparted my opinion, "when I first arrived." And then, reading the narratives of travelers, I found they were of the same mind a century ago. Fortunes are paid for the provincial governorships, and the governors in their

[1] *A Year among the Persians*, chap vi: "Mysticism, Metaphysics, and Magic."

[2] Gobineau. *Religions and Philosophies of Central Asia.*

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turn dispose of lesser positions of authority. The Embassy at Constantinople commands a high price, owing to the opportunities for exactions from the resident Persian community. The Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs was bought several times during my residence, and at one time it seemed almost impossible to get an unregistered letter in or out of the country. A western thief steals registered mail, — a petty method. Under the Persian system of farming out the postal service, it was clearly more advantageous to suppress all ordinary mail matter, for thus registration became imperative, and registration enormously increased the postal revenues.

A small indemnity of a few hundred tomans, secured for a naturalized American illegally arrested, was paid in the form of an order on the governor of the province where the arrest was made. This order became a sub-order on an official of lower grade, and finally a third order upon still another official who, having apparently no one under him upon whom he could shift the burden, after vainly endeavoring to compromise for half the amount, wrung the entire sum from an innocent village utterly foreign to the whole transaction. Ultimately, of course, the burden always falls upon the peasant, from whom is taken "even that which he hath." The soldier in the ranks buys his furlough and pays for the right to eke out his meagre wage by working in the bazaar. Every traveler on the Kum road learns the story of its construction, cited by Curzon as a typical example of administrative methods. This road, which with that to Resht shares the honor of being one of the two carriage roads of Persia, is an important one, for Kum, like Kerbela and Meshed, is a holy city, all devout Persians who can do so taking their dead thither for interment. It is also a place of sanctuary, where criminals, however great, are safe from apprehension. The road is therefore thronged with pilgrims and refugees, and with animals bearing in long narrow boxes or cloth bundles corpses on their way to burial near the sacred shrine. Some twenty-five years ago a straight caravan road traversed the salt plain between Teheran and Kum. The Sadr Azam, foiled in an effort to purchase the caravanserais on this road from their obstinate owners, constructed at his own expense a new one, which, being some dozen miles longer, the traveling public persistently refused to patronize. He therefore removed the dikes of the neighboring river, flooding the coveted caravanserais and completely obliterating the old road by a sheet of salt water many miles in extent. Thereupon the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, deeming it more to his advantage to construct a third road than to pay the tolls over that of his rival, built the present post road, which is longer still. The only consolation of the muleteer who plods over those added miles is that the creation of the great salt lake of Kum has possibly increased the rainfall in the vicinity.

The following story, told to me by a brother of the late Shah, carries its own moral. This prince was formerly an important personage, being general-in-chief of the army and head of the Teheran police. He fell from favor at the time of his father's assassination when, suspected of ambitious designs, he shut himself up in his Teheran house, where he has since remained neglected. During a call upon him I noticed two superb diamonds on the clasps of his coat, and as I expressed my admiration he asked if I would like to hear their history. Between sips of tea and puffs on the kalian, this in substance was his story:—

"On going one morning as usual to the palace I found my father in a rage. A large sum in gold and jewels had been stolen in the night from the peacock throne." (This is the throne, incrusted with precious stones and gold, said to have been brought by Nadir Shah in the eighteenth century from the sack of Delhi.) "My father, walking to and fro in great excitement, stopped as I entered.

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"'You are the commander of my armies and the head of my police,' he said.

"'Yes, Sire.'

"'Find me then this culprit who has stolen my throne from under my eyes.'

"'I will try, Sire.'

"'Try!' he exclaimed, shaking his longest finger significantly; 'find me *some one*.'

"For two days I searched in vain, when I thought of the baker who brought the bread for the palace guard, — the only man about the palace who had not been examined. He was summoned, but denied everything. Luckily I observed scratches on his hand. He explained that they were caused by a struggle with a neighbor over the possession of a stick.

"'Liar!' I cried, 'thou art the man.'

"He threw himself at my feet and confessed. Under the earth floor of his house I found everything, — not a stone missing. Overjoyed, I hastened to the palace. In the garden I met the prime minister returning from an audience. He took me aside and said, —

"'What are you doing?'

"'I am bringing my father his throne. Everything is here in these bags.'

"'Why do you do this?' he said. 'Your father did not ask for the gold, he asked for *some one*.'

"'No,' I replied, 'I will go to my father;' for I was proud of my success.

"'Your Majesty,' I said, 'the thief is taken.'

"He smiled, approvingly.

"'No, no,' I exclaimed, knowing what was passing in his mind, '*I have the gold*, every jewel, — they are here,' and I bade the bearers enter. Whereupon my father, astonished, took his coat from his shoulders and threw it about me. On its clasp were these two diamonds."

What, it may be asked, constitutes the fundamental charm of the East? Not, certainly, mere local color, — strange costumes and unfamiliar scenery. Every country possesses something of the latter for the stranger, and as for dress Persia furnishes none of those brilliant effects which dazzle the eye in India. Rich and poor wear the plaited frock coat of sombre hues, the absence of a collar producing a slovenly appearance, while the snowy turban of the Arab and the red fez of the Turk are replaced by the black lambskin *kolah* and the brown felt skull cap of the peasant. Temporary interest, indeed, is aroused by certain curious inversions of procedure. You are amused by the bare-legged, scantily dressed woman who, surprised at the fountain as you ride by, hastens to cover her face and leaves her person exposed. You ask why the carpenter should draw his plane towards him, why the horse is backed into his stall, or the boat dragged stern foremost on the beach. You notice the footnote at the top of the page, and that your morning egg is invariably served with its small end uppermost. But not, certainly, in such trivial matters does the charm of the East reside. We are nearer an explanation when we acknowledge the release from care and artificial conventions which accompanies a relapse to the conditions of a freer and more primitive life. To enjoy an ease, even luxury, of life we could not afford at home, to have a servant for every task, to ride in Bombay or Teheran when we would walk if in Piccadilly, to be free from the burdens of a civilization which has created civic responsibilities and duties to one's fellow men, to have no Young Men's Christian Association to support or fireman's ball to patronize, to be able to play the rôle of self-indulgence to one's heart's content, and be, in truth, a little king, — in these things, alas, for many lies the secret of this charm. But there is another and more potent spell, the inexplicable workings of the Oriental mind.

You engage animals for your journey. You are to start at noon. Solemn promises of punctuality are made. These muleteers are dependent upon your pay. One, two, three o'clock arrives, — no animals. You mount, impatient, and go

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to the bazaar. Your muleteers are asleep in the sun. You wake them and angrily exclaim, "Did you not promise to come at noon?" How explain this sphinx face which looks into yours and calmly replies at half-past three, "Is it noon?"

"*We* mistrust and say 'But time escapes,
Live now or never.'
He says 'What's time! Leave *now* for dogs and apes,
Man has forever.'"

You are hurrying over the Kazan pass to catch the Russian boat at Enzeli. Lost in the snow-bound plain, you seek shelter in a poor village. While waiting for the exhausted horses to eat the food absolutely necessary to further progress, you pace up and down the narrow room at two in the morning, anxiously thinking of the steamer you may miss. All the village is gathered in that room, knowing your anxiety and watching your every movement. At last an old man speaks. "What does he say? Are the horses ready?" you ask your servant. "He says, 'Why does your Excellency walk, when he can sit down?'"

You go to the bazaar to buy. In Cairo or Constantinople, tainted by contact with the West, the shopkeeper, especially the Armenian, will entice you into his net with coffee and soft words. But this Persian merchant, who sits calmly silent on his mat while you examine his wares, who is surely there to sell, and has what you are there to buy, yet makes no effort to tempt you, and even allows you to go your way without showing you the real treasures concealed in the dark recesses of his little shop, which you have vainly sought to discover, — how explain him?

The immense advantages secured by the West from the conquests of science and their material results would make it appear impossible that the civilization of the future, even though the seat of empire drift eastward again, should be Oriental in character. Yet the tides of Christian civilization have beaten now for centuries on the shores of the East with a hardly perceptible result. Although of eastern origin, the present doctrinal forms of Christianity are so characteristically western that it has failed to take root in its primitive home. Christian proselytism, says a recent writer in the *Contemporary Review*, fails in India because it attempts to make the convert an Occidental, while Mohammedan proselytism succeeds because it leaves the convert an Asiatic. The American missionaries in Persia make no effort among the Moslems. Their purely religious work is confined to the Armenians, who, as belonging to the old Nestorian church, are already nominally Christians. They are an exceptionally fine body of men and women, having I think usually more tact than their English brethren, content to earn by their conduct of life the Moslem tribute, "Your religion is black, but your justice is white;" and to accomplish through the instrumentalities of school and hospital incalculable good.

The political movement now in progress in Persia is not of modern origin. To Professor Browne we owe a better understanding of the intellectual fermentation initiated by the Bab, whose mystic prophecies his followers have made the pretext for practical reform in the existing political and social order. Against this movement the nominal government, that is the Kajar dynasty, can offer no serious resistance. It has done nothing for the development of the country's resources or for the betterment of the masses. Its entire record is one of extortion and oppression, and its reward is the hearty execration of its subjects. The real opponent of reform is the priesthood, which has lost none of its authority or prestige with the people, and before whose power the government has in every conflict gone down in defeat. All questions of interior policy are, however, overshadowed by the larger question of foreign control; for whether England and Russia come to blows or mutual agreement over their respective spheres of influence, the ultimate future of Persia is in their hands.

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THE UNCONQUERABLE HOPE

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

YOUNG Arnold Jacoby stood at the window of his father's study, idly watching the steady stream of delegates to the national convention, of which Bishop Jacoby was president, as they entered the church next door. The bishop, who was also President of the Board of Foreign Missions, leaned back in his chair, his arms folded, his eyes on a telegram on the table before him. He looked more like a successful business man than a clergyman, in spite of his high-cut vest and white tie, which emphasized the shrewd, practical lines in his handsome face, and he conducted the business of the church with judgment which would have done credit to a captain of industry. He often congratulated himself that he had learned early in life to distrust impulse as a principle of action. Because of it he was now bishop instead of home missionary in Montana. He was a good man, but he allowed no illusions to blind him to actualities. He believed in the Christian religion as the fine flower of all religions, which was likely, however, in its turn to be supplanted by something better. Nature was substituting altruism now for the survival of the fittest as a means for the continuance of the race. What her final purpose was he did not know, no one could. It was his business to manage successfully the affairs of the church, using the enthusiasm and devotion of other men as much as possible, but with thankfulness that to him had been vouchsafed a broader outlook upon life.

He looked up pleasantly now as Arnold turned and faced him. He regarded Arnold, cultivated, already learned, and always charming, as one of the great achievements of his life. Arnold, too, looked things straight in the face. If his eyes were eager, it was the eagerness of youth and not that of fanatic faith in ideas which would some day play him false.

"Are you really going to give up Africa?" Arnold asked. "Doctor Meynell told me that Bastian landed in New York last night."

His father held out to him the telegram at which he had been staring. It read:

Roberts cables girls school disbanded mission set on fire is sailing.

J. FORSTER.

"Roberts was sent out to hold the fort while Bastian had a furlough, was n't he?"

The bishop nodded.

"Looks rather cowardly, does n't it?"

"No." The bishop answered with decision. "Bastian has sent only the most meagre reports. This sort of thing may have happened before. It's only since Roberts went out that we've learned any real facts about the mission."

"Rather game, was n't it, of old Bastian to hold his tongue about it? How did he stick it out?"

"He has some theories like Roe had about native remedies for fever, and he 's lived though Roe died. But it was n't fair to the church. We've been pouring lives and money into Africa for years, supposing we had a prosperous mission, and it was disturbing to find that it consisted of one ramshackle building and that the devoted converts were likely at any time to burn that and revert to the bush."

"Did they ever revert while Bastian was there?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"But he seems to have got them back."

"Yes." The bishop rose and gathered

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his books together. "But you can see there has n't been anything permanent about it. The minute he leaves, things go to pieces. Roberts wrote us the condition of things three months ago when he got there, and the letters have just come. There was an understanding twenty years ago that if Bastian failed we would not try again. It is madness."

"Does Bastian know you're going to retreat?"

"Yes, by this time. Secretary Forster was to meet him in New York. But it is n't a retreat." The bishop was a little annoyed at his son's choice of words. "Are you coming over?"

"Oh, presently, I guess. I promised Mrs. Latham I'd look after her. Bastian was in your class, was n't he?"

"Yes."

The bishop's eyes narrowed a little as he went out. Bastian had won from him the oratorical prize of their senior year in the seminary. It was one of the few great defeats of the bishop's life. He had prepared the speech weeks before, carefully selecting a subject in which he knew the judges were interested, and writing it with a view to their prejudices. It had never occurred to him that he would not win. Then Bastian, with a fervid, ill-prepared address on foreign missions, had swept his prize away. The bishop could see them now, crowding round Bastian and congratulating him. He was a big, homely fellow, whose face was occasionally made beautiful by a radiant smile.

Now he looked down at the convention from the high pulpit. Sometimes he felt that they were pawns in a great, wise, and interesting game which he was playing. He had an intimate knowledge of men; he was by turns a leader and an opportunist. He knew the clear-eyed, fanatic student fitted to work in the loneliness of a western border mission; he knew the carefully dressed, clever youngster who would be popular in a city church. He always regretted when the latter condemned himself to the frontier by marriage with an unsuitable wife. The bishop had little admiration for nature's pairings.

They were all before him now, the frontier preacher, tanned, eager, a little impatient of the long service, silent for the most part, but flaming occasionally into eloquence over the necessity for more men and more funds, or the desirability of church extension. The West was very different from hopeless Africa. Beside these men were the cultivated preachers from the eastern churches, — Barnes of Philadelphia, Bland of New York, Mellen of Baltimore, broad-minded, able, alive. The bishop wondered often if they did not share his agnostic conclusions.

The business of the morning, the first portion of which was left over from the day before, went on smoothly, the bishop appointing committees and settling disputes with the perfect judgment and tact which always marked his presiding. At half past ten there was a recess, then the delegates settled back into their seats. The bishop saw Arnold come in with two women, and smiled a little to himself. Mrs. Latham was a widow, young and attractive. The bishop knew that she would be willing to marry either him or his son, and she would make a suitable wife for either. But certainly he did not mean to marry again. Nor, he thought, did Arnold mean to marry at all. He seemed to have got safely past the time of desire, in what school or at what expense his father did not know.

When the bishop rose there was still a slight stir. Dr. Meynell had gone down the aisle to sit with Arnold and Mrs. Latham, and they were whispering laughingly. In the corner of the church a committee which had utilized the short recess for a meeting was hastily separating, and the doors leading into the hall were just being closed. The bishop did not seem to notice the slight confusion.

"Brethren," he began slowly, "it is necessary to reopen the question of Africa." He saw Dr. Meynell break

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off suddenly in the midst of his sentence, the committee slipped hastily to their seats, and men sat upright or leaned forward as was most natural to each in moments of excitement. The memory of the last discussion of Africa lingered in their minds. Not all of them had heard it, but they knew it almost word for word: the bitter quarrel, the demands of the friends of Dana and Roe and Lambert, who had died in the field, that the work go on, the harsh reproaches of the men from the West. It would be betraying a trust, they said, to give up: it would be putting one's hand to the plough and turning back. In return, the advocates of abandonment, of whom the bishop had been one, had pointed bitterly to the expenditure of men and money, and the weary failures. Then Bastian had gone out, and for twenty years there had been only good reports, meagre as they were. He had dosed himself against the fever with native remedies; he had refused doggedly to come home since there was no one to take his place; he had made it, they believed, succeed. Or, had it not succeeded? The bishop's voice was ominous with important news.

He reminded them at first of Lambert and Dana and Roe, suggesting to their minds stories, incidents, descriptions, they had forgotten. These three great pioneers had died in loneliness. Roe had been found by Bastian when he went out, his body lying unburied in the mission house, from which the natives had fled in terror. They knew the insidious fever which did its work in a night, the still greater treachery of the natives, and the unknown and hidden terrors of the jungle. They remembered Mary, dark-skinned child of hope, brought to America to be trained as a nurse, and then reverting to savagery. The board, with the aid of the police, had found her in a cellar with the vilest of American negroes, to whom she had gone from the Deaconess Home. There was no variety of missionary experiment which they had not tried and in which they had not failed.

"We believed, however, during all this time," the bishop went on, "that Bastian was succeeding. Of his bravery there for twenty years we know. When we realize, however, that it has been a losing fight, of which he has been thoroughly aware, our admiration becomes awe. His life is an appropriate seal upon a faithfully performed experiment."

The bishop's eyes swept his attentive audience. At last they realized with him what he might have expressed as Africa's unreadiness for the altruistic principle. It was folly to try to hurry nature. He looked for an instant into Arnold's smiling face; then, attracted by a movement in the back of the church, glanced in that direction, and became suddenly silent.

How long the man had been standing there the bishop did not know. He was tall and thin to emaciation, dark-skinned, and long-bearded. The bishop was reminded of an aged beggar he had seen on the road from Jerusalem to Joppa. There was the same dark skin, the same white beard, the same brilliant eye. As if to complete the resemblance, the stranger shook with sudden chill, as the beggar had shaken with palsy. He was well dressed, though strangely. His heavy black suit was at the same time new and old. It was unworn, but it had been bought twenty years before.

He looked straight into the bishop's eyes for an instant, then swayed suddenly a little, and a student from the seminary who was sitting on the rear seat sprang up to show him to a pew. The old man — he seemed ages old — smiled, and suddenly the bishop knew. This was Bastian come home.

A hundred thoughts went through the bishop's mind as he went down the aisle: a keen remembrance of his defeat at Bastian's hands, — thank God, Bastian had had that small success! — a vision of the mission as Roberts had pictured it, its desolation, its danger, the loneliness of this man's soul, shut off from his kind. A hot pity for him almost blinded the

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bishop's eyes. How the people in the train, on the boat, must have stared at him! The church would accept no more such sacrifices as this. Bastian might have been of vast use in America. Now his life was nearly over, and he had accomplished nothing, nothing.

He was aware of Arnold's eager eyes as he led Bastian up the aisle. They were like his mother's who had died when he was born. It was after that, when faith failed to help, that the bishop had begun to speculate about the ways of nature. The old man — Bastian was, after all, only as old as the bishop himself — would have held back, but the bishop's arm around him compelled him to go. The audience stared, uncomprehending, until a deep-eyed young zealot, who in his lonely house in Montana had thought often of that other lonely house in Liberia, sprang to his feet.

"It is Bastian come home," he said, with tears in his eyes and voice, and scarcely aware that he had spoken at all. In a second they were all upon their feet, and the church was welcoming him home, as a victor from the war. They did not speak. Dr. Meynell was tempted to call for a triumphal hymn, but refrained, and the bishop led Bastian quietly to a seat. There he bowed his head on his hands, and after an instant lifted it and looked into the bishop's eyes. His hands were quite firm now, and his lips did not tremble.

"May I speak when you are finished?" he asked.

"You may speak now," said the bishop.

"No, I want to hear what else you have to say. I have been listening. I'll wait till you're through."

"Very well," said the bishop. He was thankful that there had been no emotional exhibition. He remembered how returning missionaries were greeted with shouts and song when he was a boy. Perhaps the world was growing less emotional and more sane. He was thankful also that Bastian knew that things were gone to pieces in Liberia. He should not have liked Forster's task of telling him. But Bastian seemed resigned enough. The bishop went slowly up the pulpit stairs. He could not remember just where he was when Bastian had interrupted him. Ah, yes, he was about to tell them that Roberts, too, was coming home.

"The cablegram from Mr. Roberts came yesterday to Secretary Forster, who forwarded it to me." The bishop took the telegram from his pocket and read it aloud. "'Roberts cables that the girls' school is disbanded and the mission set on fire.' We have done our best," he went on. "Lambert, Dana, Roe, Bastian have given their lives —" Then he halted at the sound of a loud cry.

"Bishop!" The bishop looked down. Bastian was struggling to his feet. "You mean that Roberts cabled that! That there is nothing there! That Roberts let it happen! That it is all gone! Gone, Bishop Jacoby?"

"I thought you knew, Bastian." Inexpressible pity made the bishop's voice falter. "I thought Forster went to meet you to tell you."

"No," answered Bastian thickly. "He did not tell me. I suppose he missed me in the crowd. I — I —" Bastian hesitated. The ague, the first sign of reacclimatization, came over him again. "Let me speak now, Jacoby. I will not be long." The bishop, moved as he had not been for years, made way for him. "I — will not be long."

For a moment after he was in the pulpit he could not speak. His eyes, however, held his audience until the shaking fit was past. Then, when he had begun, he hesitated, as though it were difficult properly to frame his sentences. Occasionally he used a word they did not know. It was many years since he had spoken to people of his kind, and the sentences came slowly, disjointedly, with long pauses between them.

"I do not agree with Bishop Jacoby when he says Africa should be given up. I think the reasons he gives are reasons

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why it should not be given up. Shall we leave the bones of Lambert and Dana alone there, uncared for, their work abandoned, their names forgotten because their work is forgotten? If they failed, it was partly because they had no help. I have come home to get some one to go back. We have about sixty girls and boys gathered together. We have never been so prosperous. We are not failing, we are succeeding." His hand stirred on the pulpit before him, and touched the yellow paper of the telegram. "I know what Roberts says. But I can build it up again in a month. He — he had no judgment. I warned him to be careful till I got back. They have to be treated like children." He spoke as tenderly as though they were his own. "You have to be there years before you can understand. They did that before once when I was sick. But they will come back. Because — because —"

He seemed to be struggling with inability to grasp his own thought, and the bishop helped with a gentle question.

"Why will they come back?"

"Because I can compel them."

"How?"

Bastian did not answer at once. Then he drew a long breath.

"I own them," he said simply.

"Own them!" The bishop expressed the horror on the faces of the eager listeners. They knew a slave trade still existed, but did the church hold slaves?

"Yes, I own them," answered Bastian steadily. "Not the church. *I*. I bought them with my salary. You don't understand how it is in Africa. I tried to explain once in a letter, but the board would n't listen. You can't get the free ones, but you can buy little girls that are — that are going to be — to be sold. They're very little girls, and they — they get fond of you, and you can teach them." He saw one man turn and whisper to another and answered him aloud. "I know all about Mary. We began with her too young, and she went back. But her children are there now. A generation does n't count. We've only been there sixty years. And what are sixty years? or a hundred? or a thousand?" The Bible-trained men who listened answered in their hearts, "A watch in the night."

"But the fever," reminded the bishop gravely. In a minute they would be in the midst of one of the fervent missionary scenes of his childhood. The question of Africa had been decided, and the decision was not to be changed by Bastian's emotional appeal. "Is it worth while to train a man for years and then to send him where he will die in a week? You have a marvelous constitution. But Lambert only lived a year, and Dana two, and Roe one."

"They did n't take care of themselves properly. They did n't know then that native remedies are best."

"But Roe used native remedies."

"Roe did not die of fever." Bastian put his hand to his lips when he had spoken.

"Roe did not die of fever! But when you went out you found him —"

"Roe did not die of fever. He — he —" the ghastly secret he had kept for twenty years, for fear they should demand his return, was out at last. "Roe was murdered."

"By the natives?" It was a long time before the bishop asked the question.

"Yes. It was — before I got there. I found him. They said here they would waste no more lives in Africa. I knew they would think it was worse if he was murdered. It was — it happened days — before — I got there." His mouth seemed to stiffen so that he could not go on.

"Are they ever unruly now?" asked Dr. Meynell slowly. "Is your life ever in danger?"

"It — it has been." He would have given almost his hope of heaven to say no.

"Would it be if you went back?"

"Possibly."

"And you would go?" the bishop asked.

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"I *am* going." Bastian faced his interlocutor steadily. "Shall they, Lambert and the others be —" Bastian spoke with difficulty. "Shall they be left out there alone? Shall their lives be failures? And mine?"

"There would be plenty of work here."

Bastian shook his head wearily. "This is not my work. It is not my home. I tell you," — he lifted his arms, — "whether the board sends me or not, I am going back. I came to get men because I am growing old, but I am going alone if no one will go with me. I am going back."

The bishop shook his head.

"But we can't ask any one to go there. It is the most dangerous spot along the coast. Let us try inland, perhaps, or farther south. We cannot ask any one to go there." He spoke a little impatiently. He was as sincerely interested in the church as Bastian. "We cannot, Mr. Bastian. Think of the lives and deaths of Lambert and Dana and Roe. Think of your own life."

Bastian stared at him dully. His own life! He did not like to remember it, the high hopes with which he had gone out, the finding of Roe's body, the terrors by night, the hard work by day, the loneliness, the mad longing for companionship, the evil desires which he had not known before, bred now by the jungle, desires which he cursed. Thank God he had conquered himself! Was the reward now to be forbidden him?

His gaze swept the faces before him. Some of them showed agreement with the bishop, some of them a wavering between two opinions, and all, pity for him.

"I am going back," he said slowly. "Is there no one who will go with me?"

The bishop started to rise, then sank back. For an instant Bastian held the eyes of the young home missionary who had recognized him when he came in, but presently they dropped. Beyond, his burning gaze searched in vain. He bent his head, defeated, ashamed. In his youth such an appeal would have brought a score of responses. To him now, this silence meant spiritual atrophy. To the bishop it meant that these people were at last sane. He bit his lips. The scene was becoming a nightmare. He half hoped that some one would offer to go, if only to put an end to the agony. Afterwards they could convince the candidate, if they could not convince Bastian, that it was not best. Then the bishop cursed himself for the meanness of the thought. A vast pity came over him for this zealot who was so anxious to throw away his life, and a feeling of thankfulness that he, the bishop, had sternly put down the fanatic enthusiasms of his own youth.

Then suddenly, as he watched, a change came into Bastian's haggard face. Light gleamed in his eyes, and into his cheeks came a redder flush. Bastian lifted his head, he put his hand to his trembling throat, and he smiled, the old radiant smile which was his one beauty. The bishop followed the direction of his gaze. To his amazement, then to his dismay and terror, he saw that Arnold had risen and was speaking. If it had been possible the bishop would have silenced the words upon the boy's lips; he would almost rather he had died. He was not aware that another young man and another and another sprang up, he knew only that the impressions of the moment would remain with him, overshadowing all other impressions of life, until he died. There came, first of all, in one pang, the bitter loneliness of the coming years, accompanied by the knowledge that he had never been really acquainted with his boy; then a sharper stab of intolerable envy of these two men, Bastian and Arnold, one old, the other young, who, whenever they died, would die young, their lives "pouring in full torrent over a precipice," because of their mad devotion to an idea. He could not understand them, these nursers of unconquerable hope, Lambert, Dana, Roe, Bastian, even though there was added to them his own son, who said slowly, —

"I will go back with you to Africa."

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INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

BY PAUL H. HANUS

THIS paper contends that an efficient public-school system must include adequate provision for vocational training for persons of both sexes over fourteen years of age.

Two important phases of the subject under discussion cannot be treated specifically in this paper, and one closely related phase of education, equally important, cannot be discussed at all. I shall be able to refer only incidentally to industrial education for girls, and to agricultural education for boys and girls; and I shall have to omit all discussion of commercial education. I need all the space at my disposal for the discussion of the general problem of industrial education, with special reference to the training of recruits for our leading mechanical industries.

Heretofore we have planned the work of our public schools almost entirely with reference to "culture;" we have done very little to stimulate a vocational purpose, and less still to provide for the realization of that purpose. In other words, while the schools have laid stress on culture as the end of education, they have laid almost no stress on preparation for a vocation. We may go farther, and say that, not infrequently, the schools have even disparaged vocational purposes in the training they give. They have been afraid of "utilitarian" aims, and, sometimes, by a curiously inadequate conception of their real function, they have even measured their own usefulness by the extent to which they have kept the distinctly useful out of their work.

By way of illustration I need only cite the difficulty we have had in getting manual training for boys, and sewing and cooking for girls, recognized as appropriate school subjects or activities. Manual training is not vocational training, to be sure, as will be shown later on; but, whatever manual training may be, its bearing on such training is clear. And it was this obvious bearing on preparation for the vocation of the artisan and the engineer that caused the first advocates of manual training after our Centennial Exposition to urge its claims on the attention of the schools. But so strong was the opposition to teaching a utilitarian subject in the public schools that the claims of manual training for recognition have been based, until quite recently, chiefly on its "psychological" value. I do not wish to belittle the psychological value of manual training, but the strongest reason for giving it a place in our scheme of public education is that it introduces our youth to a sympathetic understanding of the constructive activities which constitute so important a part of contemporary life. It has not been entirely possible to rob manual training of its distinctly useful quality in public elementary and secondary education, although the attempt has sometimes been made. Nevertheless, in many schools it has been pretty thoroughly academicized. This is one reason why so few of the pupils and graduates of our manual training schools become craftsmen. The manual training, like other school activities, has been used largely as a means of "general education" regarded as an end in itself or as preparation for further (usually technical) education. As for sewing and cooking, they too have been urged for their "psychological" value. But there has been more speedy recognition of the weightiest reason for giving them a place in the schools, — namely, their *supreme usefulness*, in view of con-

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temporary social conditions and of our enormous and increasing immigrant population.

It is strange that we should be so reluctant to admit the distinctly useful into our scheme of public elementary and secondary education — that is, to admit that one of the functions of the public schools is to recognize the claims of elementary vocational training as entirely legitimate and desirable. For the principle of vocational training at the public expense has long been recognized in the field of higher education. The state normal schools of the country have educated teachers since 1839; the state universities have educated teachers, lawyers, doctors, druggists, and engineers, and they continue to do so; and the state agricultural colleges give training in agriculture, and often in engineering. Massachusetts, though without a state university, has long aided technical education by scholarships in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston, and the Polytechnic Institute in Worcester, and by direct grants of money to those institutions. Massachusetts also maintains, partly at public expense, three textile schools for the training of textile workers who desire to rise in their calling.

Our elementary schools and our high schools together constitute, theoretically at least, one continuous educational scheme through which a youth, whatever his circumstances in early life may be, may secure the elements of general culture; and through which, if his circumstances permit, he may attain, on the basis of the preparation secured in school, a college education, or enter at once on professional study in nearly all the professional schools of the country. We have thus planned our educational scheme primarily in the interests of those who have a long educational career ahead of them, and who need not therefore give any immediate attention to preparation for a life pursuit.

Nevertheless, it is well known that the greater mass of our children and youth are obliged to leave school at the end of the grammar-school period, or when they have attained the upper limit of the compulsory school age — fourteen years, in most states. That is to say, the public-school system in which we take a just pride, as now planned, does not reach the great majority of our youth during the critical period of adolescence. This is the period when life aims begin to have a serious and lasting importance; when the child becomes a youth; when the habits formed rapidly acquire permanence; when the plasticity of earlier years gives place to stability. And because this is so, what happens to him then is likely to permanently shape his future. Yet during this period we send the great majority of our youth into the world without further systematic educational influence, and usually without any comprehension of the serious purposes of life, or training in the endeavor to realize them.

The question which we have to answer is: What becomes of the great majority of these young people who enter their active life work at the early age of fourteen, with no preparation save that offered by the general education of the elementary schools? Some inquiry was made into this question in Massachusetts two years ago, and it was found that there are probably no less than twenty-five thousand boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and sixteen who are not in school. They are at work in various kinds of juvenile occupations, or they are idle. The boys become elevator boys, errand boys, office boys, they drive a wagon, or do other work in which they learn nothing, in which no demand is made on them for the application of what they learned in school; and consequently, by the time they are seventeen, eighteen, twenty or more years of age they have an earning capacity but little greater than that which they had when they first left school. And a similar fate overtakes the girls. Moreover, the unfortunate education of shifting ex-

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perience and environment during these years does much to destroy both the substance and the spirit of the education which they received when in school. The result is that at the threshold of citizenship the great majority of these young people are actually more ignorant than they were when they left school. They are sophisticated, to be sure; but they have seldom acquired the characteristics of substantial manhood and womanhood; and, as I have just said, economically they are but little more valuable than they were when they began to work. They have not become increasingly valuable "economic units." And the reason, of course, is that in the unskilled pursuits which they have followed it was impossible to acquire the character, knowledge, and skill which would give them an earning capacity proportionate to their years.

A striking illustration of what I am saying was offered by the elevator boy in a Boston building, last spring. This boy said, "Can't you find me a job that would pay me better?" "How old are you?" he was asked. "Twenty-one." "What can you do?" "Well, you see, I left school at fifteen; I have drifted about from one thing to another since; recently my father died, and I find it necessary to earn more in order to help myself and my family." Here was a youth twenty-one years of age, with no capacity to do anything that is worth paying more for than the sum paid for the juvenile services that he had been engaged in since he was fifteen years old. This case is probably typical of the great majority of the twenty-five thousand young people in Massachusetts to whom I have referred. And it is only too probable that what is true of Massachusetts is true of other states. The investigation referred to also revealed the fact that a large proportion — the majority — of these children would be in school between the ages of fourteen and sixteen if the school afforded a training that promised increased earning capacity. It is fair to conclude, therefore, that the present condition of many young workers, typified by our elevator boy, is preventable.

Moreover, it is clear that the most valuable resources which any state has are its young men (and young women). It is clear that the greatest waste is the waste of these resources. The failure to develop them to their fullest capacity is an irredeemable failure. Boys are not wanted in the industries until they are sixteen years of age, and in some industries they are not wanted until they are past seventeen. If, therefore, between the ages of fourteen and seventeen these boys are allowed to drift, if they go about from one occupation to another in which they do not develop such capacity for mechanical pursuits as they have, or if they remain in school and the academic traditions prevalent there turn them away from the trades, as is not uncommon, they too commonly go to swell the ranks of the unskilled; and as they grow older, of the dissatisfied, the stranded, and the dependent.

Although boys are not wanted in the industries until they are sixteen years of age, the years from fourteen to sixteen are, nevertheless, exceedingly valuable years for education — an education that teaches them the significance of a skilled vocation, and that helps them to explore their capacities and their tastes for the vocations in which skilled labor is needed. These years are, therefore, extremely valuable for purposes of industrial education. What the nature of that education might be I shall describe later on. I shall first sketch the difficulty which boys now find in learning a trade without special preparation for it.

Under the specialized condition of modern industry it is usually exceedingly difficult for a man to learn his trade in the shop, and sometimes impossible. The old apprenticeship system, which enabled a man to learn the whole of a trade, is dead. It is well known that to-day the man in the shop works at a part of the product with a given machine, and knows

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little of what is done toward the completion of that product by other men and other machines. He is a narrow specialist, working day by day at the same kind of work under precisely the same conditions, the machine requiring but little exercise of thought or ingenuity. Usually he knows little or nothing about the machine itself. The shop has machinists who repair the machines. Under such circumstances a man loses the habit of thinking, since no demand is made on him for thought. It is true that all men have not "all the conveniences for thinking," even if they were called upon to think, but under the exigencies of the modern shop the habit of thinking is rarely developed. This specialization in modern industry is, however, highly profitable to the manufacturer. It is one of the reasons why goods can be produced so quickly and so cheaply. It is, therefore, like other modern developments, a condition which will survive.

In a shop if a man wishes to learn his trade, he has, as I said a moment ago, great difficulty in attaining his end. What happens is usually something like this. A youth applies for work in a shop. He is put, let us say, on a milling machine. He learns in the course of a few weeks to run that machine. Meanwhile, of course, he spoils more or less material. The machine is subject to his ignorant handling and necessarily gets more or less out of repair; the product which he turns out is more or less imperfect in quality; and the total result is, temporarily at least, a loss to the manufacturer.

If the youth is ambitious, he naturally desires to learn to run the other machines of the shop; but when he asks the foreman to be transferred to another machine, he will be told, "You are doing well enough where you are." The reason, of course, is plain. Every time he is transferred to a new machine the process previously described is repeated. If there are one hundred or five hundred raw men in a shop, the loss to the manufacturer is considerable. The shop exists for turning out products, and not for teaching men how to turn out products. In the shop, therefore, no one has the time, and very often no one has the inclination, to help a man to learn his trade. That is n't what the shop is for.

What happens, then, to our ambitious young man who persists in his intention to learn his trade? He quits, and applies for work at another shop, asking for work at another machine, saying that he is, let us say, a lathe hand. Meanwhile, he has naturally become somewhat familiar with a lathe and knows something about the working of it. Shortly after he begins his work as a lathe hand, the foreman comes around to see how he is getting along, looks at the work, and says, "You can't do this work; you can go." Naturally the man has to go to another shop, and there the process is repeated with the possibility, however, of a longer stay. This procedure an ambitious man will continue until he has made himself, by repeated changes and brief periods of practice, a lathe hand and can do satisfactory work. I have heard of one man who repeated this process nineteen times in his endeavor to learn his trade. It won't do to talk to such a man about the dignity of labor. By such a procedure a man may require six or seven years to learn his trade; and even then he commonly learns only the processes of the trade and not the theoretical foundations of it. The mathematics, drawing, science, and the rest, applicable to his particular trade, are inaccessible to him. He has little opportunity to develop "industrial intelligence" and the "shop and business ethics" that grow out of insight into and consequent interest in his work, and the sense of responsibility born of conscious resources as a workman and a man. Consequently, although he is better equipped for steady work and for possible promotion to a foremanship than the ordinary specialist, his further progress is obstructed, if not prevented, just at the point where he could become

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most valuable to himself and to his employer.

It must be remembered that the great mass of young workmen are not ambitious and persistent enough to follow so difficult a road in learning their trades. The result is that most of them fall by the way; they become narrow workmen who can handle a single machine only, and whose prospects of an upward career in their trades are consequently very meagre.

Now let us follow the body of ambitious workmen whom I have described as persisting against tremendous odds in learning their trades so that they can be useful in any part of the shop, and, if possible, rise to the grade of foreman. Such men constitute an army of workers who are going from one factory to another, "stealing their trades," as the phrase is. These men spend too many of the most valuable years of their lives in overcoming obstacles to a career of usefulness — years that should represent steady progress in that career. Moreover, they cannot become attached to a locality, and the steadying and inspiring sense of usefulness to a single employer or manufacturing concern cannot be realized.

Many manufacturers have encouraged their employees to seek instruction by correspondence, and the extent to which our artisans avail themselves of such instruction is remarkable. For example, out of seventeen hundred employees in a well-known establishment, three hundred were, last year, enrolled in correspondence courses. This is decidedly creditable to American workmen, and it is not discreditable to the correspondence schools. But the disadvantages of instruction by correspondence only are great and obvious. Moreover, since a considerable number of those who enroll in correspondence courses do not, for various reasons, continue them, a considerable part of the money paid for such courses is wasted. They do, however, afford the sole available means to many persistent and ambitious men, to secure the theoretical instruction on which their upward career depends. Besides the correspondence schools, the Y. M. C. A. and other philanthropies offer some opportunities for industrial education to men already employed in the trades. Public schools for trade instruction, aside from the public evening drawing-schools, are very rare.

It may seem odd that under such circumstances the manufacturers themselves have not more frequently established schools in connection with their establishments for the training of apprentices. But it is clear that such schools are expensive, if they are in the interests of the workmen as well as of the employer. And hence only the largest manufacturers can undertake such apprentice schools anyway. There are a few such schools; but generally the manufacturer prefers to employ the man who already knows one machine. He gets his foremen from other shops, or from Europe; or he may try to train the foremen he needs in his own shop, usually with many disappointing experiences.

Nothing is clearer, however, than that the means hitherto employed are inadequate to meet the demand for skilled labor. Manufacturers in all parts of the country declare that if they could find the skilled help which they need, they could double their plants and hence largely increase or double their output, and that they never have as many foremen as they need. On every hand the need of skilled labor is deplored, and yet we have done and are doing comparatively little to meet this need.

There is a specious American complacency which stands in the way of the proper development of our industry and commerce. This was clearly exemplified at the exposition in St. Louis. It is well known that the Germans who visited that exposition went away much impressed by the magnitude of American industrial and commercial enterprises, and the enormous wealth which resulted

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therefrom. But they told their fellows on their return to the Fatherland that they had nothing to fear from the American people so long as our complacency prevented us from seeing that it was only the abundance of raw material and the extraordinary ingenuity displayed in our industrial and commercial combinations which led to our success. As a nation we had yet scarcely begun to realize the importance of quality in our output, and of the trained workman in making the most of our resources; and until we did, it was not likely that a nation like Germany which emphasizes such training and the quality of its output had anything to fear from the competition of the United States.[1]

Such comments, by thoughtful observers, contain a lesson that Americans should heed. Not long ago Mr. Vanderlip of New York expressed himself, in substance, as follows: The remarkable prosperity of the United States is due chiefly to three causes: the great abundance of our raw materials, our ingenuity in the invention of machinery, and our genius for commercial combinations. Not one of these three causes, however, can be looked upon as a permanent cause of success. Great inroads are being made on our raw materials, and some of them are even now fairly well used up. Labor-saving machinery and cheap production cannot be a monopoly of the United States, for this machinery is obtainable the world over. American commercial combinations are being imitated everywhere. It has never yet been shown that the cause of American success in foreign markets was due to the quality of the goods produced. In that respect we have not yet made much progress, and until we do we are, of course, at the mercy of those who are able to use all the resources which we possess and, in addition, to use them to better advantage.[2] So far Mr. Vanderlip.

Germany is the classical example of a nation that has not neglected the development of all its resources, men included. For example, in one city — Munich — there are forty different kinds of industrial continuation schools — schools for chimney-sweeps, coachmen, hotel and restaurant waiters, jewelers, shoemakers, carpenters, machinists, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, printers and bookbinders, and the rest. The name continuation school — *Fortbildungsschule* — is chosen advisedly, for every youth who graduates only from an elementary school is obliged by law to continue his education in some continuation school during the period of his apprenticeship to his trade; and each youth finds a continuation school appropriate to his calling. Employers are by law required to give their employees the time to attend these schools — from six to twelve hours a week, depending on the trade, for from three to five years. These continuation schools are not evening schools; because it is well known that boys fourteen to fifteen years of age, after a hard day's work in a shop or factory or on a building are unable to profit by evening instruction to the extent to which they could profit by the same instruction if it were given in the daytime. Moreover, it is clear that forced school work at the end of an arduous day is unhygienic.

In these continuation schools one of the most suggestive arrangements is the close correlation of the theoretical foundations of each trade with the instruction in the processes of the trade. That is to say, the mathematics of the school is the mathematics of the shop, whether it is jewelry or shoemaking or carpentry. The same is true of the machinist's mathematics. Similarly the drawing of the school is the drawing of the shop. The

[1] Monthly Consular Reports of the United States, January, 1905, p. 229. Referred to by Professor Harlow Stafford Person in his *Industrial Education*, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1907.

[2] "American Industrial Training as Compared with European Industrial Training." In the *Social Education Quarterly* (Boston), June, 1907.

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problems which the boy finds in the shop to-day are dwelt upon at length in the school to-morrow. In the same way the closest possible relation of the sciences, physical or biological, to the trade concerned are maintained. The youth learns also the history of his trade, and civics, and the proper use of his mother tongue in relation to his trade.

From the continuation school the youth at eighteen or nineteen enters the army, where for at least two years more he is under systematic educational influence. That is to say, the German nation has been unwilling, for more than a generation, that a youth after he leaves the elementary school should be without systematic educational influence until he reaches the age of citizenship; while, in this country, we are just beginning to realize our responsibilities in this respect.

The effect of the extraordinary scheme of technical education of all grades, not only the elementary technical education which has just been sketched, but of all higher grades of technical education, on the progress of German industry and commerce is well known. Before the Franco-Prussian war Germany was, industrially and commercially, rather an unimportant nation. Immediately after the Franco-Prussian war, after German unity had been accomplished, the nation devoted itself to the development of its educational system and to the development of industry and commerce; and it has become, as is also well known, one of the most important manufacturing and commercial nations of the world — a tremendous rival in that respect of other progressive nations. While Germany's educational system is not the sole cause of this extraordinary prosperity, it is, nevertheless, one of the most important causes, and by the Germans themselves is regarded as *the* most important.

Now while it would be undesirable and impossible to transplant any German institution to this country just as it exists in Germany, it is, nevertheless, clear that this particular German institution offers most valuable suggestions for America. We flatter ourselves that in our democratic society we provide equal opportunities for all through education. That is to say, we claim to provide educational opportunities that will enable a man to make the most of his capacity, his industry, and his character, whatever his original station in life may be. And yet we have failed to provide such an opportunity for that great mass of our population who must face the most serious problem of life — self-support and the means of progressive well-being — at an early age.

Thus far, I have endeavored to show that there is a great need of industrial education. The manufacturer needs skilled labor. The workman needs an opportunity to develop "industrial intelligence" and skill, and a sense of responsibility. I have also endeavored to show that while we have developed with much industry and enterprise the material resources which we possess, we have done little, if anything, to promote the development of the most important resource we have, namely, the great majority of our wage-earning men (and women). I have endeavored to show also that, while the effect of this neglect is to deprive the employer of the industrial intelligence and skill that he needs, it also deprives the wage-earner of the greatest blessing which any man on earth can have — the prospect of a steady job, and an increasing wage based on progressive efficiency and responsibility. And, therefore, that there is here an educational need for which we have not yet provided an educational institution. This institution is the school of mechanical industries.[1] And it remains to sketch in briefest outline the nature of this school. Such a sketch is suggested only as a basis for intelligent experimenting. It is thought to be definite enough, however, to serve as a possible guide in planning industrial schools,

[1] Cf. the Report of the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial Education, March, 1907. Public Document No. 76.

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and flexible enough to permit adaptation to local conditions and local needs.

Each school should receive boys (and girls) fourteen years of age and upwards who express their intention to learn a trade. When these schools are fully established, they would require four years of day instruction. The first two years would include much shop instruction, greater in amount and much closer to the trades than the shop instruction of most of the manual training schools now in existence; together with related mathematics, natural science, drawing, the history of industry and commerce, civics treated as concretely as possible, and shop and business English. These two years would serve first of all to direct the attention of boys and girls to a trade, would develop in them the vocational purpose, would explore their several capacities; and should enable them, with the help of their teachers, to select that trade for which they are best fitted by natural taste and capacity.

The last two years would include specialized instruction in the trades appropriate to a given locality, and the theoretical foundations of each trade — drawing, mathematics, natural science, and also the history of that trade, shop and business English, and civics, as before. These last two years could be completed in that time by pupils who are able to attend the school continuously, or in a longer time by pupils who are obliged to work a part of the time; or the work could be done by such pupils in the evening. Some manufacturers believe that some kind of part-time scheme — that is, part of the time in school and part of the time in the factory — is possible for some industries; whereas for other industries the further education of the pupil would have to be undertaken in the evening. Evening instruction for persons already employed in the trades would, of course, be an important part of every school.

In every community that has a manual training school the plan just outlined for the industrial school could be easily carried out. At this point a brief digression seems desirable. It seems worth while to indicate in a few sentences the difference between manual training and industrial training. Manual training is a means of general education just as history or chemistry or language is a means of general education. It has materials of its own and a method of its own, and hence the result is a peculiar kind of knowledge and power due to the nature of the subject and the method that it demands. That is to say, each subject of instruction is a means of general education because it supplies a peculiar kind of knowledge and develops a peculiar kind of power. Each of these subjects, therefore, possesses an educational value not shared by other studies. The peculiar educational value of manual training is that it gives a knowledge of our constructive activities and a sympathetic appreciation of them which cannot be gained in any other way; and an incipient power to be useful in them, which similarly cannot be gained in any other way. It is, however, as now carried on, usually much too general to be comparable to industrial training. Manual training abstracts the principles of all trades and teaches them. It ought to make a pupil generally "handy." It is, if properly carried on, an excellent preparation for industrial training. Industrial training goes farther. Besides teaching all the processes of a given trade from the first attack on the raw material to the last touches on the finished product, it teaches the theoretical foundations of that trade. Hence it gives the worker a *technical* knowledge of his trade, and begins the development of skill in the practice of it. It must not be inferred, however, from what has just been said that an industrial school can turn out a journeyman. The skill of the journeyman can be developed fully only in the factory.

Such schools as have been sketched should be independent schools parallel to the existing high schools. They should be independent schools, because the motive which dominates them determines the

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value of their work in every detail. It is clear from what has gone before that the theoretical instruction of the general high school is not adapted to specific instruction in a trade. In a general high school no specific application of the instruction is aimed at. In the industrial school everything has its specific application. Therein lies its value and its significance. While in training for a trade, or in the pursuit of that trade itself, there is constant opportunity for the application of all that the pupil has learned, and hence the possibility of progressive growth in thinking about his calling and in his command over it, not only in the processes of the trade, but in all that the trade means.

Under such circumstances the workman knows not merely the processes of his trade; he knows all of them as he cannot learn them in the factory, but he knows the principles of his trade as well. And he should be able to form a just estimate of his own value to himself and to the community.

THE HOME OF BURLESQUE

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

ALMOST any one will tell you that the Gaiety is "a theatre to which nobody ever goes." Nobody, that is, save the thousand low-browed men and boys who pack "the home of burlesque" to the roof twelve times a week. Never was nobody so multitudinous! Yet the mathematicians multiply zero indefinitely without increasing its value, and in a certain sense the Gaiety's audience consists solely of zeros. In another sense, though, it consists of your disinherited fellow mortals, whom no man with a heart in his breast will despise and whom only the Pharisee will decline to consider. Happily, they are easily considered and as easily comprehended in this sordid play-house; for the theatre, of whatever rank or pattern, remains always a sort of father confessor, fathoming the minds and morals of its devotees. Indeed, who knows but we shall emerge from the disgraced portals with a kinder and gentler spirit toward them of low estate, and with the pardonable elation of such as have essayed to gather figs of thistles and come off not wholly unrewarded?

You will find the Gaiety's exterior quite ferociously deterrent — which shows you why "nobody," a thousand strong, can't resist its attractions. Blatant posters announce "The Forty Flirts," describing them as "a bevy of bouncing, bewitching, bewildering blondes" and as "40 la belle Parisiennes 40," whose performance is "positively the limit of sensation." Ostensibly, the establishment thrives by virtue of its vices. Some vices it has, and none deplores them more grievously than I; and yet the philosopher who enjoyed visiting the penitentiary "because it was so inspiring to see so many men living according to their convictions" would derive far nobler edification from a visit to the home of burlesque, which, by a species of hypocrisy the-other-end-to, makes shift to live even above its pretensions.

To take the posters at face value would be to argue yourself guilty of altogether blameworthy innocence. They are n't there to do justice to the show, but rather to flatter patrons by proffering a graceful and enthusiastic tribute to what the Underworld conceives to be its taste.

Needless, then, or nearly so, the prophylactic steeling of the moral nature with which a student of low life first enters

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that whited lobby, joins the unwholesome queue before the ticket-window, and buys his seat, preferably one in a box, whence stage and audience — audience especially — may best be scanned. It's a wondrously cheap seat, though the Gaiety's costliest. And hereby hangs a paradox: with exquisite delicacy, the disreputable play-house conserves the self-respect of the abandoned. A price that yields a seventh-class place in a first-class theatre yields a first-class place in a seventh-class theatre; there you're the tail of the kite, here the kite of the tail. Observe, too, how magnanimously the balcony welcomes its twenty-cent adherents, while for a dime and a headache any rogue may find an appropriate perch in the gallery.

Now for the entrance and an initial impression — alas, not a visual one! An extreme and very ancient sniffiness pervades the auditorium. But que voulez-vous? Pure indoor air costs money. So do clean floors. And soon the eye completes the testimony of the nostrils in proof that here an ultra-Stevensonian manager has sought to "earn a little and spend a little less." What with dingy red walls untouched by brush since '78, chairs rickety beyond belief, aisle-carpets all in rags and tatters, and proscenium pilasters still showing bruises where the clowns of a bygone epoch belabored them with one another's persons, the house deserves canonization at the hands of any who call economy a virtue. Meanwhile it keeps an eye alert for small emoluments. A youth stalks to and fro, hissing, "Cigarss, gents? Cigarss?" The drop curtain (bedaubed with a masterpiece labeled "The Swanny River" and well-stocked with fitting water-fowl) has a border of paid advertisements.

Directed, rather than ushered, to your box, you seat yourself next to — well, let us say a sailor in uniform — and survey the arrived and arriving host. Before you, a sadly questionable array of artisans, cheap drummers, petty clerks, temporarily opulent malefactors, and, plainly discernible, certain daring souls from the rural glades. A nervous lot, these; valorous at the ticket-window, they afterward turn discreet, for they recall that custom permits humorists upon the stage to single out a front-seat enthusiast as target for highly personal and as highly unconventional sallies — such, for instance, as comment upon sparse-grown hair. A little farther back, a glummer and less decent company, though more at ease. Beyond them, a noticeably viler herd. In the balcony a blend of pickpocket, day-laborer, and unwashen ne'er-do-weel. Thronging the topmost gallery — beneath a placard that proclaims, "No guying, whistling, or cat-calls: you are liable to be ejected" — a rabble of tramps, thugs, sots, jailbirds, and noxious urchins. The higher, the lower!

As regards demeanor, the humblest set the fashion. If heat annoys, men shed their coats. Always they smoke — wisely, considering the atrocious atmosphere, but none too well as touching choice of cigars. Should two gentlemen engage in personal combat, back yonder by the door, the entire multitude will rise as one man, turn their backs on the glittering soubrette, and await the issue. Sometimes, under extreme provocation, they indulge in audible dramatic criticism. It is recorded that once, when an usher saw fit to chide an incipient William Winter for so doing, the spectators manifested their indignation by righteously quitting the Gaiety in a body, thus vindicating the sovereignty of the individual.

But listen! There arises a gust, then a tempest of impatience. Whistling, stamping, and hand-clapping rage in gallery and balcony. Even the parquet folds its Hearst newspapers and joins in the uproar. This continues — minutes *actually*, hours *seemingly* — *till at last* there comes a glow beneath the curtain, followed by the solemn up-climbing of some five or six musicians (more there never are) from under the stage. With phenomenal promptness those artists attack a yellow overture; and the curtain,

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with many a jerk and hesitation, straggles aloft, revealing an inner one on which is painted a copy of the "Chariot Race in the Circus Maximus." Fortunately, the overture soon spends its virulence, and up soars the Roman hippodrome, discovering the deck of a battleship, whereon the "40 la belle Parisiennes 40" — grievously decimated, since they number scarce more than twelve, yet effulgent in silks and jewels and blinding blonde tresses — are harmoniously disporting themselves in the guise of court ladies, dancing (not less decorously than in musical comedy), and screeching a sentimental ditty now serving its novitiate ere gracing the barrel-organ. Here beginneth the first "boilesque" — to endure full sixty minutes.

To fend off intellectual locomotor ataxia, as the jumping marvel proceeds, focus without delay upon this: whatever else burlesque may or may not be, assuredly it is n't burlesque, while nevertheless it is. In the waning 'sixties, as Mr. Howells plaintively relates in his *Suburban Sketches*, there arrived from France a sensational and spectacular type of travesty upon legend or romance, followed by a still more ignoble type from England. Now the Gaiety's offering, though bereft of satirical aim, devoid of plot, and guiltless of point or pertinence, has usurped the title of that elder *genre* in hope to inherit the obloquy with which it was rightly crowned. Were the modern burlesque altogether frank regarding its lineage, it would trace its descent, not from "La Belle Hélène" but from a *revue* at the Folies-Bergère, though even then there were room for Terry McManus's retort to the genealogical braggart, "Begorrah, *what* a descint!" For, while declining to import the wit, the keenness, and the more than Satanic cleverness of the sketches that compose the *revue*, it has borrowed only what Matthew Arnold would have termed its architectonics. Problem: to deploy the chorus in seven different costumes within the hour. Modus: to assuage the audience with truck-horse humor (Puck and Judge dramatized) as interpreted by the traditional comic Irishman, German, Jew, cowboy, barnstormer, tramp, yokel, or fop, what time the ladies of the troupe are accomplishing their delightful metamorphoses. Such burlesque as survives is mainly a trick of rags and patches and grease-paint.

Done with shrieking and polkaing, our maids of honor skip blithely overboard, R. and L. — you listen for the splash! — reaching for buttons betwixt their shoulder-blades as they run. With extraordinary promptitude they reappear — there in the lee scuppers, next the functionary in shirtsleeves who shapes the destinies of lights and curtain — and presently, clad as pink-and-green geishas, invade the deck, again to sing and dance. Once more the plunge into the deep, whence they emerge, having suffered a change appropriate thereto, as new and strange Vassar undergraduates, whose deportment should certainly illumine the academic shades. And lo, here they come again, brave in gorgeous reds and yellows, clicking their Spanish castanets. They shall yet wear the guise of such Moorish beauties, fencing girls, and Pierrots as naturally abound aboard a man-of-war.

To be sure, there 's her ladyship the Admiral, who twitters the familiar oceanic chanty, "When Father laid the Carpet on the Stairs;" and there stalk certain lesser mariners, likewise recruited from the "bevy of bouncing, bewitching, bewildering blondes;" but these have an alien air, as if too close akin to reality to be real. More felicitous, you 'll agree, are the antics of the "Sunday supplement" worthies who rule the decks while the chorus are off stage revising their raiment, and who keep the company's "properties" quite violently in motion. Nobody knows what would become of burlesque if it were n't for properties. That enormous hawser, for instance, yields twelve huge guffaws a week; an ultra-simian Irishman tugs and

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tugs at it with might and main till at last appears at its other end the tiniest and most anticlimactic of spider-dogs. That siphon bottle raises tumult and rejoicings by treating the Jew to a more than baphometic seltzer baptism. Those stuffed clubs, slap-sticks, and inflated bladders become positively edifying when they knock down the Irvingesque barnstormer, whose every fall gets emphasis from cymbal and drum. That infinitesimal Teddy bear, brought on by a proud huntsman after the firing of a gun, is almost as subtly humorous as the property turkey, which, having figured upon a comic banquet table, gets hurled at the pianist's head. No doubt the musician deserves the onslaught. I once perused an effusion in which such an one descanted upon the merits of his guild. It began: "There are pianists and pianists. In this article, reference is had to the latter only."

But look! The entire company rushes in upon the stage, so attired as to leave no phase of the preceding helter-skelter without its representatives, prancing and shrieking; and now the curtain falls — not in the cruel perpendicular affected by those of less humble theatres, but zig-zag fashion and with many failings of the heart, as if loath to veil so lovely a spectacle from a joyous and uproariously appreciative audience. Here endeth the first "boilesque."

It leaves you quite lost in admiration — not of the performers, since they were plainly recovered from the very scrap-heap of the profession; not of their music, equaled only by the raging of a country choir; and certainly not of their prehistoric monkey-shines and their jokes of primitive lucidity; no, what you have all along contemplated with reverent awe was the intellect that created this delirious and fascinating production, till you burned to cry, "Author! author!" When I asked Mr. Wieland, the eminent juggler, how it was possible for a human being to write a burlesque, he gravely replied, "Well, just look at the things Edison and Tesla invent!" He by no means underestimated the feat. Should any reader of these pages aspire to try his skill at the art, I counsel him not to go about it without due precaution. Having first equipped himself with miscellaneous fragments of light opera libretti, colored supplements, comic valentines, and the works of Eli Perkins, let him tastefully combine them while looping the loop. Naturally, the best results cannot be expected unless the author has derived a few preliminary suggestions from some accomplished inebriate.

A production thus achieved will merit a modest share in the plea so often advanced for the stage, namely, that it mirrors life. For burlesque reflects, with pitiless accuracy, the mental life of its audience. It was once said of a popular but incompetent bishop that "his foolishness fitted their foolishness;" here it is even so. Incapable of sustained attention, assertive memory, logical inference, or that range of consciousness which groups many incidents into a harmonious whole, so that events shall flow river-like to a fated destination, they abhor the drama and adore burlesque — for its very faults' sake. And this, I find, should teach us a tender, compassionate charity for their own so grievous faults, since, as morality is nine-parts brains, these disordered mentalities can't be held to account like cultured folk for their shortcomings. They live by minutes, not by years. Their thoughts come out in spots, not in streaks. They miss the connection between conduct and consequence. In their philosophy, human life is as rampant a riot as the wildest of burlesques — chaotic, without reason, guided or misguided by blind fatality. Not the hardest or most reiterant of hard knocks will convince them of the contrary, for they lack the grasp of sequence. Crime, detection, arrest, trial, conviction, incarceration — an obvious series to us, a recondite and incomprehensible to them! They're "no a' there."

So it comes about that the Gaiety

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argues twice each day for the criminology of Lombroso and Ellis, the penology of Brockway and Scott; and if the great reformatories lacked other sanction, this home of burlesque would load them with sufficient honor. For, unlike the old-fashioned prisons, they treat the sinner not as a man plus criminality, but as a man minus the wit to keep straight; instead of trying to pound something out of him, they try to pound something in. And the something is a conception of what the theologians call the moral order of the universe. They introduce system among mental possessions hitherto chaotic. They do so by propounding a single central theme for the sinner's intramural meditations — the lofty and beautiful theme of human liberty!

The convict's one aspiration is to get out. Very well, let him earn his way out. Mark him daily (and justly) and let good marks hasten his release, bad ones delay it. Appeal also to more immediate desires. Show him that work squarely done, lessons well learned, and rules faithfully kept ameliorate his circumstances, giving him honor stripes on his sleeves, a modicum of freedom, a softer bed, and decenter food. Show him that recalcitrancy means a scarlet suit, no freedom at all, and the toughest bed and board obtainable. Thus, for a considerable period, you force him to think normally. You make his every hour a dramatization of ethics. If you teach him to cope with the reformatory and literally to "win out," you teach him how respectable folk cope with the world. He "gets the hang of it."

After the opening burlesque, the "olio." The origin of its name, say some, is as lost to philology as is that of Mistral's Mireille to Provençal folk-lore; others trace it to a Spanish word, meaning a food compounded of many ingredients; but the thing itself amounts simply to a form of entertainment filched from the London music halls.

The joint perpetrators of the "burletta" now appear seriatim — singly, or by twos and threes — and thereby expose themselves to separate indictments. Not that the management so intends; it aims solely to squeeze the maximum of amusement-making out of a minimum of "talent." The same passion for economy that cuts traveling expenses by transforming "The Forty Flirts" into "The Rollicking Rippers" after a week at the Gaiety, and advertising them as a wholly different company at the Star, only to present them the week following at the Bowen Casino as "The Bowery Beauties," inspires that little carnival of unrefined vaudeville, the olio.

Happily, it is n't difficult to construct a fairly representative olio, since there's nothing so uniform as these varieties. It begins, let us say, with a singing and dancing and joking turn (pronounced "toin") by McGilligan and McGooligan, from which you learn why "refined" vaudeville is honored with so patrician an epithet. McGilligan — he of the statesmanlike silk hat, frock-coat, gray trousers, and scarlet waistcoat, an ensemble well suiting his rubicund countenance and merry side-whiskers — might, to be sure, meet tolerance among the knowing. Not so McGooligan. What with crimson face, whited upper lip, green Galway whiskers, a tiny mirror adhering to the end of his nose and scintillating as he moves; what with an alarm clock doing duty as a shirt stud, a cabbage as boutonnière, and a shillalah stout enough for a newel post, there's not an inch of him, from infinitesimal stovepipe to fantastically elongated feet, but screams with absurdity — plaided coat seven sizes too big, trousers cut from a horse-blanket, waistcoat an Irish flag. Indeed, he is so terrifically funny that you gaze upon him with mute solemnity. The audience, however, roars loud and long. There's philosophy in this. Humor, like all refinements, connotes a sense of fitness, of balance, of just relations. A slight disarrangement amuses you, as when the prayer-book finds accidental lodgment upon the cellaret; but you do not chuckle at the

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moving van and its mass of jumbled contents; neither do its horses; and the Gaiety's adherents, by laughing at McGooligan's make-up, betray a clearly sub-equine jocosity. They want all creation turned upside down, wrong-side out, hind-side before, and even torn to bits and stuck together as irrationally as possible. It was Goethe, if I remember, who said that men never displayed their characters more clearly than by what they thought laughable; they likewise display their brains, or lack of them; wherefore I think myself doubly warranted in declaring that anybody capable of enjoying McGooligan's comicality should be clapped into a reformatory without trial, simply as a precaution against treasons, wars, and stratagems — a proposal abundantly justified when the "team " begin to sing, or should I not more properly say, to bray?

For harshness and brutal, ear-splitting, raucous ferocity, their voices are without parallel outside the home of burlesque, and the Underworld adores them. Whatever the other ills that assail low-born humanity, it enjoys a most enviable exemption from "nerves," possessing a sensory system quite proof against shock — as the new anthropology has clearly demonstrated. Facing hunger, cold, fatigue, and bodily hurts, — and feeling them far less than we should, — the "submerged" are now, with equal impunity, facing the music.

Also they face a fusillade of jokes, known in the profession as "dat quick, snappy stuff" — jokes venerable, jokes vapid, and, though I grieve to report it, jokes all too broad! The immortality of the chestnut gets here its finest realization, till you wonder whence come those resounding peals of merriment. From wretches lately let loose after long imprisonment? From seamen returned from interminable voyages? From small boys, to whom every form of joke is still new? More probably, I fancy, from victims of faithless memory and from such as, having heard the jibe a thousand times, have at last espied its point.

As for the vapid joke, sheer silliness, you attribute its success to that common calamity of proletarianism, arrested development, and find yourself confronted by a still unsolved problem of child study. Meanwhile puns, even clever ones, frequently fall flat. By no means is the pun the lowest form of wit; it presupposes two concepts leaping forth at once and battling for supremacy; and a low audience, like ours at the Gaiety, has rarely the wealth of ideation to afford more than one concept at a time. But whenever a pun has a taint of viciousness, be sure these knaves will acclaim it.

Let's be fair, though. We pardon the coarseness of Shakespeare, telling ourselves that it merely reflects the morals of his time, and that it was intended for a Shakespearean audience. I invite a like charity for McGilligan and McGooligan, whose errors of taste are in no wise worse than the daily conversation of those who applaud them. Have we not here a modern counterpart of the churls who pitched carrots at the lords and ladies when strolling players performed in the courtyards of English inns three centuries ago? If lords and ladies have left off welcoming broad jests, our churls deserve credit for having left off pitching carrots. Moreover, were the whole truth known, it would appear that this pair of bad comedians proffered soiled jokes less for love of them than because their more praiseworthy offerings so little deserved praise. They sinned that they might live. And their admirers responded with a sort of auto-calcitrant laughter, conscious of its guilt. It saved its whole-hearted enthusiasm for a very different species of art.

The sorry twain make exit, the lights pop down, the orchestra strikes up a popular melody, and — within a tremulous, rainbow-bordered disc of calcium-glare — forth steps a girl in a pink satin ball-dress. White-armed, white-shouldered, fair-haired, rose-garlanded, she looks the incarnation of sweetness, gentleness, and youthful innocence. Instantly the wildest

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applause! It's only at the Gaiety that tramp and prison-bird see beauty thus arrayed (so accurately impersonating the "heiress" of Hearst journalism); besides, the rudest of our fellows have reverence for womanhood, here seeming a bright compendium of all the virtues. And when her song relates how a high-born lady, having lost her own wee daughter, adopted a poor, neglected, unloved little girl and showered benefactions upon her, lo! the vision in pink turns preacher; virtue passive becomes virtue active; and a thousand hearts leap up in chivalrous sympathy. It might have been years, instead of seconds, since this very audience was wallowing in vulgarity.

However abrupt the metamorphosis, you may count it genuine; so indeed you might in a far more startling case. The Gaiety once proffered a spectacle which, had it not had its counterpart in certain aristocratic playhouses, would have cried aloud for the constable; yet directly it was followed by the canticle "Jerusalem," illustrated with tinted magic-lantern slides, — angels, and pearly gates, and the gleaming courts of Heaven, — to the unutterable joy of a multitude that had just plumbed the depths of the moral Inferno. You might have imagined that the management intended to please two elements in a mixed throng; instead it intended to please two elements in a mixed individual. And both can even be pleased at one and the same time, as when a tableau vivant — reproducing the familiar lithograph, "Rock of Ages" — made it appropriate for four chorus-girls in pink tights to sing the hymn, thus blending the religious with the bacchanalian, much as was customary among the ancients. Its grotesque repulsiveness was wholly lost upon an audience whose brains were built in air-tight compartments. In fact you might call that audience more nearly Chinese than Greek; for a single Chinaman will comfortably assimilate Buddhism, Confucianism, and Christianity — not successively, but all three at once. If theological syncretism, why not moral syncretism? However, it presupposes a lack of logic and a vast capacity for not generalizing — gifts with which the Gaiety is richly endowed and which prepare it for numberless anomalies, despite its intention to be frank and whole-hearted and to exemplify the virtue which Mr. Chuck Connors — ethical adviser and arbiter of taste to the Bowery — has denominated "de real t'ing."

Hence the ascendency of Hearst and Hearstism. Hence also, with a difference, that of General Booth and his Salvation Army: Mr. Hearst, like the Gaiety's proprietor, has fathomed the mysteries of Underworld psychology. He knows he can preach abomination in one column, holiness in the next; damn to-day what yesterday he praised; give himself the lie — habitually and as a beverage — and never get caught at it. The "deadly parallel" scares him not. His readers have n't the scope of consciousness necessary to the appreciation of a self-contradiction. Meanwhile General Booth has found how easily the social derelict will step from the gin-shop door to the open-air service, how naturally he will respond to moral appeal, and how genuine is his desire to do right. Nor is this all. With equal shrewdness the Salvationist has diagnosed the fellow's weakness and perceived that his environment tempts to evil a thousand times where it tempts to good only once. That is why he garbs him in a conspicuous uniform, to armor him against the world. That is why he subjects him to iron discipline. That is why he strengthens his new-found faith by exposing it to ridicule and persecution. And he comprehends that dull intellects and feeble wills require the stimulus of sensationalism — just as Mr. Hearst comprehends it, and the manager of the Gaiety.

The song ended, our pink satin vision withdraws, and almost instantly reappears. Encores, at the Gaiety, are n't gratuitous, they are compulsory; the angelic young woman has given bonds to "hold" the audience for a stated inter-

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val; she is "doing thirteen minutes." Again she sings, this time an old, old song, of undying popularity, with the refrain (here reproduced in the phrasing her technique requires): —

He — never cares-to wander from-his
Own — fire — side,
He — never cares-to wander or-to roam,
For-with baby on-his knee
He 's-as happy as-can be,
And — there 's no place-like home — sweet — home!

As poor, hopeless outcasts clap their hands, — they who have never dandled babe on knee and know no home save the lodging-house, nor ever will; they who so dearly love, or seem to love, the cyncial jibes at all that makes the fireside our earthly paradise, — as those sad wretches thus bare their hearts, you find yourself not surprised, and fall to marveling less at them than at the singer. That voice of hers — what muse shall inspire the description thereof? Think of the trolley conductor, of the newsboy, of the graphophone, think of all three blent hideously together, and then quote Charles Dudley Warner and exclaim, "To sum it all up in one word, it is something for which there is no name!" As for her art — so frantic in its emphasis upon tempo, so exaggerated in its bizarre staccato, so yellow in its stridency — at the very thought of it a musician would cut his throat, blow out his brains, and leap from a tenth-story window.

Presently, as is not unnatural, you inquire whence came her melodies. They bear to one another a pronounced family resemblance, and thereby hangs psychology. The late Jere O'Halloran, who wielded the razor by day and the lyre by night, used often to assure me that not for worlds would he allow his verses to be set to other airs than parodies upon those already popular.

Nor was he alone in his philosophy. Note the successive transcripts of a single air: "On Calvary's Brow," made known to the masses by the Salvationists' cornet, is transformed into "Say Au Revoir," which in turn becomes "Take Back Your Gold," and eventually "Strike up the Band." This is n't a mere expression of fondness for the familiar, as when our elders prefer the melodies of bygone days; here, precisely as when you observed the incongruities of the burlesque, you have to do with intellectual deficiencies; it takes attention, memory, and the faculty of grouping impressions to "understand" a new tune. For a proletarian audience, even an old one has to be sung in the shortest of phrases, or semi-phrases, and the pauses say, as to a green stenographer, "Got that?"

Perchance, as the pink apparition begins her third and last musical homily, — a eulogy of plighted troth and brave fidelity, — you fall to querying what manner of soul she may be. The answer is probably sorrowful enough; and yet, for your consolation, you must know that, a mile or so from the Gaiety, there exists a boarding-house that serves as a hospice for such performers in low vaudeville as would flee the tainted environment of their calling. Actually — there's a family Bible on the table in the parlor, and the proprietor is a local luminary of the Epworth League. Many a participant in the least defensible procedures of the "home of burlesque" despises such vulgarity, tolerating it simply as "all in the day's work."

Adieu, pink vision, welcome, ye sturdy acrobats — two in sky-blue tights, the third a white-clad clown with whited face! Quite superb is their show of masculine strength and skill, enlivened with delightful pantomimic humor, and right generous their reward. For the Underworld worships muscle; Whitmanesque, to that extent, in its philosophy, it has never achieved that divorce betwixt flesh and spirit which is our Puritan heritage and which the cult of athleticism has only partially healed. Muscle, it perceives, wins both bread and honor, serving not only for toil, but also for the adjustment of intellectual differences. Reduce the whole race to the Underworld's level —

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morally, mentally, and industrially — and you would reinstate the heroic age when he of stoutest brawn became chieftain of his tribe. Once, when Mr. John L. Sullivan appeared at the Gaiety, and sparred (innocuously, I assure you) with a hired brave from around the corner, the spectators experienced the thrills of contact with greatness. "Speech! Speech!" they cried, and the man of might spake thus: "I've boxed all the best men in the world, and I'm ready to do it again." The entire audience bellowed assent. All the best men — ah, yes! Our ancestors held an analogous creed, from which sprang that ornament of modern civilization, the British Peerage.

But think a moment! Have n't you somewhere seen yonder acrobats before? Why, yes, to be sure — in refined "vawdavil!" There's a perpetual interchange between the loftiest and lowliest ranks of the varieties, vulgar talent taking "refined" engagements whenever chance offers, and "refined" talent taking vulgar in days of adversity. In summer the bulk of our Gaiety people "play parks."

Occasionally, as you shall now perceive, the olio gains recruits from light opera. Time robs the prima donna's voice of its once so golden magic, and time hints darkly at the warning — printed by way of advertisement in *L'Illustration* — "Prenez garde, madame, vous commencez a grossir!" Alas for our poor Madame! Once regnant, as Dorothy, once triumphant, as Nanon, she stoops at last to delight this sordid rabble in "songs wid pitchers." Her voice recites the tragedy of camp and battlefield, crudely portrayed on stereopticon slides; it also recites her own. Note the covered tones — a false technique yielding adorable music in youth but certain ere long to work its havoc — which explain her wretched plight; note also the exquisite enunciation and here and there the vibrant, ringing note — survivals of her glory. The audience, however, forgives her ruined middle register, and applauds both her gown and her "pitchers." What more noble than crimson and spangles if not those soldiers, there upon the screen? A thousand hearts leap up in gallant response. There's neither man nor boy in that throng but would gladly turn trooper forthwith, and suffer and die for our cause, the cause that is always right! And whatever the inherent villainy of the battle-thirst, as here exemplified, it becomes a wonderful convenience when volunteers are wanted; you can get more enlistments out of the Gaiety in five minutes than out of a patrician playhouse in a thousand and one nights.

And so Madame bows herself away amid general enthusiasm, for the pathos of her professional catastrophe has n't found the hearts of that uproarious multitude. It takes brains to feel — rather to see what to feel. Accordingly, when a Hebrew impersonator, himself a Hebrew, next glides before the curtain and for fifteen minutes lampoons his own race, huge merriment results. Forgive these foolish fellows: they know not what they do. To you, the shiny frock coat represents the trailing gabardine, familiar in European ghettos; the hat, crammed down over the ears, recalls the Jewish cap; the diamonds, flashing with every gesture, tell of oriental ostentation and also of the days when the martyr nation invested its wealth in gems because they could easily be caught up and carried away in the hour of peril; the close-cropped beard suggests the flowing ornament so grand in Waltner's etchings; the loathly pallor of the face and the melancholy hollowness of eye bespeak ages on ages of hunger; and you know that the Jewish nose, here exaggerated almost beyond credence, belongs to but one of the countless types of a race incomparable for genius, fortitude, and solidarity despite all the woes and calamities of the Diaspora. These things you see and comprehend. The audience does n't, any more than it perceives the shame of an Israelite's scandalizing Israel for hire. It derives from the sorry spectacle a single impression: its Jewish neighbors

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are being shown up as ridiculous and outlandish. Mind you, there's no trace of Anti-Semitism here. It's sufficiently genial laughter. At bottom, I suspect, it rests upon the reasonable conviction that whoever seeks asylum among us — whether Hebrew or Celt or Saxon or Latin — owes us the tribute of conformity to American standards.

Long ere Mr. Levinsky has ceased flaying the Chosen People, great activity is heard to be in progress behind the curtain, — yes, and seen to be. For the curtain scarcely ever quite touches the stage. Through the gap it leaves, you catch glimpses of many high-heeled slippers — some yellow, some blue, some a blazing scarlet — tripping to and fro or standing at rest. A second burlesque impends.

For which of our sins? Even were we accused of murder with malice aforethought, the law would refrain from twice jeopardizing the life of the body; why, then, should the Gaiety twice jeopardize that of the intellect? Well, as little children say, *because;* also and more particularly because the pinnacle of dramatic art, as conceived by the "40 la belle Parisiennes 40," has not yet been attained. In other words, the costumes bewailed by Mr. Howells in the late sixties and since hallowed by adoption in theatres wherever opera bouffe holds sway, have been saved up against the exigencies of a grand finale.

I don't defend them. Indeed, I question how a civilization that makes the position of woman the touchstone of its excellence finds pardon for thus degrading her. A further paradox: whereas sometimes "our" amusement houses — very virtuous, are they not? — permit two hours or so of such parade, the ostentatiously wicked low theatre permits rather less than a fifth as much. Nevertheless, the Gaiety assumes, and so do its patrons, that the indignity affords supreme delight. Does it, really? Remember the applause when the girl in the pink ball dress made entry; here she stands, in her coryphée garb, and now no one applauds. Some even go out — too little fascinated to remain.

The second burlesque differs from the first not merely by lasting but half an hour, by involving less singing (since every voice has grown hoarse), by diverging more pronouncedly from the paths of rectitude (as all decent resources have been exhausted), and by surpassing its precursor both in gorgeousness and violence, but also by betraying symptoms of plot. A mechanical staircase, let us say, leads up from a hotel lobby. As the melodramatic moment arrives — that is once in every three minutes — the steps fold down like the shutters of a window blind, and the cow-puncher, Jew, or comic Irishman, having all but reached the top, is sensationally precipitated. If that is n't a plot, I'd like to know what is! And observe: plot connotes system. Any alienist will tell you that the lunatic whose ideas are systematized never recovers, whereas the lunatic whose ideas have no coherency at all may possibly get well. Consequently, though you sat out the opening burlesque without a tremor, you now keep feeling for your wits.

Happily, a measure of chaos alleviates an otherwise most alarming situation. Though some five or six of the Forty Flirts impersonate characters (or, more precisely, don't), the rest come and go as gondoliers, amazons, football players, or soldier boys, whose antics have little enough relation to hotel life even as depicted in the Sunday newspapers and popular fiction. Equally beneficent, from the viewpoint of mental hygiene, is the blithely irrelevant clowning of menfolks between adventures upon the staircase.

But ere the burlesque attains its end, expect an æsthetic triumph, in this instance a dance that becomes a perfect riot of soft-tinted fabrics — costly ones, too. Think not that great dames shed their glories still undimmed without some profit (through the mediation of the old-clothes man) to their less favored sisters. And only see what joy the spectators derive therefrom! Endowed with a

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rare numbness of nose and an astounding toughness of ear, they have nevertheless a keen sensitiveness of eye. Still, the present pageant leaves much to be desired, principally stage management. Feet have been instructed, partly, but not hands or heads or expression of face. "Florodora," you know, was n't merely an affair of slippers; it was also, and especially, an affair of nods and becks and wreathed smiles; you realize for the first time how fine a product is that art which may not improperly be called the Higher Dancing. You observe, too, how imperfectly the management appreciates its audience. Can it fancy that they enjoy seeing lovely colors flooded with crimson or green or orange by the gas-man up aloft? Really, the supreme achievement of the Gaiety arrives when some imitator of Miss Loie Fuller defies control and lifts the beholder into a seventh heaven of æsthetic exaltation.

Now approaches the beginning of the end — the entire company massed upon the stage, prancing and jumping; the orchestra going it like angry demons, all but smashing their instruments; wreaths of paper flowers held high; and portraits of Mr. Grover Cleveland, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt impartially and unanimously applauded, till finally the stars and stripes are borne proudly in by the Jewish impersonator, and the Forty Flirts join in the noble anthem, "Keep your Eye on the Grand Old Rag!" A fever of patriotic devotion, love of country run mad. The spectators, having broken all the nation's laws, would gladly die for her. And at this juncture the curtain falls.

Oh, but the air tastes sweet as you burst from that noxious, over-heated, smoke-befouled atmosphere! Sweeter still is the sense of escape from out the realm of riot and unreason. How delicious the sunshine, if this has been a "mati-knee"! how calm and sane and pure the stars if an evening performance! Almost you exclaim, by a sort of moral and spiritual rebound,

> "God 's in His Heaven,
> All 's right with the world."

And truly, much more is right and much more is good than you had fancied — especially in the Gaiety and its deplorable adherents. Pity — no mere sentimental pity, either — replaces censorious contempt; or, rather, shifts the censure to society at large, which has only the rogues it deserves.

As you turn your steps homeward, you find yourself philosophizing, not unamiably, upon all you have seen and heard. You conclude that the home of burlesque claims at least the merit of purveying enjoyment to the most unhappy of your fellow creatures, while inculcating certain virtues commonly recognized as Christian. Beyond question, it fosters hope. Next week a new array of mendacious posters will lure the same silly fellows back to the same silly booby-trap with fresh promises of "positively the limit of sensation;" they never are, but always to be, blessed! Also it fosters temperance and honesty; temperance because, since the Gaiety does n't sell drinks (though some burlesque houses do), it becomes a citadel of refuge for inebriates, who can't go out between the acts, as no entr'-actes are provided; of honesty because it pens up a herd of sneak-thieves and pickpockets for two hours and a half at a stretch. Moreover, it elevates industry and even prevents loss of life. What, think you, would happen to the trades, were those clowns and men-singers allowed a hand in them? What to the art of cookery, were the "40 La Belle Parisiennes 40" restored to the kitchen? What chimney would keep from tumbling about our ears, or what dinner fail to serve a death-warrant? But I sometimes suspect the institution affords more profit to the world outside it than to the world within. It enables the belligerently ethical to dog it with hired detectives (whereby they obtain much growth in grace), and it grants the sociological prowler a most fruitful opportunity for eavesdropping at the Underworld's confessional.

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THE WINTER WARRIORS

BY W. S. HINCHMAN

This road we ride forever —
  The winds are up to-night,
The clouds are black and scattered,
  The moon is keen and white.

Come, winds of winter, striding
  Adown the mountain side!
In frozen, clanging armor
  Your sworded warriors ride!

Come, heralding your storm-king
  In raiment spangled, white,
Who tries our hearts and sinews,
  Who calls us forth to fight!

Come, bring the five-month winter
  Of boisterous days and snow,
Of silent trackless forests,
  And fir-trees bended low;

Of nights when all the heavens
  Are dashed with splendid stars,
When northern lights in ancient fights
  Clash flaming on the scaurs!

See, see the winter warriors
  That spur in squalls of white,
With lance in rest and plume on crest,
  All charging through the night!

The stars are in my pulses, —
  And white the wind-swept snow!
Strike spur and slacken bridle;
  We'll ride forever so!

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CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN

I

BY J. O. FAGAN

MONEY, brains, and intelligent labor form the combination that is attempting to solve the problem of safe and expeditious transportation on American railroads. In order to secure the desired result no expenditure, either of effort or of treasure, is considered too extravagant. So far as concerns speed and comfort, the conditions at the present day leave little to be asked for; but when we come to take account of the human lives that have paid toll to American systems of railroading, we cannot avoid the conclusion that something must be fundamentally wrong in the methods of handling the traffic.

To account for the unsatisfactory state of affairs there are various popular excuses and explanations. Discussions in regard to block signals, tired employees, faulty rules, and so forth, are seemingly as endless as, up to date, they have proved fruitless. For the most part these discussions are being carried on by professors and students of economic conditions and by clever collectors of statistics, but the men who know all the details of railroad life, the men who pull the signals and handle the trains that are concerned in the trouble, have yet to be heard from.

However, regardless of the nature or value of the discussion, the fact remains that we railroad men still continue in the same blind rut and there is no perceptible improvement in efficiency. Managers and superintendents appear to be helpless in the matter. They are evidently unable to stem the tide of preventable casualties.

The story of one accident is the story of them all. There is a smash-up. Property is destroyed, perhaps passengers are hurt. The superintendent at once starts an investigation. It is practically secret. Not a word in regard to it is allowed to leak out. After a while a decision is arrived at and a verdict is rendered, — in secret. Then discipline is administered. A private communication containing verdict and penalty is sent to the accused party. This, of course, he keeps to himself, and the incident is closed.

But before long another employee, in utter ignorance of the first man's blunder, commits the same mistake. Both of these wrecks may have been serious, perhaps with loss of life, but that makes no difference. Our traditions and ancient habits have not been interfered with and the bills have been paid. Such is discipline in the dark. Great indeed is secrecy.

Yet it is useless to question either the ability or the integrity of superintendents. As a rule they have risen from the ranks and are thoroughly capable and conscientious. Every avoidable accident is a reflection on their management, and therefore it can be taken for granted that they render the best service possible under the circumstances. But unfortunately they are beset on all sides with obstacles and difficulties. What they would like to do, even in the matter of secrecy and discipline, must frequently wait upon what they are able to do. Time was when an offending employee could be discharged on the spot, without appeal. To-day he claims a hearing. A brother employee, an expert on railroad law and precedent, stands at his elbow as prompter and assistant. In this way, as we railroad men figure it out, the "law's delay" puts a curb on the "insolence of office." Thus

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the initiative of a superintendent is held in restraint, and management by means of schedules and agreements takes the place of personal direction, while over all hovers the watchful eye of the grievance committee. Meanwhile, we, the employees, look on, watching the game.

When people are killed, when property is wrecked, we have nothing to say. It is for the management to figure out reasons and remedies. Of course, as individuals, we are interested and sorry when accidents happen, but personally we do not bestir ourselves, nor do we call upon our organizations to bestir themselves in the matter. We simply stand pat on our rights. If a prominent railroad man is questioned on the subject of railroad accidents, he will shrug his shoulders and say, "human nature." So far as he is concerned, railroad men are to be protected, not criticised. If you turn to the management your errand will be equally fruitless. The superintendent will have little to say. Generally speaking, he has no fault to find with the men, and the men have little fault to find with him. This seems to be a tacit understanding in the interests of harmony. It being impossible to move without treading on somebody's toes, by all means let us remain motionless. As for the public interests, they must shift for themselves. Consequently, in place of earnest coöperation in the interests of efficiency and improved service, there is something in the nature of a friendly deadlock between men and management.

Nevertheless, in spite of many appearances to the contrary, the problem of the efficient and safe running of trains is a very simple one. Fundamentally it is not a question of rules or safety devices, but of personal conduct and habits of thought.

In everyday life when a man fails to make a satisfactory score with a first-class gun we do not place the blame on the weapon. If we desire greater efficiency in marksmanship we direct our attention to the man. But in the railroad business such commonplace logic does not seem to apply. When a man violates an unmistakable rule or runs a signal with disastrous results, there immediately arises on all sides a peremptory demand for a different kind of rule or an improved signal. Public opinion, with little understanding of the issues at stake, has a constant tendency to blame systems and managements. Even the Railroad Commissioners, agreeing with or responsive to this public sentiment, almost invariably recommend improvements along these lines. In this way for many years attention has been concentrated upon the machinery of management, its rules and safety appliances, and the personality of the men has been sidetracked. The injurious effects of this policy and the manner in which all hands have conspired to obliterate personality from the railroad business will be evident from the following illustration.

A short time ago, in the vicinity of Boston, an express train telescoped an accommodation passenger train. The track in question was protected by no less than four cautionary rules and signals. In this way the express train received four distinct and emphatic intimations that a train was on the block ahead of it. With the slightest attention to the rules or to the dictates of common sense, the protection was sufficient, yet the train ahead was telescoped as it was pulling out of a station. Of course, in placing the responsibility, the plain and real issue in this case was the question whether the express train was or was not running slowly and with extreme caution, as called for by the rules. In order to determine whether the rules and signals were sufficient to prevent a collision, it was surely proper and reasonable to ascertain whether, on this occasion, they were obeyed. But the Railroad Commissioners, after an exhaustive investigation, took a different view of the matter. Their finding or verdict in their own words was as follows: —

"It is not necessary to determine

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whether the engineman did or did not exercise proper caution; the significant fact is that the discretion actually used led to disastrous results. Under the conditions the signal should have been *red*."

The harmfulness of this decision will at once be apparent. It cuts the personality out of the business at points where obedience to the rules is the vital issue. Green signals or red signals are equally valueless if ducks and drakes can be played with the rules in regard to them. A decision like this one is confusing and demoralizing to conscientious railroad men, and it converts the management and discipline of a railroad into a thing of shreds and patches.

To emphasize this point it should be added that another collision of a similar nature took place about the same time on the same railroad. An express passenger train approached a fixed signal which indicated *caution*. The engineman, on the lookout, but with the caution up his sleeve, kept on his way without any reduction in speed. A moment later he encountered a red fusee which called for an absolute stop. But it was too late. Neither the fusee nor the flagman frantically waving his red flag availed to arrest the momentum of the flyer, which dashed into the rear of another passenger train standing at a station.

Now, with all deference to the Railroad Commissioners, the "significant facts" in these accidents are the personal conduct of the employees and not the nature of the signals or the wording of the rules.

Of course, taking a wider view of preventable accidents, it is always an easy matter to divide the responsibility for them between the men and the management. This is the usual and popular method of treating the subject. But the idea, reasonable at times, has been overworked and has now degenerated into a principle that responsibility should always be divided. Consequently, while we are busy adjusting the division, we frequently lose sight of the real issues, and the offenders are allowed to escape.

Fundamentally then, it must be confessed, we railroad men are to blame for these preventable accidents. Most of the trouble can be directly traced to our own personal behavior, that is to say, to our conduct and habits of thought as railroad men. This is by no means a reflection on our character as sympathetic and reasonable human beings. Our intentions are all right, but our training in the railroad business has been all wrong.

But it is of little use to talk or write about personality in the abstract. As practical men dealing with a practical topic, we must follow the railroad man out on the road, we must watch him at his work, and we must take notice of the common sense, the caution, and the good judgment, or otherwise, which he habitually displays in the execution of his duties. Then, and not until then, can we expect to become qualified to place our opinions or conclusions on record.

Now the regulations relating to the running and protection of trains are very similar on all railroads, and therefore the following rule taken from one of our current working time-tables may be looked upon as thoroughly representative.

"A freight train must not leave a station to follow a passenger train until five minutes after the departure of said passenger train."

To any ordinary thinker this rule will appear to be plain, positive, and for the most part necessary. Yet as a matter of fact no attention whatever is paid to it either by enginemen, by conductors, or for that matter by superintendents. Its violation has been the cause of collisions and loss of life, but that does not seem to bother us, for we continue to disregard it. Let us take another illustration.

At the point where the writer has been employed for many years, there is a junction of four-track and two-track systems. The rule for the handling of trains at this point is as follows: —

"All trains will approach and enter upon four-track sections under complete control."

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There is nothing misleading or uncertain about this rule. The instructions to enginemen are positive. The towermen at these points understand how necessary and important this rule is. Besides, it is the written result of the experience of the officials. Nevertheless, it is totally and consistently ignored by enginemen. But enginemen are not alone to blame. Conductors should at least be conversant with the rules. The railroad officials who ride on these trains might also very reasonably be expected to notice the persistent violation of regulations for which they themselves are responsible. Yet even the trains bearing the Railroad Commissioners will rush over the territory in question as fast as the wheels can turn. The conditions and the rules in this case are practically the same as were those at Salisbury, England, at the time of the recent disaster in that city.[1]

Now as it seems to me, the all-important facts in these cases do not relate to the nature of the rules, nor even to their non-enforcement, but to the downright neglect of railroad men to do as they are told. For, granted observance of them, all other questions in regard to the rules dissolve into thin air.

Unfortunately, the rules I have quoted and the interpretation put upon them by railroad men cannot be taken as examples standing alone, for they are merely illustrations of a principle that covers the whole cautionary field in our railroads. In some way we have got it into our heads that these rules are *permissive*, not *positive*. This permissive principle means the exercise of our own judgment according to circumstances, regardless of the rule. Acting under the influence of this principle, the flagman protects his train to the very letter of the rule when it is manifestly necessary, but when, in his opinion, it is not, he takes chances. In this way he forms a habit of using his own judgment in regard to a positive rule. Sooner or later this means a preventable accident.

The engineman encounters a single torpedo. According to his rules, he should bring his train to a full stop. But as he happens to have a clear track for a mile ahead of him he keeps on. He, too, forms a habit which has to be reckoned with, some day.

Again, all trainmen understand that an express train has no business to run past a station while accommodation trains are discharging passengers. It is by no means an uncommon occurrence, however, to see an express train disregard these positive instructions, on the strength of hand motions given by trainmen on the accommodation train to the effect that they are about to start, and that the way is safe and clear for the flyer. Yet in this manner accidents happen, and passengers from the accommodation are always likely to be caught in a trap between the trains.

But the dangerous and widespread effects of the permissive principle applied to important rules will be appreciated to the full when we study the interpretation which railroad men in general are in the habit of applying to the word *caution*.

On all railroads there are certain fixed signals for the guidance and information of employees. When caution is called for, the light is usually green and the semaphore horizontal. Now, as the writer looks at it, when any signal indicates *caution*, it is not to be looked upon as a permissive or conditional signal to be interpreted at will by different enginemen. According to the rules and to common sense when a train, at the time a cautionary signal is sighted, is running thirty or forty miles an hour, it calls for a positive and not a theoretical reduction in speed. The cautionary signal is not merely a piece of information to be stowed away in the brain of the enginemen to be utilized when a rear end or a broken rail is sighted.

Although for a number of years the inflexible enforcement of the rules relating to these cautionary signals has been advocated, yet to-day train after train

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will run past these semaphores and green lights without any reduction in speed, provided the track ahead of them is seen to be clear.

Here we tackle the very heart of the matter, for in so far as the rules and common sense are concerned, it should not make a particle of difference to the engineman whether the track ahead is or is not known to be clear of trains; his instructions call for cautious running, and by no possible interpretation or juggling with words can cautious running, or running under control, be taken to mean running at full speed. Yet in the way I have indicated the cancer of a very dangerous habit has been allowed to grow into the American system of managing trains. This wrong interpretation of the word caution by enginemen and others has without a shadow of doubt during the past few years cost the corporations thousands upon thousands of dollars and multitudes of human lives. For if railroad managers labor under the delusion that enginemen can run *cautiously at full speed* when the track is clear, and avoid disaster when from unforeseen reasons another train happens to be on the same section, they are very much mistaken.

Practically speaking then, the permissive principle covers the whole field of railroad life and is a constant menace alike to the interests of the corporations and to those of the traveling public. As a matter of fact, we, the employees, are bigger than the rules. According to our way of thinking it is not alone necessary that a rule should be plain and sound from a general standpoint, but its downright meaning and necessity must also be evident in each and every particular instance. If it fails to stand this test, we consider ourselves at liberty to use our judgment in regard to it.

Illustrations of the danger that lurks in this permissive principle can be multiplied indefinitely. But after all, it is only a link in the chain, for there are other features in the personality of railroad men that call for serious attention.

The other day, within a few miles of Boston, an express passenger train approached a railroad crossing at grade. For some reason the gate-tender was negligent and failed to lower the gates. By reason of just such negligence, teams are frequently struck and lives are lost at these crossings. On all railroads, the rules are quite plain and unmistakable in regard to such matters. It is the duty of the engineman to report the incident to the management. As a matter of fact on this particular occasion the engineman failed to do so. He failed to appreciate the fact that the safety of the public at these crossings is altogether dependent upon the strict observance of the rules. He had scruples and emotional objections perhaps, to reporting this gate-tender, and rather than do so he took all the chances in connection therewith, chief among which is the simple fact that on a railroad unchecked negligence can be depended upon to breed disaster.

That railroad men in general are either indifferent to or ignorant of the importance of the above fundamental fact will be made still clearer by another illustration. On September 16, 1907, that is on the day following the disaster at West Canaan, N. H., the writer was a witness of the violation of two most important rules by a number of enginemen, conductors, and brakemen. A switch leading from the west to the east-bound main lines was left open while an express passenger train was passing inward bound. A freight train was on the west-bound track waiting to back over. Two minutes later, *with his train only half way in to clear the main line*, the engineman on the freight whistled in his flagman in the face of an accommodation passenger train which had followed the express. From beginning to end, on the permissive principle, it was a perfectly safe transaction, for there was a mile of straight track in both directions; but the rules for the running of the trains and for the safety of the public were

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violated. The witnesses were seven or eight veteran railroad men, who looked upon the affair as perfectly proper and justifiable under the circumstances. It never entered the heads of these men that the affair should be reported to the management. That some of the best men in the service should behave in this way, as it were in the very shadow of the accident at West Canaan, is almost inconceivable. Of course, if these incidents stood by themselves their significance might be comparatively trifling; but as a matter of fact they are illustrations of a condition which is thoroughly typical of American railroads. This condition or situation may be briefly yet correctly outlined as follows: —

There is practically *no out-on-the-road supervision* on American railroads.

Railroad managers depend upon the reports of employees for information in regard to violations of rules. But employees do not, and cannot be compelled to, report their associates, consequently negligence of all kinds is practically unchecked.

Finally: unchecked negligence can be shown to be the root and direct cause of nearly all preventable accidents, and loss of life therefrom, on American railroads.

Here we have a conclusion worth looking into. At a glance we perceive that negligence is the prime and fundamental fact. It is the direct cause of the trouble. The fact that the negligence is *unchecked* is important, yet secondary. It should be treated as a separate issue and it must stand or fall on its own merits.

But our conclusion that accidents result in almost all cases from unchecked negligence should be supported by evidence and proof. For examples in support of it, let us take two of the most disastrous wrecks in the history of New England railroads.

On November 26, 1905, at Baker Bridge in Lincoln, Mass., seventeen people were killed and thirty injured. An express passenger train was following an accommodation train, which was somewhat late. Cautionary signals calling for reduced speed and careful running were passed at intervals by the express train, but, according to the evidence, the engineman paid no attention to them, hence the accident. Now the habitual negligence in regard to these cautionary signals was a matter of common knowledge. In fact, attention was called to the matter both before and after the accident by the writer. The unchecked negligence in this particular case was therefore directly responsible for the accident and the loss of life.

Again, on September 15, 1907, at West Canaan, N. H., twenty-five people were killed and forty injured. The unchecked negligence in this case is by no means so striking as in the previous example, and yet the evidence pointing in that direction is quite as significant. A mistake occurred in the transmission of an important train order. This mistake was the direct cause of the accident. For various reasons it was impossible to say by whom the mistake was made.

Now let us turn to our book of rules and take note of the following instructions to train dispatchers and operators. "In transmitting messages write slowly and firmly," etc.

With all proper consideration for hard-worked and conscientious train dispatchers, I am compelled to confess that train orders are seldom if ever sent "slowly and firmly." Operators will bear me out in the statement that orders are transmitted by dispatchers as fast as the men can handle them. That is to say between veterans in the business they are rattled off at the highest limit of speed. The men concerned in the accident at West Canaan were veterans. Had the man at West Canaan been a "plug," that is, a green hand, in all probability the accident would not have occurred. While, of course, this is merely a supposition, yet the fact remains that the men would have been transmitting *slowly and firmly*,

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and the chances for a mistake would have been reduced to a minimum.

I thoroughly understand and appreciate the difficulties with which the train dispatcher has to contend. I am quite aware that he is called upon to handle trains with the utmost dispatch; nevertheless, I insist that, in order to reduce chances of accident to a minimum, train orders should in all cases be transmitted slowly and firmly. I stand by the rules. The issue is between speed and safety, and in all cases the latter should be given the right of way.

Thoughtful railroad men who understand the situation on the railroads at the present day, are yet very slow in suggesting remedies. They say, "It is up to the management to enforce the rules." On the other hand, if a superintendent can be persuaded to express an opinion he will retort, "It is up to the men to obey the rules. They are plain enough and sufficient for the purpose, but we cannot station a spy at every switch to make sure that the rules are obeyed. We have to depend on the personality and general intelligence of our employees."

It will, I think, be evident from the facts and conditions which we have been considering, that whatever secondary causes there may be for preventable railroad accidents, the trainmen themselves hold the key to the situation. They are at liberty to obey the rules and thus solve the problem in the only way in which it ever can be solved. Or, they can continue to place upon these rules a wrong interpretation and thus evade their manifest meaning and purpose. As matters stand to-day between labor organizations and railroad managers, it is very doubtful if by any practical system of supervision or discipline the rules for the safe and efficient running of trains can in all cases and at all times be adequately enforced. Thus the whole business resolves itself into a personal matter with us as conscientious railroad men. Singly and collectively, it is up to us to do the square thing, if necessary, in spite of the management.

As the case stands to-day we railroad men are in a class by ourselves. We are well-paid, well-treated, well-educated, and well-organized. In all that pertains to our material well-being, we compare more than favorably with any other class of workers in the country; but considered as responsible individuals entrusted with the care of railroad property and the safety of the traveling public, our records are very unsatisfactory. The truth of this conclusion is not open to question. We cannot escape from the statistics and the figures; and, day by day, the evidence against us continues to accumulate.

There are many people who think that the intelligence and education of the 20th-century railroad man can be depended upon to guard against the shortcomings to which I have called attention. On the contrary, I am inclined to think that the intellectual independence of railroad men is in itself a danger to be guarded against. Standing by itself, the statement that knowledge is power is a fallacy. Knowledge is only a means. Its benefit to any one is always an open question. In other words, the secret of power is in the application of knowledge. Thus when we analyze a modern railroad accident we are forced to the conclusion that many railroad men take chances by reason of the supreme confidence which they possess in their own cleverness and ability to deal with an emergency, however sudden. This resourceful characteristic of Americans is a splendid thing from a general standpoint, but in the railroad business it has its stern limitations. Only too many of our accidents are illustrations not of lack of knowledge or resource, but of the downright misapplication of these intellectual features. In some cases we find an over-supply of self-confidence, in others a disinclination to knuckle right down to the observance of plain and positive instruction. In such cases a man cannot be called the

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fortunate possessor of intellectual advantages, but their manifest victim.

Railroad managers, therefore, sooner or later will come to understand that the one thing needed in the railroad business at the present day is to educate employees to appreciate the fact that successful and safe railroading in the future will have to depend, not upon the multiplication of safety devices or the reconstruction of rules, but upon the personal effort and conduct of conscientious, alert, and careful men.

Meanwhile, thought counts, and it is a good idea for practical railroad men to look into and study these problems, each according to his ability and the light that is in him.

LA TRISTESSE

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

This is not really the story of a child, though it began when Hypolite caught the measles at dancing-class. And when he was getting better, his uncle, who kept a business-like eye upon his health and his manners, sent him to Madame Dulac at Saint Jacques de Kilkenny, to grow strong in the air of the hills.

Hypolite was a little boy at the time, quiet and brown, with eyes like bronze-purple pansies. It was not his fault that his surname was Gibbs. Even at that age, he preferred to have it ignored. Madame called him "M'sieur Hypolite," or "le petit sieur." But then, Madame had served and loved his mother when that mother was Geneviève de Lemprière, before she married Anthony Gibbs, and before Hypolite was born, or Madame herself took in boarders. To Hypolite, two white shafts in a cemetery outside Montreal represented that ill-assorted father and mother. But before he had been a week in the village, his French began to return to him.

"It is yours by right," said Madame, who would hear nothing of the Gibbses. "What wouldst thou for thy dinner, mon ange?"

Madame fed him royally and made a baby of him, and told him stories of the long-ago days, and spoke to him of his mother. In a little while, the Gibbs part seemed to have dropped out of his life. He loved Madame, and Telephore who chopped the wood, and André who worked in the garden. But most of all he loved Félice.

Félice was Madame's help in the kitchen, a girl who belonged to nobody, for whom nobody cared. Perhaps the incipient artist in Hypolite first rejoiced in her; she made an impression on him never effaced. His canvas in last year's Salon, that canvas full of brown and gold, was a far-off memory of her.

"She was Dian," I have heard Hypolite say, "Dian; not the stately goddess, queen of Nature, but the ever-young Artemis, slender as her own white crescent."

Hypolite ran about the straggling village and made friends with the children: and climbed the little hill beyond the Calvary, and looked at the great river running to the sea, wishing he might follow it.

"There are many nice things here," he said, invading the kitchen for cake, "and nice people. André is nice and Telephore is nice, and so is m'sieur le curé. But Maxime is nicest. I went to-day to see him. He lives in a little cabin all covered with vines, and he has two fields covered with mustard and flowers. He is tall and he has blue eyes.

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I picked some of his flowers and he came out and talked to me, and told me his name and I told him mine. Then his dog came out, his big black dog he calls Sorrow, — La Tristesse. Why does he call it La Tristesse? It is a nice dog, and licked my hands."

Madame looked up from her cake and crossed herself, with wide eyes. "Hast thou made friends with Sorrow, mon petit?" she asked, gazing at him strangely. "I am grieved. Maxime and La Tristesse are not for thee."

"It was a very nice dog," said Hypolite, in the gruff tone that was his sole heritage from the Gibbses. Félice was beating eggs at the table. Her long gray eyes turned lazily towards the child, and then were bent upon her bowl again. Her wrists fascinated Hypolite as she whipped the froth, they were so small and strong and firm, sunburned to a creamy brown. He watched them while he ate the cake, and wondered what her cold eyes had tried to tell him.

"Why am I not to make friends with Maxime's La Tristesse?" he demanded of old Telephore.

Telephore stared at him as Madame had done, and made the little sign against evil. "La Tristesse?" he said. "La Tristesse? If you make friends with Sorrow, Sorrow will abide with you."

"But she has not abided with me," put in Hypolite patiently, "she abides with Maxime."

Telephore crossed his scarred, knotted hands upon the haft of the axe and leaned his chin upon them. "Not always," he said in a low voice, "ah! not always. Henri L'Ecossais, he was a strong man last Michaelmas. He stopped to speak with Maxime at his door, and patted on the head that La Tristesse, brute of ill name and ill omen. And she, that La Tristesse, she follows him home, beating with her tail and begging him to look at her, as some dogs will. And he laughs, and gives her bones, and she sleeps a night in his stable. In the morning she goes home, drifting like a black ghost down the road. And Henri, little monsieur, what of Henri? In three days, look you, he is seized with a chill and a weariness, and in a week he is dead, — mon Dieu! dead! And that is not all. If I had my will, Maxime and La Tristesse should be — eh! sent from here."

Telephore's face was as superstitious and cruel as the faces of some of Millet's peasants, and he muttered to himself as the bright blade of his axe fell upon the wood, and the sweet white chips flew in showers like a tiny snowstorm.

"But that is all foolishness," said the round-eyed Hypolite, in the lordly tone Saint Jacques de Kilkenny had taught him. "La Tristesse is a nice dog, though she is so long and black and cries with her eyes. Once I had a little guinea-pig, un cochon d'Inde, black as Sorrow; but it died of an indigestion."

"Foolishness, is it?" muttered Telephore. "Then, little monsieur, there are many fools in Saint Jacques. As for the cochon d'Inde, that was different. Gabrielle has a black sucking-pig, and no one is troubled by it, though it visited every house in Saint Jacques. But this Sorrow of Maxime's — Foolishness, is it? Eh, well! Pray the good saints you may not be taught its wisdom."

Telephore was cross and would not talk any more. André professed to have no opinion at all about La Tristesse. So, as was his way, Hypolite decided to go to headquarters for information.

He crossed one of Maxime's thriftless fields, and went up the path to the cabin. Once the path led through a garden of flowers, but now garden and fields were all one, overrun with blossoms grown small and hardy and wild, which could not be found elsewhere in Satnt Jacques. La Tristesse was lying by the door, in the sun, licking a long red scratch on her side. She put her lank paws on Hypolite's shoulders and thrust her melancholy nose against his cheek.

"Are you come for more flowers?" asked Maxime, rising from among the wild raspberry canes. "There are pretty

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flowers in the field beyond the patch of barley. I shall grow oats there next year, they are prettier than the barley, but the flowers are best. My grandfather brought the seeds of some of them from the other side of the world, and a few braved our snows and frosts. Pick all you want, little monsieur." He laughed at Hypolite, showing his white teeth, and yawned and stretched himself. He was tall and strong, with a fine tanned face and eyes of Breton blue softened by many dreams, and he was shabby to the point of rags.

"Thank you," said Hypolite politely, "but I did not come for flowers to-day. I came to ask you why you call your dog Sorrow? Pardon, m'sieur, if I am too curious."

Maxime bowed, ready laughter in his eyes. "I am honored with monsieur's interest," said he. "I call her Sorrow because she has the look of it, as any but these — ganders of Saint Jacques would understand. I found her roaming in the woods, starved, all over of a tremble. I took her home and fed her. That is all there is about her. She would harm no one. Yet, because of her color and her melancholy, she is a witch and a loup-garou and I know not what besides." He laughed angrily, and touched Sorrow's side gently. "Look you here!" he cried. "This was done last night. It is the mark of a bullet, — of a silver bullet, perhaps, they are such fools." Hypolite touched the scratch too, with fingers light and tender, and Maxime's face softened again.

"We have no friends, La Tristesse and I," he said sadly. "I suppose it is because we do not work or go to church. But those stuffy saints — And why should I work? I have no one to work for but myself."

"I'm not very fond of work," confessed Hypolite. "My uncle says I must go into an engineer's office when I leave college, but I do not want to. I would rather paint pictures full of pretty colors."

"And I," said Maxime, "I also love pretty colors. When I want them, I look at the fields and the skies and the hills, and I am content." They smiled at each other with perfect understanding.

"And I am a friend to you and La Tristesse if you will have me," said Hypolite.

"Monsieur honors us," said Maxime simply, "but Loneliness and Sorrow are an ill pair of friends."

Hypolite dined with Maxime and La Tristesse, under the vines, with leaves for plates; dined off bread and baked potatoes and little trout from the brook and wild raspberries. "It is poor fare," said Maxime shyly, "but the air and the sun make it sweet."

"It is lovely," answered Hypolite ecstatically. "I should like to bake potatoes in a little oven and catch little fish for my dinner always. Oh, always."

"The bread is soft and white," went on Maxime, "feast-day bread, such as you are used to eating."

"It is the same as Madame Dulac's," said Hypolite with his mouth full.

"It is the same as Madame's," repeated Maxime, laughing.

Madame scolded Hypolite for the first time when she heard where he had been. "It is an ill place," she cried, "and those who dwell in it have an evil name. That black thing, called a dog, ran and barked at one of Gabrielle's cows yesterday, and already the cow has sickened. Go not near that La Tristesse, I beg of you, child, nor near her master."

"La Tristesse is a very nice dog," repeated Hypolite in the voice of the Gibbses, presenting so stony a front to her shrill vexation that Madame broke into tears and flounced away. When she had gone, Félice slipped over to the child and, without any change in her small, cold, beautiful face, kissed him. He gasped; feeling as if he had been kissed by a flower, so cool and soft were her lips.

Gabrielle's cow died, and the whispers against La Tristesse changed to silence, which was a bad sign. Hypolite did not

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know that there were few people in Saint Jacques who would have gone to Maxime's door after dark.

And then the rumors began again, but this time they came from the woods. In the village there was silence and listening. But from the woods there dawned a new dread, — a dread of night and loneliness and the sickness that strikes therein. Telephore first put it into words.

"It is said," he told André in a whisper, "that far to the north there is a deserted village. When that village was full of people, there came to their doors a black dog, long and gaunt and wretched. They took pity on that dog-thing, and fed it for three days, and then it went away. But it had left a gift for those people. La Picotte struck them, coming silently as is her wont. They died like flies, those people that fed the black dog, and the few that were left ran away."

André stared, his face going gray with vague horror. He was slower than Telephore.

"If I were you," said Telephore, with a sort of frightened sneer, "I would change the name of Maxime's La Tristesse. Maybe she is only biding her time."

Two or three days afterward, Hypolite went to see Maxime. It was early evening, and he moved through a golden world. "I have never forgotten anything of that evening," he said long afterward. "The sky was golden, the air was golden, and everywhere about the fields was the golden glow of the mustard. But in front of Maxime's cabin there was a black little crowd of people, and in the road stood Maxime, facing them fiercely, his hand upon Sorrow's head. There were boys there, throwing stones, and one or two of the shouting men had old shotguns.

"I ran to them, and I think I was screaming with anger. But Telephore was in the crowd, and he caught me in his arms gently, and made me keep still; though I kicked, and bit his hands, and my teeth were as sharp as a squirrel's. When they saw me, the men who had the guns lowered them as if ashamed, and the boys stopped throwing stones.

"Josef, Gabrielle's husband, was speaking. 'We will not harm you,' he said, 'but if you would stay among us, you must shoot that black brute you call your dog, there under your hand.'

"'I will not shoot her for any of you cowards of Saint Jacques,' cried Maxime at that. The crowd growled threateningly.

"'Then go!' cried Josef, 'you and your dog-thing!'

"I shall never forget how Maxime looked, his head thrown back and his eyes like points of blue fire, facing the men who were casting him out of his home. I thought he was going to fight them all. But he looked down at Sorrow, cowering beside him and trusting him, and I think he yielded for her sake. He laughed very bitterly.

"'I will go,' he said, and they shrank from his eyes. 'Sorrow has been my comrade and my friend, she has shared my food and my fire, and with Sorrow will I go. She is more faithful than any other.'

"And then a girl pushed suddenly through the crowd, and stood in front of Maxime. It was Madame's Félice, and she was laughing aloud. I had never heard her laugh before. 'If you go, I will go with you,' she said.

"Maxime's face was suddenly strange and wild at the sight of her. 'You — you — you?' he cried. 'You — you, O heart of my life, star of my dreams?'

"I think he forgot all about the angry crowd in an instant.

"'Yes, I,' laughed Félice. 'I have seen your heart in your eyes, Maxime, and now you may see my heart in mine. What is the need of words? If you go, I go with you.'

"'There is a kind priest at Terminaison,' said Maxime, hot and fierce, his blue eyes on her gray ones that were no longer cold.

"Félice laughed still. It seemed as if

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she could not stop laughing for very happiness, but her beautiful creamy cheeks showed no blush. 'As you like,' she answered; 'we will go to the curé if it pleases you. But if you go, I go also. I am faithful as La Tristesse.'

"'Come, then,' said Maxime. And that was all. They forgot the people who were watching them, awed and silent before this strange divine thing shown forth in their midst. Maxime never even looked back at his little cabin, and Félice never looked from his face. They moved away down the road together, hand in hand, into the great golden sunset, and Sorrow following them, leaping and frisking. That was absolutely all, and it was over in five minutes. But think of the wonder of it, — a flower of Greece in her golden days, a vision of Italy, a dream of ancient France, there suddenly showing forth for all men to see.

"They went unmolested down the lonely road. Once Félice shook her slim arms above her head as if in a very ecstasy of joy. Once Sorrow jumped up to lick her hand.

"Yes, they went, and were hidden in the golden mist of sunset, and were gone. Nor did I ever hear of them or see them again, — Maxime, with his blue eyes, his gentle hands, his long lazy body, his rags and tatters; Sorrow, black and faithful as her namesake; Félice, beautiful as the ever-youthful Artemis. Nor can it be said that I saw them go. For I was down on my face, crying so that my tears made little gray runnels in the dust of the road, — crying for the loss of the most beautiful thing I had ever known."

THE INDUSTRY OF MUSIC-MAKING

BY WILLIAM E. WALTER

A GROWING enterprise which annually involves the use of several million dollars and each year shows a deficit which seems to increase almost in like ratio to the amount of capital involved, would hardly appeal to the average American as a good business proposition; yet this is the situation which constantly faces those who cater to the musical demand of this country. Here is a business, the ramifications of which reach from New York as a principal centre into nearly all the cities, towns, and villages of the country. It carries on its pay-roll several thousand artists, instrumental and vocal, ranging from the "star," who may receive in one afternoon or evening what most capable clerks would be glad to get for a year's labor, down to the humble struggler on some lyceum circuit who is fighting for a meagre livelihood, buoyed up by the hope that some day recognition and greater rewards may come. On this pay-roll, also, are some thousands of non-musicians, from managing directors down to janitors and ushers in concert-halls, the majority of whom gain their entire living from music. Real estate, and for the most part unproductive real estate, valued at several millions of dollars, is used in this business, for concert halls and the like. The total amount paid to newspapers throughout the country for advertising purposes will run easily into the hundreds of thousands, and the total paid to the railways for transportation is far greater than that. Printers, lithographers, and bill-posters come in for a not inconsiderable share of this expenditure, and the total amount paid the government for carriage of mail would support a very respectable post-office of the second class. Theoretically this total should be offset by the total sum accruing

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from the sale of tickets of admission. Practically, it is doubtful if the public pays for more than fifty per cent of the music it listens to. Nor is there any reason to believe that this state of affairs will soon be remedied; for experience has shown fairly conclusively that the greater the outlay, the greater will be the deficit.

Several years ago, shortly before the death of Anton Seidl, some women of New York felt that he should have an orchestra of his own and, incidentally, New York should have what it had never possessed, a permanent orchestra, organized solely for the purpose of giving concerts and commanding the entire time of its members. It was decided that the only way in which this could be done was by the establishment of an endowment fund of not less than one million dollars. These women went to a very rich man who was not only liberal but had given signs of a liking for music, who could, moreover, give the whole amount without feeling its loss. Listening to their arguments he seemed favorably inclined and asked them casually how long they thought it would be before the orchestra would become self-supporting. The answer was frankly given that in all probability the orchestra would never pay for itself; whereupon the millionaire closed the conference abruptly, saying that he could never support so unbusinesslike a project. If they could assure him that in ten, twenty, or even fifty years the orchestra could pay its expenses, he would give the money, but he did not feel justified in giving the public something in which it would not take sufficient interest to support it.

Fortunately for the cause of music, all men do not take that view, for if they did music would soon become, in this country at least, one of the lost and forgotten arts. On the contrary, the luring quality of music did not cease with the death of Orpheus. It may not now be able to charm the beasts of the forests, but it certainly has a powerful influence on the check-book. The music-lover — meaning, of course, the layman — is so curiously constituted that he not only wants to enjoy music himself but he wants others to enjoy it. He wants to force them to enjoy it, and to that end he will pay money out of his own pocket. That is the secret in a nutshell. Such elements as the spirit of speculation and local or civic pride may enter into the process of making up this huge annual deficit, but ultimately the subsidies which, direct and indirect, make possible a musical life in America will be traced to this curious characteristic. And this, incidentally, accounts for the many bored faces one sees wherever music is the entertainment.

The business of supplying music to the public may be divided roughly into three divisions, the opera, the orchestra (including chamber-music organizations), and the soloist. Of the opera little need be said. It is an exotic flower which flourishes only in New York, where special conditions rule not merely in opera but in all branches of music. A population of nearly four millions, a daily floating population now estimated at half a million, great wealth and the desire for pleasure which is its corollary, and last, but not least, the important function which opera plays in the social life of the city, — these are elements which exist nowhere else in the country. Moreover, opera presents music in its most attractive and most easily assimilated form. It gives it as handmaiden, theoretically at least, a plot or a story to be developed in the course of a performance: in other words, a tangible, human element; and it surrounds it with all the illusion the plastic arts can provide. But even in New York, it is only in the last ten years that opera has become profitable, and it remains even now to be seen from the interesting experiment being made at the new Manhattan Opera House, whether it can show a profit at the end of the season without the subvention given to the director of the Metropolitan Opera House by the stockholders of that corporation.

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The most important factor in our musical life is the orchestra, and by the continual formation of new orchestras throughout the country it promises soon to be the dominating factor. And yet, there is hardly an orchestra in this whole country, from the great permanent organizations of Boston, Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia, down to the little semi-professional bands of small inland cities, which at the end of a season does not have to call for money to make up a deficit. These deficits run, in the case of large orchestras, from $15,000 and $20,000 to $70,000 and $80,000 a year, and very insignificant is the band which has not a guarantee fund of at least $5000 a year.

The deficits are made up in various ways. In one case, an individual who organized the orchestra has cheerfully made out his check for the needed amount at the end of each season. In another case, what amounts to an endowment fund was raised by public subscription, put into an office building which contains a concert-hall, and the net income from this building is expected to wipe out the annual deficit. In still another case, where the orchestra is a coöperative society, its members dividing as their pay whatever may be left at the end of a season, a fund has been raised which has secured for it an expensive conductor whose personality is expected to increase the size of the receipts. The general rule, however, is to secure a certain number of guarantors for a term of years, who bind themselves to be responsible for a certain maximum amount — and when the amount is exceeded, as it usually is, the guarantors go into their pockets a little deeper and make the best face possible.

The case of chamber music is relatively worse than that of orchestral, for while the supply is naturally small, the public which will pay to hear a string quartette is even smaller. Yet, quartettes flourish throughout the land. It is safe to say that not a single chamber music organization begins to take in at the box-office the money it costs. But here another factor enters into consideration. Chamber music has come to be regarded as having exceptional educational value, and as the cost of giving such a concert is comparatively small, very few concerts are given on the responsibility of the organizations themselves. Clubs, colleges, and the like pay them a certain set sum for a concert, which brings us back again, as in the case of orchestras, to the necessity of a subsidy. If even the most popular of these organizations were compelled to live on what it "brings in at the door" after the actual expenses of the concert are paid, its members would be more prosperous digging ditches.

This brings us to the subject of soloists — the individual virtuoso, the pianist, the violinist, the 'cellist, the whole army of instrumentalists which is touring the length and breadth of the country from October to April, and particularly the singer. Much delicacy should be used in revealing the sordid facts of dollars and cents, for when was there a virtuoso, instrumental or vocal, who had not enormous success, artistically and financially? One has only to read the columns of journals published for the edification of artists and managers to learn that such a one never existed. Unquestionably many of them do make a living from their art, else they would not stick to it as they do. But how many of them have not to eke out the earnings in art by the drudgery of teaching; or worse, how many of them do not spend a good part of the money made in the drudgery of teaching in a vain effort to make a living from the art? What of those who spend the money of others, lent to them or given, to this same futile end? And what of the managers — not the agents who direct tours — but the local managers, the clubs and the like that stand responsible for the concerts?

In the city of New York during a musical season of approximately five months, over four hundred concerts of all kinds

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and descriptions are given, and in this number only those are included for which the public is invited to buy tickets through newspaper advertisements. It does not include charity concerts or private or semi-private affairs, If we assume that fifteen per cent of these concerts take in enough money from the sale of tickets to pay the "local expenses" so-called, — hall-rent, advertising, etc., — the estimate is a very generous one. Out of that fifteen per cent must be taken certain fixtures, orchestral and chamber music, choral concerts, and recitals by a few popular artists, all of which are assured of large receipts. This leaves very few for the rest.

To be sure, here again New York is blessed, or cursed, with exceptional conditions. A vast majority of those who give concerts in New York do not expect to make money. They set aside a certain sum to pay for the concert. The hall, large or small, is filled chiefly with deadheads, when it is filled, and the artist hopes to find his reward for all this expenditure in the criticisms which may be found in the newspapers the next day. Of late years in the theatrical business there has been a growing feeling that a "New York endorsement" was not absolutely necessary to the success of a play. However that may be, it is an accepted general rule that no executant musician or singer may hope to get out of the ruck of mediocrity until New York has stamped him with its approval. The very few exceptions to this rule have long since proved its value. For this reason, New York gets much of its music gratis.

The case in the rest of the country is not so bad as it is in New York, but if profit and loss were ultimately the consideration of those who promote music in this country through concerts, the stone-pile would have many recruits. Take first the case of pianists. With a very few exceptions the professional pianist to-day is nothing more than an itinerant advertising medium for the manufacturer whose piano he plays. In fact, if piano houses were not in deadly competition to get rid of their wares, the amount of music made in this country would easily be cut in half, for their largess penetrates into all the cracks and crannies of the business.

If the pianist be a foreigner, more or less distinguished, he makes a contract with a manufacturer to play his piano. In return the manufacturer guarantees him a certain number of concerts at a certain price per concert, or promises to pay him a lump sum for a maximum number of concerts. Naturally, when the artist leaves America in the spring, he is to leave behind him a letter setting forth the unrivaled merits of the instrument he has used. In such cases the manufacturer takes for himself all the receipts which may come from the tour. He counts on from ten to twenty engagements with the leading orchestras, from each of which he expects to get rather more money than he pays his pianist; but in order to place him with such orchestras for the necessary *réclame*, he will sell him for less. He counts on selling him to a few clubs about the country, or on playing him with local managers on a percentage basis, although for high-priced artists there are not many such opportunities. For the rest, he will place his artist in a city, scatter free tickets in all directions, and thus get a house. When the season has come to an end, he will charge up the deficit to the advertising fund, for on the programme of every concert where his artist appears is the announcement that Herr So-and-so plays the Such-and-such piano. This fact also appears in most of the newspaper advertisements and on all the "paper," meaning the posters which decorate blank walls and bill-boards.

If the manufacturer does not care to undertake the whole responsibility of a tour, or if the artist has faith in his own ability to attract the dollars of the public, the manufacturer will pay him a set sum per concert for playing his instrument, will supply the instruments, standing the cost of their transportation, which in a

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long tour is very heavy, and will usually contribute a certain sum for advertising. In the end he gets the same returns as under the other plan. Few pianists under this plan receive less than fifty dollars a concert, and it has been plausibly stated that one very popular pianist is to receive a gratuity of forty thousand dollars for playing a certain instrument in a tour of a hundred or more concerts.

This will go toward explaining the mystery which surrounds the existence of so many concert pianists, who play week after week to handfuls of people or to audiences which are obviously of the deadhead variety. It is a sad and solemn fact that of all the pianists who have played over this country since Rubinstein was here, the number that have actually made money, over and above what they cost their managers or backers, is probably less than a score. Indeed, it would be very difficult to name even ten whose tours showed at the end a balance on the right side of the ledger. Of these, a few, a very few, have made large sums. The rest have made what, if music were really conducted on a business basis, would be a modest livelihood.

The activity of piano manufacturers does not end with pianists, although naturally the greatest part of their energy and money is spent on them. They often subsidize tours of orchestras, of violinists, of 'cellists, of conducting-composers and composing-conductors, and few singers of prominence start on a concert tour without the comfortable knowledge that a snug sum is to come from the makers of the piano which is to be used in the concerts. Violinists especially are notoriously a "poor business proposition." Very few of them, however picturesque in appearance, make money for those who back their tours, and an explanation of their personal prosperity is very often found in the "underline" on the programme of the concerts where they appear, to the effect that "The Piano is a Such-and-such," even when no piano appears on the stage. And so it is with other instrumentalists.

What money is made in music in America is made by singers, although the amounts earned by them are usually grossly exaggerated. Still, the singer appeals to a much wider public than the instrumentalist, whether it be an operatic star or a humble worker in the ranks of those who daily make havoc with oratorios and songs. And speaking of oratorios brings us at once to the subject of choral societies and "music festivals." They may be disposed of in a few words. Few music festivals, backed as they usually are by the full influence of civic pride, manage to make more than their expenses; and if choral societies do not enjoy a guarantee or subsidy, it may be inferred with reasonable safety that during the Christmas holidays they give one or more performances of the *Messiah*. Handel's masterwork constitutes the chief source of income of an overwhelming majority of choral societies. The announcement of its performance is sufficient to fill the house — not because of its intrinsic musical worth, however great that may be, but because it has become by tradition, as no other oratorio, a vehicle of worship peculiarly appropriate at Christmas, thus attracting thousands all over the country who are never seen in a concert hall on any other occasion. The money made by the *Messiah* concerts goes far toward paying the deficits incurred by those which present some more modern work.

It is an interesting fact that of all branches of music, it is only among singers that the supply is unequal to the demand, that is to say, of course, the supply of good singers. This naturally accounts for its being for managers, general and local, the most profitable branch of the business, and it is the branch which is conducted most nearly in a really business-like manner. Concerts by singers are bought and sold with the idea that they will make money for all concerned, the singers, the impressario, and the local manager. The singer's fee, in the case of a "star," is regulated generally by what

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he or she "can bring into the house." No prima donna (we limit ourselves to them, as men singers of very high price are rarely available for concert work) gets in a series of concerts an average fee of $1000, $1500, or $2000, unless it has been fairly well proved by experience that she will bring in that much and more at the box-office, which is a final test of a singer's success. Very few get such sums, but such as do may be fairly reckoned as earning them.

With the next grade of singers, those who give song recitals, sing in oratorios at the larger festivals and the like, for fees ranging from $150 to $500, their price is largely the result of supply and demand. Few of them, of themselves, could bring to the box-office the amount of money that is paid for their services, but they are necessary, there are not very many of them, and their names combined with others make the prospectus of a concert attractive. As for the great army of obscurities, the "serviceable," the "reliable," and the "conscientious" singers who will accept any fee, they sing chiefly for the sake of advertisement, thus to increase the number of their pupils. Wonderfully enough, they very often succeed in their end.

Yet despite the fact that this branch of the musical business is generally profitable, how many impressarios have died rich? Maurice Grau retired from the Metropolitan Opera House after five years of exceptional prosperity, the possessor of a comfortable fortune. He is the first man in the history of music in this country to do so. Abbey, Strakosch, Maretzek, Mapleson, de Vivo, to say nothing of the scores of "little fellows," left nothing to show for their years of labor. They made singers rich, but the inevitable deficit got them at last.

If one has a commodity, or even a luxury, to sell, and after it has been placed on the market at a large expenditure nothing but loss results, either the public does not want the article and it is a failure or there is something radically wrong with the business methods which have exploited it. Music would be in that case were it not for a factor which is peculiar to itself. It is a luxury for which the public will not pay the amount necessary to produce and market it. Yet one cannot say that the public does not want it, since it spends several million dollars each year for it. Nor can it be said that there is something radically wrong in the manner in which it is sold to the public. All things considered, the business is fairly well administered. While in isolated cases commercial methods are used in its exploitation which are decidedly open to criticism, the musical activity of this country may be generally attributed to an altruistic purpose on the part of a minority to teach the great majority to find pleasure and comfort in the divine art. And until this majority has learned its lesson and has begun to contribute its part to the support of music, this great deficit will continue, increasing as a wider public is reached for, because the only way in which this great majority can ever be reached is by keeping the supply larger than the actual demand, thus leaving empty seats in the concert halls for new converts.

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THE WORLD'S WEALTH IN NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES

BY CHARLES A. CONANT

THE present French Minister of Finance, M. Caillaux, in a recent letter discussing the proposed income tax, declared that negotiable securities — in the form of stocks and bonds — now represent the larger part of public wealth. This probably exaggerates somewhat the proportion in which such securities enter into the aggregate of the national resources, even in such investing countries as France and England; but the spirit of his statement is correct, that the importance of this element of wealth has increased enormously within the past two or three decades. So great has been this growth, and so easily capable of concealment and quick transfer are the evidences of ownership of property in this form, that the French government permitted a semi-official suggestion to leak out in the summer of 1906, that an international conference should be proposed to devise means to prevent the citizens or subjects of any one country from escaping taxation by keeping their securities abroad. The project was so chimerical, and so little likely to receive the sympathy of the governments of those countries which have profited by the transfer of French capital to their markets, that it was at first regarded as nothing more than an attempt to frighten a few timid owners of securities into declaring their foreign holdings for purposes of taxation. At the session of the Chambers last summer, however, a project was included in the budget report, for requiring foreign banks with branches in France and French banks with branches abroad to furnish to the government lists of their depositors with the amounts of their deposits, whether in money or securities. The project failed for the time being, but the seriousness with which it was pressed indicates the important part which securities now play in the wealth of civilized countries.

Exactly what proportion of the total wealth of the world is made up of negotiable securities, there are not sufficient data to determine with precision. Estimates have been made, however, from available sources of information, of the face value of such securities quoted on European exchanges and, in some cases, of their market value. In the United States a preliminary examination of the field by the present writer has shown visible outstanding securities issued by American corporations to the amount of $34,514,351,382. An inquiry conducted by the Bureau of the Census into the value of the physical property of the country showed a total in 1904 of $107,104,192,410. Upon the face of these figures, nearly one-third of the wealth of the United States is represented by securities.

There are several modifying factors to be taken into account, however, before accepting this estimate as definitive. The most important of these is the fact that a considerable proportion of these securities are owned by holding companies or by other corporations. If the securities issued directly by such companies are considered as based upon their investments in other securities, there is a duplication of the same capital, which should be eliminated in order to reach the net wealth of the country represented by negotiable securities. The amount of such inter-corporate holdings of securities, so far as has been ascertained, is $10,120,418,699. If this amount is deducted from the par value of the total volume of securities ascertained, the net

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wealth represented in this form is $24,393,932,683. It is probable that these estimates are considerably within the truth, since the methods which were employed in making the preliminary survey did not permit the searching out of all small local corporations, nor did it permit the ascertainment in all cases of corporate holdings of securities.

The factor of market value of securities is important, but the market value of the stocks and bonds dealt with did not vary radically in the aggregate, in spite of individual variations, from their par value, the par value standing at $34,514,351,382, and the market value of the same securities on June 30, 1905, at $35,460,506,877. In discussion of the aggregate, we can then, for most purposes, deal with par values without straying far from the truth.

The par value of stocks issued by American corporations and ascertained to be outstanding on June 30, 1905, was $21,023,392,955, and of bonds $13,490,958,427. How these were divided among different classes of corporations appears in the table below: —

PAR VALUE OF STOCK AND BONDS OUTSTANDING, 1905

		Stock.	Per cent of Total.	Bonds.	Per cent of Total.
1.	United States Bonds	———	——	895,158,340	6.64
2.	State Bonds	———	——	227,542,863	1.69
3.	County and Municipal Bonds	———	——	2,141,437,283	15.87
4.	Steam Railways	6,554,557,051	31.18	6,024,449,023	44.66
5.	Street Railways	1,761,571,812	8.38	1,455,520,159	10.79
6.	National Banks	791,567,231	3.76	———	——
7.	Banks other than National	649,080,956	3.09	———	——
8.	Manufactures	5,522,774,073	26.27	1,274,347,290	9.45
9.	Mining, Quarries and Oil	2,982,835,544	14.19	314,883,914	2.33
10.	Electric Light and Power	421,343,602	2.00	305,428,923	2.26
11.	Gas Plants	495,859,803	2.36	271,628,581	2.01
12.	Water and Miscellaneous Transportation	370,933,893	1.76	235,188,850	1.74
13.	Telegraph and Telephone Companies	559,084,526	2.66	195,575,666	1.45
14.	Water Supply Companies	144,611,346	0.69	114,932,525	0.85
15.	Realty Companies	411,159,555	1.96	12,534,000	0.09
16.	Insurance Companies	104,685,963	0.50	———	——
17.	Mercantile Distributing Companies	253,327,600	1.20	22,331,010	0.17
	Total	$21,023,392,955	100.00	$13,490,958,427	100.00

In order to get an adequate idea of the proportion of the world's wealth represented by securities, it is necessary to cross the ocean and learn the great output of the chief European countries, which have been so long piling up saved capital that they have invested much of it abroad.

The most complete investigation on this subject is that begun in 1895 by the French economist, Alfred Neymarck, under the auspices of the International Statistical Institute, and continued at various later dates. M. Neymarck did not go far outside of organized markets for his material, so that an addition of about ten per cent is justified for inactive securities in order to bring his figures for 1903 into comparison with those for the United States. The figures presented by M. Neymarck for the principal countries, based upon the total issues, with slight additions made for the securities of corporations not quoted on the stock exchanges, apppear in the following table: —

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ESTIMATED OUTSTANDING SECURITIES IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES, 1900

Country.	Par value of Securities owned.	Population.	Amount per Capita.
Great Britain	$26,400,000,000	42,789,600	$616.97
France	19,500,000,000	38,961,950	500.94
Germany	10,000,000,000	56,367,180	177.41
Russia	5,400,000,000	129,004,500	41.86
Austria-Hungary	4,400,000,000	45,405,270	96.90
Netherlands	2,200,000,000	5,431,000	405.08
Italy	2,300,000,000	33,218,330	69.24
Belgium	1,400,000,000	6,985,220	200.42
Spain	1,300,000,000	18,618,090	69.82
Switzerland	1,100,000,000	3,315,450	331.78
Denmark	600,000,000	2,646,770	226.69
Sweden and others	400,000,000	51,537,010	7.76
Total Europe	$75,000,000,000	434,280,370	$172.70
United States (1905)	34,514,351,382	83,260,000	414.54
Japan (1905)	1,563,412,951	47,975,110	29.70
Aggregate	$111,077,764,333	565,515,480	$196.17

Here then we have a total volume of securities, without going to Latin America and Australia, that more than equals the entire wealth of the United States. Is it any wonder that the security markets have come to represent, more than ever before, the pulse of economic life, and that he who contemplates doing anything to disturb those markets, even to further the ends of justice, should weigh carefully the consequences of his acts?

As has been said, there are no data which are absolutely accurate in regard to the ratio of securities in each country to the aggregate wealth of the country. Several intelligent estimates have been made, however, by careful statisticians in Europe as well as in the United States. One of these, made by Mr. Michael G. Mulhall for 1896, printed in the volume of the United States Census on "Wealth, Debt and Taxation," puts the total wealth of Europe, in all forms of property, at $342,528,602,500, or $755 per capita. The richest country is naturally the United Kingdom, with a valuation of $57,453,899,000, which affords an average per capita of $1,455. France is credited with wealth to the amount of $47,156,385,000, which amounts to $1,228 per capita, while Germany shows a valuation of $39,185,058,000, or $751 per capita. Only four other countries rise to a level as high as Germany in per capita wealth, — Denmark, with a computed wealth of $2,462,449,000, or $1,119 per capita; the Netherlands, with $4,282,520,000, or $892 per capita; Switzerland, with $2,394,318,000, or $798 per capita; and Belgium, with $4,808,102,000, or $751 per capita. The Empire of Russia shows a large total, — $31,267,262,500; but when it is distributed over her great population of 105,800,000, it yields an average per capita of only $296.

If all the securities quoted on the Paris Bourse were counted as a part of the wealth of France, it would justify the declaration of M. Caillaux, that the larger portion of the wealth of the country was represented by the value of securities. It is only by weeding out duplications, however, of securities issued in foreign countries and quoted on several exchanges, that the correct relation is obtained between total wealth and wealth represented by securities. With these modifications, it appears that about 45 per cent of the wealth of Great Britain is in the form of securities, about 40 per cent of the wealth of France, and only about 25 per cent of the wealth of Germany. The ratio in the United States, as already seen, is about 23 per cent by

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excluding corporate holdings of securities. The gradation of these figures indicates in a measure the relative reserve resources of these countries, since the amount invested in securities represents more directly than some other forms of investment the surplus savings of the country over and above the economic equipment for meeting immediate needs.

The statistics presented by M. Neymarck represent the ownership of securities, rather than the country where the enterprises they represent are established or incorporated. It becomes interesting, therefore, to determine what proportion of the $26,400,000,000 assigned to Great Britain represents British investments abroad, and what proportion of the $19,500,000,000 assigned to France represents the ventures of her capital in Russia and other foreign lands.

In the case of Great Britain, a careful estimate, made by Paul Dehn, in a book devoted largely to inquiries of this sort, puts her foreign security holdings in 1902 at $5,950,000,000. This is considerably below other estimates. Sir Robert Giffen, as far back as 1885, put English investments abroad at $10,067,400,000. The discrepancy is partly due to the fact that the figures of Dehn are based on the income tax returns for foreign investments, while the higher estimates include capital invested in all forms of enterprise in foreign countries, much of which is not represented by securities in the actual custody of Englishmen in England. A still more recent estimate, published in the *Quarterly Review*, puts British investments abroad and in the colonies at about $12,400,000,000 in 1897 and $15,700,000,000 in 1906, from which it is estimated that a revenue is derived of $700,000,000. This estimate seems somewhat excessive, although it is borne out in a measure by the enormous balance of merchandise imports into Great Britain. The allotment made by these figures to British colonies and dependencies is about $8,150,000,000 and to foreign countries $7,550,000,000.

The amount of foreign securities listed on the French Bourse is, of course, no index of the amount owned in France, since whole issues of the Russian and other governments are quoted in Paris, of which large amounts are distributed in other countries. Several careful efforts have been made, however, by comparing the securities deposited in trust at the Bank of France, and by other means, to ascertain the amount of foreign securities actually owned in France. The conclusion reached on this subject by M. Neymarck is that the aggregate of such securities in 1900 was 31,200,000,000 francs or about $6,240,000,000. Of this amount about $4,520,000,000 was in foreign government bonds and similar obligations, and $1,720,000,000 in shares and bonds of corporations. Divided by countries, securities are estimated to be held in France issued in Russia, to the amount of $1,600,000,000; Egypt and the Suez Canal, $540,000,000; Spain and Cuba, $500,000,000; Austria-Hungary, $500,000,000; Turkey, $400,000,000; the Argentine, Brazil, and Mexico, $400,000,000; Italy, $340,000,000; England and her dependencies, $240,000,000, Portugal, $200,000,000; Belgium, the Netherlands, and Switzerland, $200,000,000. It is also computed that securities belonging to foreigners residing in France absorb about $640,000,000 of the total held in France, reducing the amount of foreign securities in the hands of French citizens to $5,600,000,000.

The last figure does not differ radically from the estimate of Dehn, who puts French holdings of foreign securities at $5,712,000,000, German at $4,641,000,000, and Belgian at $120,000,000. The Belgians, however, are large investors on their own account of French and German money which is driven to Brussels under the operation of the high taxes and stringent bourse laws which prevail at Paris and Berlin.

What of the earning power of the properties represented by this great mass of paper titles? Here again final statistics

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are not easy to obtain, but the known rules of earning on investments will keep us from going far astray. The cases in which payments of dividends and interest were computed for the corporations of the United States in 1905 showed dividend payments of $840,018,022 and interest payments of $636,287,621, making a total of $1,476,305,643. The computed average of dividends was 3.995 per cent, and of interest rates 4.71 per cent. In Europe the return upon invested capital is usually lower than in America, so that it probably would not be safe to compute the earnings upon $75,000,000,000 of securities at a rate above three per cent, or $2,250,000,000. With an allowance at the rate of four per cent for Japan, amounting to about $60,000,000, we find total dividend and interest disbursements in these countries of nearly $3,800,000,000, — an amount equal to the entire gold money stock of the world as recently as 1892, and to nearly two-thirds of that stock at the present time.

The manner in which issues of corporate securities and their earning power have increased in the last two decades is an index of the rapidity with which saving goes on under the existing mechanism of industry. Nearly all investments in securities represent capital saved by the investors beyond their current consumptive needs. Not all savings go into securities, because some go into the extension or foundation of enterprises conducted by individuals and private partnerships. But a change has been going on, from the system of private partnership to corporate organization. The change has not been due to accidental causes, but has been a natural evolution. It has followed the rule of evolution, that the surplus of free capital saved in a country from time to time has permitted the creation of corporate enterprises at a rapidly increasing rate, because corporate enterprises are more likely than individual enterprises to represent savings for new objects. In other words, the growth in corporations for transportation, manufacture, and trading is the result of saving by individuals towards a fund which is in the main a surplus fund for the creation of new enterprises. This consideration explains in a measure the absorption of private partnerships into corporations. Those who have conducted such private partnerships have been enabled in many cases to retire with the proceeds of the conversion of their enterprises into the corporate form, because other persons not related originally to such enterprises had made savings which they were willing to invest in corporate shares. From this point of view the remarkable increase during the last few years in the number of corporations issuing securities is the logical outcome of the accumulation of surplus capital seeking investment, and is, therefore, a more accurate measure of the increase in such capital than might at first seem apparent.

This consideration does not necessarily imply that the ratio of increase in negotiable securities is the ratio of increase in the entire wealth of the country. It is rather the ratio of increase of the surplus fund than of the primary fund required in any civilized country for the maintenance of homes, farms, and the implements of personal industry. Only after a community is equipped with these latter things can it begin to set aside savings for great corporate enterprises, designed to reduce still further the amount of labor required to obtain a given result. This fact, that investments in securities represent a surplus above the bare cost of subsistence of the community, has been illustrated by the present writer elsewhere in the following terms: [1] —

"This growth in the volume of capital has been the phenomenon of our generation. It has been a growth of astonishing rapidity, because the increase in the investment fund has been much more rapid than the increase in the total capital of the community. This has resulted from a simple process of mathematical increment. If an agricultural producer in 1850

[1] *Wall Street and the Country*, pp. 4–6.

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had an annual producing power which might be expressed by $350, of which $300 was necessary to supply his actual physical necessities, he would have a surplus of $50, to be made a part of the investment fund of the community. If ten years later, in 1860, he had increased his producing power by one-seventh, his total annual product would be $400; but the effect would be felt upon the investment fund of the community, not merely by the increase of one-seventh, or about 15 per cent, in his total product, but by an increase of 100 per cent in the net product. Assuming that his actual needs were still supplied by $300, he would have $100 for investment where he formerly had $50. If by 1880 his annual producing power had increased still further by one-fourth part of its efficiency in 1860 to a total of $500, the surplus funds seeking investment in the market would have risen by another 100 per cent within twenty years, or by 400 per cent within thirty years."

This view of the subject may be put in another form by stating that the capital invested in stock companies at the present time is largely for objects which did not exist several decades or a century ago. The primary wants of a community, like food, clothing, and shelter, are those which absorb the first efforts of its members. It is only when they have a surplus above these pressing needs that improved methods of transportation, like the railway, of communication, like the telephone, or of distributing risks, like life and fire insurance, can be created.

The most important corporations of the present time, absorbing the largest amount of capital, and having outstanding the greatest volume of obligations, are the results of wants which were not felt or could not be gratified before there had been a large surplus of savings above current needs. As Bagehot put it, in discussing the growth of capital: "A citizen of London in Queen Elizabeth's time could not have imagined our state of mind; he would have thought that it was of no use inventing railways (if he could have understood what a railway meant), for you would not have been able to collect the capital with which to make them."

A glance at the list of the corporations which represent the thirty-five billions of capital thus absorbed in the United States will show that a very large proportion carry on enterprises which were not thought of a century ago, — as the steam railways, $12,500,000,000; street railways, $3,000,000,000; telegraphs and telephones, $750,000,000; electric light and power plants, $725,000,000; and gas plants, $765,000,000. Even under the classifications which do not deal so obviously with new enterprises, analysis would show that a large percentage of them, as in manufacturing enterprises, are also producing things which were not produced in commercial quantities in earlier times. On the other hand, some enterprises which were not in early days managed by corporations, like the slaughter of beef, the packing of meat, and the manufacture of iron and steel, have passed to some extent from the control of individuals and small firms into that of corporations. In many lines of manufacturing also, as of cheap watches and jewelry, carpets, writing and newspaper stock, while the wants filled are not absolutely new, the application of improved machinery by large corporations has permitted a great extension of the market by permitting manufacture at prices within the reach of those who would not have had the means to acquire such articles before the adoption of modern corporate methods of producing them.

Our present equipment in the comforts of life would hardly have been possible without the mechanism of machine production which depends upon the stock company. Through the corporation form of organization, it has become possible for the rivulets of small savings to blend in a broad stream, whose great power is directed by captains of finance and industry. Among the advantages claimed for negotiable securities by an eminent French

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economist in a recent publication are:[1]—

(1) By dividing properties into coupons of moderate value, they permit the investment without difficulty of sums as low as one hundred dollars or even twenty dollars. These securities, therefore, correspond to varying degrees of fortune, and one's savings may thus be applied profitably as they accumulate without waiting until they reach a large amount.

(2) The larger part of these securities are quoted on organized markets, like the stock exchanges. The market fluctuations are the subject of daily quotations, immediately reproduced in the journals, which enable the capitalist and even the smallest investor to follow the fluctuations of his fortune and safeguard it. He is warned by the variations in the quotations of the opinion which the capitalist holds of the securities in which he is interested.

(3) Thanks to these daily or frequent quotations, the investor is able to negotiate his securities whenever he feels the need or desire, at rates which are not mysterious or uncertain. He can scarcely be deceived, at least as to the leading securities, by intermediaries. While the fluctuations are frequent, they are — at least over a brief period and under normal conditions — of no great range.

(4) The cost of buying and selling securities is modest. This is of more importance perhaps in Europe than in America, in view of the heavy taxes levied in Europe upon real estate transfers; and the distinction has been diminished to some extent in the United States by the heavy tax laid by the New York legislature in 1905 upon the sale of stocks, even of low nominal value.

(5) The revenues from negotiable securities, at least the principal ones, are paid at fixed periods and at numerous public places. Bankers and trust companies assume the obligation to pay them at all principal points.

(6) The owner of securities may always retain them under his own eye, either in his own strong box or in a safe deposit box. He thus escapes undesirable scrutiny of his possessions, as well as reduces to a minimum the risks of fire and theft. If he prefers, he may, however, intrust the collection of his dividends at a trifling commission to a bank, which will, without trouble to him, carry them to the credit of his account.

(7) Negotiable securities, at least the principal ones, are acceptable in the settlement of dowries as the equivalent of money, and may be divided conveniently by heirs without being marketed.

Amplifying the advantages of securities over other forms of property, the French author points out that those that are regularly quoted permit a man to determine the known value of his property, whereas if it is in lands or houses, the real value may be ten or twenty per cent below the figures at which he puts it. Lands or houses also cannot be easily subdivided; and if the proprietor has need of money, even to only a tenth of the value, he is obliged to sell the whole property or to pledge it for mortgage, which advertises his position to the public.

These obvious practical advantages of the negotiable security as an investment grow out of certain fundamental distinctions in its character from other forms of property. While investing in a property which is in itself fixed in character, the owner of a negotiable security is not himself bound, as he would be in a private partnership, to keep his capital employed in this particular investment until a purchaser can be found for the entire plant. The negotiable security has the peculiar quality of representing the application of capital in a permanent manner to productive enterprise, while at the same time leaving such capital in a form capable of transfer as to ownership almost as simply and directly as the transfer of deposits in a bank. What is really fixed capital in an economic sense becomes transferable in the hands of the holder of shares, almost as readily as if it were free

[1] Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, *L'Art de Placer et Gérer sa Fortune*. Paris, 1906.

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capital in the form of money. This advantage in the form of holding property has afforded an outlet for the employment of the great savings of the modern industrial era, which would have been found clumsily and with difficulty under the system of investment in individual enterprises or by private partnerships.

Those negotiable securities which represent the property of a joint stock company usually possess another peculiar characteristic in permitting investment by small capitalists without the assumption of too large a risk. This quality arises from the legal principle of limited liability. If the small capitalist could invest in a railway in the same way only as in an unlimited business partnership, involving liability of his entire property for the default of the railway corporation, he would hesitate long before he would make such an investment. He would reflect, if he were familiar with economic history, upon the unfortunate experience of the shareholders in the Scotch banks, who, in the crisis of 1879, lost their entire fortunes, even where they were small holders, because they were liable individually for the entire debts of the institution in which they were partners. To guard against such risks, and to invite capital from hoards into productive use, civilized states have sanctioned, in regard to the ownership of corporations, the principle of limited liability. By this principle the securities held by an individual represent on his part a liability limited to the amount actually invested, or in some cases (as in the case of national banks in the United States) a further limited liability in the form of a definite *pro rata* assessment. As the result of this limitation, the investor is enabled to calculate when he makes the investment the maximum of potential risk which he assumes.

Without some such device it would have been difficult to induce the owners of savings to contribute to the great funds of capital which have revolutionized modern industry and commerce by permitting the creation of enterprises far beyond the means of an individual. Incidentally the security of such investments has been made stronger by another principle of corporation law, — that corporations have an artificial body and continuous life, not dependent upon the health or life of a single individual. This gives a permanency to such an investment, and a degree of security which cannot be found in this form in an individual partnership, whose organization may be completely changed by the death or withdrawal of one or more of the partners.

Negotiable securities, then, constitute one of the most important parts of the mechanism of modern finance. By their aid manufacturing upon a great scale has become possible, cheapening and multiplying the essential comforts of civilized life; all parts of the earth have been bound together by bands of steel or floating ocean palaces; the inventor, the manufacturer, and the banker have been enabled to transfer the resources of the older countries to new and untried lands.

It is not surprising that in the distribution of such a vast amount as one hundred billions of dollars in this fascinating and flexible new form of wealth, — chiefly the product of our own generation, — mistakes have been made, dangerous risks have been taken, and the manifold possibilities of wealth concentration and ease of transfer involved in the issue of securities have translated themselves in the dazzled eyes and minds of promoters into direct wealth creation. That the state should intervene to establish rules for converting property into this facile form, and to protect investors alike against intentional fraud and self-deception, is natural and proper; but in the long run it is the evolution of the new system itself in the hands of those who have created it — the pioneers in industrial and financial development — which must be depended upon to purge it of weaknesses, to give solidity, steadiness of value, and certainty to its creations, and to perfect still further one of the most potent factors in the progress of modern society.

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BEATI MORTUI

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Blessed the dead in spirit, our brave dead
Not passed, but perfected:
Who tower up to mystical full bloom
From self, as from a known alchemic tomb;
Who out of wrong
Run forth with laughter and a broken thong;
Who win from pain their strange and flawless grant
Of peace anticipant;
Who late wore cerements of sin, but now,
Unbound from foot to brow,
Gleam in and out of cities, beautiful
As sun-born colors of a forest pool,
When Autumn sees
The walnuts splash in, from her thinning trees.

Though wondered-at of some, yea, feared almost
As any chantry ghost,
How sight of these, in hermitage or mart,
Makes glad a wistful heart!
For life's apologetics read most true
In spirits risen anew,
Like larks in air,
To whom flat earth is all a heavenward stair;
They from yon parapet
Scorn every mortal fret,
And rain their sweet bewildering staves
Upon our furrow of fresh-delvèd graves.

If thus to have trod and left the wormy way
Leaves men so wondrous gay,
So stripped and free and potently alive,
Who would not his infirmity survive,
And bathe in victory, and come to be
As blithe as ye,
Saints of the ended wars? Ah, greeting give;
Turn not, too fugitive;
But hastening towards us, hallow the foul street,
And sit with us at meat;
And of your courtesy, on us unwise
Fix oft those purer eyes,

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Till in ourselves who love them, dwell
The same sure light ineffable;
Till they who walk with us in after years,
Forgetting time and tears
(As we with you), shall sing all day instead,
"How blessed are the dead!"

THE TICKET FOR ONA

BY E. S. JOHNSON

At thirty, Poul Zellak was a boy. He had worked all night, and the March dawn was raw to flesh tempered to the even climate of the lower coal seams; nevertheless, when he came home to find his boarding place in cinders, he very coolly perched on the opposite fence, laughed once, and began to whistle.

"Matthias Obeloskie and his wife and the hired girl saved everything, everything!" Mrs. Proutas had announced to him in the street. "It caught from the house next door; they had plenty of time. Everything! The pieces of stove-pipe, even! The shelves and hooks out of cupboards! Also a few doors."

It was at this that Poul had laughed; doors made such ridiculous salvage from the wreck of a home. His own trunk and his clothing were of course safe with the other furnishings somewhere, and he did not worry about them. The fire company were in charge of the embers of two houses and needed no assistance from him. Doubtless one could find a place to eat and a place to wash and sleep when the necessity grew pressing; meantime, life was such a varied game!

Poul perched, therefore, and looked the crowd over with an appreciative eye. It was six o'clock, and the hue of rising day revealed some oddities. The Italian woman next door to the burned house knelt in her gate-space burning candles before a holy picture. There was a neighbor in trousers and shoes, and another sheltering bare legs under an overcoat; both of these men had instinctively clapped on miner's caps, and lighted the lamps to facilitate sight-seeing in the darkness of a four-o'clock alarm.

To Zellak, sitting thus at ease, knees drawn up, face and clothing sooty, cap shoved back revealing a line of forehead under straight hair redder than his lamp-flame, there appeared Mrs. Obeloskie. She was weeping. She addressed him between sobs.

"Our home, Poul! Seven years in that house! Our home is gone! Everything gone, — perished!"

"Hardly that," spoke Poul, genially. "You only rented the house. People tell me you saved everything of ours."

"Everything! Every stick, every dish. They are out in the street there. Oh, sorrow comes by night! — Veronika is up there sitting on them now, our trunks and our best clothes and the clock."

"That's a fine woman, Marta; oh, you did well, well! Stop crying. Nobody is hurt, nobody is dead. Nobody but the house-boss is any poorer. Why, it is no more for you than a moving. Thus, why trouble yourself?"

"The saints have forgotten me! Ah, ah!"

"They'll remember you by afternoon, though. The house-bosses will be in their offices by half-past eight, and you and

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your man can go over to them and rent a house. I will stay and help keep the children and the things."

"Ah, the children! Five little mites, and no home!"

"Then you can hire a wagon and ride back in it. We will load in the things and move. It will be settled in no time."

"Ai, no, no, no!" screamed the matron in crescendo of mounting distress. "How little you know about it! There is no house!"

Poul laughed cheerfully. "Oh, but there are always houses."

"There is no house. That empty one next to ours, the one that burned down first, was the only house left. I know! I know! My cousin, Mary Darszas, tried to change houses Saturday, and could not. That was the only empty one. The bosses told her so."

"What a position!" cried Zellak. He laughed out, heartily and long. "I suppose, then, we shall have to live in a barn? Why did n't you think of that before you saved the beds and tables and the pork-barrel? God, we should be better off without them, should n't we?"

Mrs. Obeloskie wept on, mopping her eyes with the corner of her shawl.

"Ah, trouble comes by night! — Yes, the furniture will be put in the English baker's barn on the corner; he told Matthias he would hire him a place for a dollar a month. The boys will go with Matthias and board in some house near their work. I — oh, like a widow with orphans — I go to my cousin's house down in Keckley. Five little children, and no home!" She sobbed again.

"There, Marta, do not give up to despair. Things will change, see. We'll be at home yet, just as we used to be."

"But it is necessary," pursued the matron, "for Veronika to go with you. You must get married with her now instead of later. There is no room at my cousin's. And nobody I can hear of wants a hired girl."

Poul's hands went deep into his pockets with a jerk. He laughed out blithely once, then fell silent. He jumped to the sidewalk.

"I have arranged it all. Come, we must talk it over with her, see. She can stay at Agalaskie's house for the wedding, and then you two will board over at Alena Popko's cousin's house, on Corn Hill just by your mine. That is convenient, not?"

"She will?" cried Poul Zellak. A thrill of more than gayety rang in his voice.

"This way," ordered Marta Obeloskie. She turned up the street. The tall fellow went behind her, shoulders swinging, red hair vivid in the flare of his mine lamp.

Veronika Boslas had been in America seven months, and her old-country clothes lasted with the endurance of homespun. Her small wages barely supplied a gala wardrobe, so that the Kovno dress, a dark brown woollen thing, plain, stiff, ugly, had to be her work-day uniform. She sat upon a large trunk, her feet braced on a smaller one, and braided her great rope of ash-brown hair. Comb and hairpins were in her lap.

Custom gives the "hired girl" almost a mother's authority over the children in a Lithuanian family. Veronika had all five of the Obeloskies with her, well-wrapped, sleepy, docile, though frightened; they sat or stood among the bundles, holding to her dress.

Veronika was nineteen, of medium height, slender, colorless, not pretty. There dwelt about her, nevertheless, a curious femininity, a rare appeal.

As Mrs. Obeloskie and Poul approached her through the crowd she saw them. Her hands let the thick braid fall on her shoulder and rested motionless with locked fingers across her breast. She met Poul's eyes and smiled. There was no timidity in her air, nor shyness, nor elation; she sat untroubled, the eternal type of women who wait passive upon destiny.

Poul's soot-masked face was blank of expression. Only his eyes in the uncertain gray of dawn held a dark brilliance,

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distinct against the lighter iris as a dagger point shows black against the silvered glimmer of its blade.

"I have told him all about the plan," Mrs. Obeloskie cried, designating Zellak with a twist of the thumb as she penetrated through the outer defense of chairs and tables.

"You are willing, Veronika?"

Poul's breath came short as if he had been running, and his voice rasped in his throat.

The girl smiled again, an age-old shadow of submissive melancholy touching her features for an instant. One of the Obeloskie twins, a sturdy toddler, rolled to his knees on the table and steadied himself by her hair in the effort to gain his feet. Veronika loosed the clutching baby hands and helped the boy upright.

Half of Carson's Hollow shared the spectacle with him, but Poul felt something tighten in his throat and in his breast, — a need that in all his careless years had never stung before. Pretty girls, jolly girls, had come and gone, laughed and danced with him, and been forgotten. Now this pale lass had grown to stand for all that was clear womanly.

"You wish it?" he repeated huskily.

"Oh, I suppose so. It would come sometime, and one day is much like another. Besides, the house is burned."

"To-day is Friday. She can stay at my house, and you can begin the wedding Monday," pronounced Mrs. Agalaskie. "You can get married at the squire's office on Tuesday; then there will be no waiting for the priest to read your names in church."

"How black your face is, Red Thatch," Veronika commented. "And where is there left to wash? We have soap and a tub, but no house nor hot water. What will you do?"

"I'm glad it burned, — yes, if I had to go black till Sunday!" cried Zellak, recovering his voice. "I waited long enough for this to happen, you see."

The women laughed. "Polite, your man is, Veronika," Mrs. Agalaskie affirmed, turning away.

Poul Zellak passed through the barricade and seated himself upon the kitchen table, close to the girl, half facing her. He restrained the active twin in the crook of his elbow while he talked.

"Some day, with luck, I'll give you a house of your own, girl."

"That will be years away, I think," Veronika said, smiling, lashes bent on her pale cheek.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe. But I suppose you can save my pay better than I can."

"I have learned the American money, of course. But I understand no English."

"Oh, that is easy! You will learn. Why, if I talk it to you evenings, — or afternoons, every day, when I come from work —"

His voice trembled oddly, and he stopped.

"I am very stupid, and I shall often make you angry," continued Veronika.

"Not angry; not angry. There are other things than anger."

The girl's wide gaze questioned a dim world, a world of black and gray, dreary under the March fog to its far horizons; a world untried, mysterious. She shivered a little in the raw air. Poul Zellak saw the look; and though in his heart he knew himself to be a part of that cold outer desolation upon which she strained her eyes he yearned to shelter her upon his breast.

"At home, — in the old country, that is, — my brother Jonas used to beat his wife with a stick and a strap from the harness. At the time he brought her to the house he did not; but it began later. When he was taken for a soldier she cursed him as he went out of the house-door. But afterwards he came back from Pordarta so white and thin and eating nothing, and she wept bitterly, and kissed him many times those days before he died. I saw that myself. She hated him, but at the end the hate faded away."

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Poul stared at the ground, gripping the table-edge hard with both hands. He laughed out shortly.

"You'll not hate me."

"Perhaps, yes; perhaps, no. How can one tell about strangers?"

"I will not beat you with —" He choked upon the sacrilege.

"I hope not," cried Veronika, flashing a little wicked smile over his downcast sincerity. "How I shall cry, if you begin!"

"For one thing, I will not drink after the day of my own wedding. The less beer I have the better I shall know how to behave. It's a good time to stop, also, because after years one gets too fond of it to leave off."

"But a man has to do *something* that is wrong and wastes his money!" the girl protested. "It is necessary. Why, they all do! Else, see, they would be like women!"

"Oh, I always waste enough," he answered her. "No danger. And I can still smoke; tobacco is left."

"Right."

"Veronika," he broke out, bending towards her, speaking low and very earnestly, "you do not hate me?"

"No. Why should I? You are good-natured; you never hurt me. When I had supper late, you laughed. When I burned your shirt with the iron you laughed again. Oh, no!"

"You like me? You like me well?"

"Why, yes. You are kind to me; you took me to balls and the show oftener than any of the others. And anyway, it seems I am to marry you. Marta Obeloskie arranged it."

"You like me better than the others, then?"

"Maybe, Poul."

"Better than the Russian? Better than Vincas Juozapaitis too?"

"Well, no," admitted Veronika. The hidden coquetry of her nature came to the surface, as sometimes before when Poul had pressed her hard. "Just as those two, — I like you just about as well!"

Zellak swore mightily. "I'll break their backs!"

"In that case, maybe there would be only one man left to like. Or, if it happened the other way in my heart, perhaps I should lie under their coffins and go carrying flowers all day to their graves."

"Anyhow," argued the man, "you will not marry them."

"Matthias and Marta say I had better take you."

Poul Zellak looked her full in the eyes. The day was brighter now, and unmistakably his lips were trembling.

"Tuesday," he told her, below his breath. "Tuesday."

"Poul!" cried Mrs. Agalaskie shrilly from the group of matrons just outside. "Hi, Poul! You will have to go to-morrow to buy the wedding dress. You may as well go to Cranston and get the license on the same trip."

"You can get a ready-made dress which will do; that is best, for there is no time to hire a dressmaker," a second neighbor advised.

"They will change the dress to fit the bride as if it was made for her."

"And she needs the veil, and shoes, and nice white gloves!" another cried.

"I will see to the dinner, Poul, and the beer," said Mrs. Agalaskie. "You can pay me out of the money that comes in at the wedding, for I know Veronika has none."

"A wedding dress, a silk one, and two wrappers to work in, will be enough for her," pronounced Mrs. Obeloskie, elbowing herself forward to a position of authority. "You listen to me! I know what she needs. You may as well save your money for furniture and children and house-rent and useful things. If a squire marries you, you do not really need a veil. Still, that can be got for two dollars, and it looks sweeter."

"It looks sweeter," Veronica echoed. Her love of soft fabrics and gay raiment was inborn and passionate, primitive as her charm itself. "Poul Zellak, how much money I shall cost you!"

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"Dear God!" cried the bridegroom, coming out of a horrified daze to look from face to face in the vain hope of sympathy. "I — I *have* no money!"

"No money?" shrieked the mothers in chorus.

"None. At least —" He drew out a buckskin purse, poured a handful of change into his palm, and counted it hurriedly. "I have a dollar and forty-one cents!" he announced despairingly.

"A dollar forty-one!" cried Mrs. Agalaskie.

"To get married on!" Mrs. Proutas groaned.

"To buy his girl the dresses on!"

"The license alone is fifty cents, and the two tickets to Cranston and back, to go and get it, are sixty cents more! That leaves nothing at all to pay a squire."

"I can borrow a dollar to pay the squire," spoke Zellak. He knew as the words left his tongue how hopeless the case was, how prejudiced the jury.

"He's spent all his pay in a week!" one woman cried: her tone was an indictment.

"I — you see, I did n't expect the house to burn down," explained the culprit. "I — I did n't know — I did n't think — Oh, I don't know how I spent it all, — but it seems to be gone. I did n't count. — Only I was n't drunk; I know that."

"He does n't know where he spent two weeks' pay!" repeated a voice of horror.

Unexpectedly, at this dreadful moment Veronika came to the rescue.

"I could," said she, with tears in her eyes, "be married without a wedding dress, I suppose. My Sunday clothes, Marta, would do. *If* they had to."

Poul in the fervor of a generous heart blessed her for that saying. But in an instant Mrs. Obeloskie had turned even this kindness to his further undoing.

"If they had to! But he has money. He has money in the bank. I saw his book."

"Oh-h!" said the bride.

"I have," Zellak told her. "Thirty dollars; thirty is all."

The circle seemed to his desperate eyes to be full of nodding heads, buzzing with whispers. — "Two weeks' pay — thirty dollars in the bank. Enough to buy one dress, though, for his girl. Enough to buy shoes and a hat. — Unless he's too stingy to draw it out."

"But that money is not to be spent. Not to be touched!" he repeated doggedly. "Not a cent to be touched."

"You could put it back, Poul, from the wedding money."

"I don't know. I might not, and I cannot run a risk in this thing. That was for a ticket, an old-country ticket, and I have been saving it four months. From my next pay I will take eighteen dollars more, and that will be enough."

"Four months!" said one matron.

"What's the hurry, after so long?" cried Mrs. Agalaskie.

"Whom is it for, Poul?" Veronika's voice demanded.

"A ticket for Ona," he returned. A great longing was upon him to make her plead, even by one word, and so to give up his bank-book and his pledge to her use, staking all things to win or lose in the game of happiness. Yet even as the yearning tortured him, he knew he should not yield.

"And who is Ona? A woman?"

Veronika's voice was silky, but she came to her feet before his eyes transfigured. Her lower lip showed her little teeth; her left hand stroked her right with leopard softness; her glance burned.

"My sister. My little sister. She has to come away from the old country; she sent me word she was unhappy there. Almost starving, some weeks. There is more war than rye now. She is my little sister. Twenty years old by now, and I've not seen her in twelve years."

"Four months," spoke Veronika, still with that gentleness. "One week, two weeks, is no great time to wait, after four months. And you know I too have nowhere to go."

The man shook his head. "I send her the ticket," he repeated. "She is only a

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child. I told her I would send the ticket."

"Then," said the promised bride, "I will not be married with you unless you get me the wedding dress and the veil. My Sunday clothes will *not* do, Poul Zellak! You have money enough to afford one of us or the other. Now choose."

"I must send the ticket."

"I will marry the Russian, then! He is the finer, bigger man, anyway."

"I choose," said Poul Zellak, slowly.

His head dropped upon his breast. He took off his cap to brush a hand across his forehead; it was full day by now, and mechanically he blew out his lamp-flame.

Then without speaking, he drew from inside his shirt a bunch of keys, went forward to where his trunk stood upon the ground, unlocked and opened it. An armful of his possessions lay upon a chair at one side; he shut them in; then closed and strapped the trunk.

Poul was a strong man. He lifted the awkward burden, set it with some difficulty over his shoulders and upon his back. Then, bending under the load, he turned out of the circle and down the street. The last sounds that he heard were the sobs of the Obeloskie twins and Veronika's mocking, wicked little laugh.

Zellak found himself another boarding place before noon, and this time it was as near as possible to his work. A widow, a Lithuanian woman, kept the house. She was bitterly poor. Two boys, lads of thirteen and fourteen, earned for her; to buy food for them, four babies, and herself, she took three boarders in her five-room dwelling. It was a comfortless place, bare and dirty. Even in the first bitterness of his flight, Poul vowed to himself that he would not endure his shed-loft beyond the week.

Nevertheless, upon the evening of pay-day his soft heart had the better of his judgment. He came from the mine to find wailing and confusion in the house; the baby, poor starveling, had died of croup, and the girl next older had sickened. Mrs. Lapaitis, mad with grief, alone and penniless, dared not call a doctor or an undertaker. Poul, with thirty-seven dollars in his pocket, could not stand aloof. He paid his bill for the week and a month's board in advance; then, the total seeming yet pathetically small, a donation of three dollars toward the funeral expenses. Afterwards he fled the premises for the day.

On Main Street, there was the legless blind man, human wreckage of a blast gone wrong. The secretary of a Lithuanian society was buttonholing his countrymen for contributions to a patriotic fund. A foreman from Corn Hill mine was gathering "a bit for poor Tom, now, seeing he'll never walk a step again."

Poul denied nobody, and quarters and half-dollars drained steadily away. Then there were shoes to buy, and a mine-drill. Later there was a cocking-main in a stable yard: whereat the wasteful Zellak won two bets, lost five, and bought a cock at the owner's price to save it from being entered in a second match with its breast cut open.

This diversion being pleasantly ended, Poul bandaged the rooster, found a home for his new dependent in a friend's chicken-yard, and hurried to the bank just before closing hour. He was able to add five dollars to the fund for Ona's ticket. Forty cents remained, his pocket money for the next two weeks.

Early spring became midsummer; and still, resolve as he would, the history of that first pay-day duplicated itself again and again. Sometimes it was clothing to be bought, instead of the Lapaitis funeral. Sometimes it was a loan to one in need, or a police-court fine paid for a man who had wife and children and must keep to his job. Then for a month the mines worked less than half time. The fund in the savings bank never grew less, but it grew very, very slowly more. Ona had ceased sending those letters which the Jew marketman wrote for her. Poul meant to save for her, of course, as a dutiful brother should; but money would slip away so easily.

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Veronika he had not seen through all this time. If an inward heaviness of heart drove him to reckless pleasure-seeking while money lasted, at least he had the strength of mind to keep away from her. He knew that she had not married Vincas Juozapaitis; and the Russian had left town. But with which family she lived, and on what street, he did not ask.

That summer grew into August before Zellak had the forty-eight dollars necessary for his sister's passage. Then, on the eve of buying the money order and so fulfilling his brotherly duty, the unlucky youth engaged in a combat and landed himself in hospital. The details of this encounter were, in fact, highly creditable both to his heart and to his reputation as a fighter; but its result was inconvenient. Now, with forty-eight dollars at last in bank and forty dollars due him from his latest pay, he was flat upon his back on a cot. Even yet the ticket was not sent!

Eppley Hospital was overfull because of those "mine-gas cases" which so abound during the fogs of March and August. Burned men and surgical patients filled the wards; hearty Poul Zellak was sewed, bandaged, and made beautiful with sticking plaster, and then encamped in an east corridor out of the way. Here upon the first visitors' afternoon a girl found him.

She was a slender thing, pale, with ash-brown hair; she wore her Sunday best, a blue lawn dress that drooped over her shoulders into many ruffles. Her face had the dutiful look of a child who carries out some one else's orders.

"You!" cried Poul. "You!" He stammered unaccountably, then ended in a lame commonplace. "It's a long time."

Veronika did not answer. She dropped upon her knees beside the low cot. Her eyes held with an anguished fascination to the stained bandages, the strips of plaster on his cheek. The instinct of mother-wolf and mother-woman woke to do battle for the helpless.

"Poul! Your poor face! Who did it?"

"Oh, nobody," returned the hero with a shaky laugh. With his one good hand he laid her palms against his cheek and forehead, feeling their trembling in delicious pain. "I ran away from a few Dagoes and fell in a blackberry patch."

"I know better!" spoke Veronika tartly. "I was sent to your house to bring you an old-country letter that Marta Obeloskie had been keeping for a week. I saw that widow, that homely Lapaitis thing, and she told me all about it. She told me that you had killed three. — Oh, Poul, do you suppose there will be scars? All these places?"

"No more scars than dead men. Not a scar."

The fact fell upon Veronika's impulse as a rebuff. "Oh! I am glad they do not hurt you, of course." She drew away one hand and leaned well back upon her heels.

"They hurt a good deal, now I think of it," sighed Poul.

It was an inspiration. Veronika's look melted with a thousand little curves and coquetries.

"Your head aches, my poor quarreler?" she asked. She lifted the affected member upon her arm and drew over till his forehead lay upon her breast; the blue ruffles brushed his eyelids at every heartbeat.

With the appeal of a child, big Poul threw his unwounded arm up and about her neck, so clinging.

"Yes. But forget I said it, Veronika. A man is supposed to be strong and not to mind getting hurt. And I do so love to fight, I never think how it will feel, till afterwards!"

Together they opened the foreign letter, after a time. It was in a strange handwriting, but in the Lithuanian language. It read brief and to the point as Zellak rendered its phrases for the girl's benefit.

"Since writing to you before, brother, I have gone to live in Germany. I am

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married with a German Pole, Jonas Sarlitz. But he can talk our language like our own people. He used to come smuggling from Germany and so I knew him first. He has a nice house and some land. He has only his mother living with him so he is very well-to-do. He is writing this letter so I will not talk about him more than I have said already. My health is good; I hope yours also.

ONA.

"Address to Jan Sarlitz, Grafschnee by Inklen, East Prussia."

And the date upon the letter was the first of June!

"So she's not coming to America," Veronika summed up. "Poul, you sent that ticket too slowly."

"Married to a stranger!" groaned the prostrate hero.

"God, but a woman has to do something!" Veronika urged. "If the village was all bad, and she did not like Russia, and she could not get to America in weeks and weeks, why — What would you expect, eh?"

"Perhaps so," Poul admitted. "Still, not all women marry. You, now, — you waited, did n't you, Veronika? You did not marry the Russian? The fine big man of a Russian."

Veronika blushed,

"That is different. You see, I was not anxious — about seeing America — "

"Always a nice child, she was; I wish she had got here. Still, in a way, it is lucky after all. We have that money for the dresses. You shall have a proper wedding this time, my flower."

"You can get the money back from the ticket company? Refunded? Is it that kind of a ticket?"

"Not refunded," Poul mumbled. "I never sent it, yet. There is enough money at last; I was just intending to — I would buy it yesterday — "

"Yesterday! Ah, you are red in the face, Poul, and no wonder! For shame! Yesterday! She is three months married now."

"Well, I tried," urged the spendthrift. "I really tried. But something would always happen to my dollars. However, it is all for the best. And I can save much better when I am married."

"Oh, Poul, Poul, Poul!" sighed Veronika blissfully. "How you do need to have somebody to look after your ways!"

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THE PEACE-TEACHING OF HISTORY

BY J. N. LARNED

THE staple of History has always been War. Exhibiting the most forceful as well as the most brutal activity of men, it has shaped most of the primary conditions of life for all communities of the human race. In some way it has determined the career of most nations, from beginning to end.

Personally, in all ages, men have given themselves sacrificially to war more devotedly than to anything else. Collectively, in their tribes and in their corporate states, nations, and empires, they have given to nothing else such assiduous thought and care. For nothing else have they striven so untiringly to perfect themselves. To no other art have they ever applied so much of their minds and their means. To no other purpose have the resources of their knowledge been so strained, from the first rudiments of primitive invention down to the latest attainments of the science of the present hour. Their armies, their fleets, their weapons, their military systems, whether barbaric or feudal or modern, have always exemplified the highest constructive and organizing attainments of the latest day.

War, then, represents the most continuous, the most universal, the most impassioned and energetic of the collective undertakings and activities of mankind throughout the long past. It has exercised them in intellect and feeling, trained the natural forces in them, worked upon their ambitions, moulded national character among them, far more than any other. Of all subjects in history, therefore, it calls for the gravest treatment, and, as a rule, it is not so treated. It supplies to history, as a mere tale of the adventures of man in the world, the more enlivening elements of the story, the more dramatic situations, the more fascinating actors; but, as having a distinct and immense importance in itself, apart from its incidents and apart from the personalities concerned in it, — as being a tremendously dominating influence in history, to be investigated and profoundly considered as such, — how often is it brought to our consciousness by anything we find in a historical work?

The writers and teachers of history lead us into every other special field of human action and make us attentive to the particularities of its importance; to the influences that have worked in it, for and against the welfare and advancement of mankind; to the causes and consequences that are traceable into and from it through wide surroundings of social condition and event. We are stopped thus everywhere in the presentations of history, to contemplate governments, religions, movements of trade, industry, invention, growths of literature and art. But it is not often that we are brought to the same consideration of what, in their nature and their importance, the influences and the consequences of war have been.

Yet all other influences and consequences have been secondary and subordinate to those of war. When we examine the constitutions and institutions of national government, we find more of their provisions and adjustments directed to anticipated contingencies of war than to any other object for which nations organize their rule. Four of the seven articles of our Federal Constitution as it was framed originally, and eight of the twenty-three sections into which they are divided, contain something of reference to that contingency. Eleven of the thirty-

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two clauses which define the legislative and executive powers of the general government and those withheld from the states are concerned with the same. Elsewhere in the world, the organization and preparation of nations for conflict with one another enter into the construction of their governments in a measure far greater than this.

When we look at religions in their historical exhibition, we find them moving the greatest masses of men to the greatest animation when their differences have furnished pretexts for war; and we might be taught that very much of what goes into history under the name and show of religion is only the war-passion disguised. But how often are we led to see it so?

When we turn to the scrutiny of commerce as an active agent in the making of history we see a different but even larger intermixture of its incentives and workings with those of war. The two coarse passions, the combative and the acquisitive, which can be the most powerful in human nature if not mastered by moral and intellectual strains, have been in alliance from the beginning of the social state, each using the other for the satisfactions it has craved. The warriors have always been eager and busy in the service of the traders, to break openings for their reaping in wider fields, and the traders have always been ready to give them that employ.

When we study the sciences and the industrial arts in their relation to the historical activities of mankind, they amaze us and grieve us by the alacrity of their devotion to the purposes of battle. It may be that as much knowledge and invention has gone, first and last, to the easing and bettering of the conditions of life in the world as has gone to the production of guns, projectiles, explosives, mines, torpedoes, fortifications, battleships, armies; but that is far from sure.

As for literature, if we should separate all that it has drawn from war of incident, inspiration, motive, color, excited imagination and emotion, would there be a remaining half of equal spirit and power? I fear not.

It is, then, the hideous fact of the recorded past of mankind, that its exhibit of men in battle, or planning and preparing themselves for battle, or glorying in memories of battle, is the most persistent and conspicuous exhibition that it has to make. It is the most hideous of historical facts, but its hideousness is not made impressive to us in history, as history is too commonly written and taught. It ought to fill us so with horror and pain that the shows and trumpetings, the heroic and tragic romance, which garnish it and disguise the underlying savagery of it, could never divert our thought from its meaning of shame to the human race; but it does not.

I think the main cause of this is not far to seek. Each generation of the past, in leaving its records to posterity, has left them permeated with its own feelings and judgments — its own estimates and valuings of men and things — its own admirations — its own ideals. These carry an influence which has stayed more or less through all the centuries, in the impression which historical reading and study have made on successive generations of mankind. To this day it is hard for us to think of what was done in ancient Judea or Greece or Rome with feelings that are really fit and natural to the moral and rational state of the modern mind. Our ethical and logical standards, considered abstractly, at least, differ widely from those of the pre-Christian ages; but how easily we can read the Hebrew chronicles and the Greek and Roman histories, with no more than half-consciousness of the difference, and with less than half-consciousness of the moral infidelity, which this involves!

It is only by a determined effort that we can realize how much of a coloring from primitive ideals of excellence and primitive conceptions of right has been carried down the current of written history, and how much of modern feeling takes a tone

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from it that is untrue to modern knowledge and belief. Its most mischievous perversion is in the admirations it keeps alive, for actors in history who were naturally admirable to their own times, but who cannot with reason be admirable to us. The heroes of an age and a people who imagined for divinity itself nothing loftier than the attributes of the gods of Olympus ought not to be the heroes of a generation which looks to Jesus of Nazareth as the perfected man; but what homage we pay even yet to the memory of men in Greek and Roman history who looked heroic to their contemporaries because they fought with surpassing valor and strength, whatever the object, whatever the motive, whatever the consequences of their fighting might be!

In the early stages of civilization, when social order is but beginning to take form, strife is a normal exercise of body, will, intellect, and energy in men; and it is natural that they should look to it for the high tests of human superiority. To society in that state war could not look otherwise than glorious, because it afforded those glorifying tests; and Poetry was born then, in passionate song-bursts of admiration for the invincible warriors of the tribe. Those birth-songs of poetry, which glorified war and the heroes of war, in Homeric Greece, in the Rome of the kings and the early republic, in the younger ages of all peoples who have sung any songs of praise, seem to have been powerfully the carriers of that glorification, out of times and conditions in which they expressed a natural feeling into conditions and times in which the feeling was wholly natural no longer. From generation to generation poetry has inspired poetry, arousing the emotion that demands it for utterance, and each has sent forward its motives and its themes. In that way the primitive hero-motive of the poets went into history and has been projected through it, from first to last, with an influence much greater than we comprehend.

Of course that influence has always found lingering barbarisms of temper in large parts of all society to nourish it well; but *it* has nourished *them* even more, and they would not otherwise have kept the mischievous vitality they have to this day.

On the rational side of their nature men have always, in the process of civilization, been taking slowly into their understanding and belief a code of morality that would question every war, to find whether or no it could show on either side a necessity of defense that gave righteousness to that side; and that would put every hero of battle on trial, to learn what it was that he fought for and with what warrant he slew his fellow men. Civilization could not be a process of rational evolution if it did not work toward moral enlightenments like that. And it has. But feeling is stronger than reason in the majority of mankind, and antiquity, even primitive antiquity, has been able to transmit to us a thousand times more of its feelings than of its beliefs.

If history, in its large sense, embracing the whole literature of the past, serves as the vehicle of that transmission, the fault is our own; for it does not proffer to us from its cargoes what we are choosing to take. In all its showing of the conflicts of nations, races, parties, religions, its appeal to us intellectually is for abhorrence of one side or both sides of every war that ever was fought. It never justifies forgetfulness of the awful crime that is somewhere in every war, or indifference to the placing of the crime, or admiration for any performance of ability or bravery in the committing of the crime. If we permit ourselves to feel that indifference of admiration for deeds which morally indifferent generations in the past have called heroic, we are simply servile to traditional habits of feeling, and do a wicked violence to our own better knowledge of right.

And this tends to deprave the moral judgment we exercise on kindred deeds of our own time. If the blood-drenched

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figure of Napoleon shines heroical and glorious in the eyes of more than half of the people of the Christian world to-day, it is mainly because they see only his likeness in kind to Alexander of Macedon, to Julius Cæsar, to Charlemagne, and feel impelled by what we may call the habit of the ages to make their estimate of him correspond with the Greek, the Roman, and the mediæval estimate of them. Let us not blame history for bringing thus the barbaric standards of twenty centuries ago to the weighing and measuring of this modern prodigy of atavic barbarism. As much as we allow it to do so, history will keep to each age its own gauges of human quality, its own rules of conduct, its own heroes. When they are shifted out of place and bring confusions, perversions, distortions of moral sense into our view of events and of men in our own day, we do it ourselves; and in doing it we are false to the study and teaching of historical truth.

Not many of us go far enough in the following of Christ to feel that no wrong and no blow should be resisted, and that there can be no righteousness in war. But we cannot read history with just attention to motives in it and be doubtful of the wicked criminality of all wars on one or the other side, and of most wars on both sides. In many conflicts each party has persuaded itself that a righteous necessity compelled it to take arms; but the righteous necessity was never imperative to both; and the strict showing of history will concede it very seldom to either. Almost always, on the defensive as well as on the aggressive side of a war, there has been enough of wrongful temper, of needless provocation, of inward willingness for the sword, to burden it with a serious share of guilt.

We tried long to hold the fathers of this republic wholly blameless for the war in which they won its independence; but the farther we have been moved out of the atmosphere of their time the more impossible it has become for us not to see that some considerable excuses, at least, were given to the British government for the angry unwisdom of its measures, and that all the belligerent temper which exploded in a revolutionary war was not engendered in the cabinet and court of King George.

In like manner, the clarifying, cooling influence of time is working among us, in the North and in the South, a modification of our views of the sectional temper that was heated on each side to its conflagration in the terrible Civil War. Reason and just feeling compel us, in both sections, to see a large action of motives and excitements and instigations on both sides of the whole issue concerning slavery that were not purely patriotic, nor purely moral, nor purely from any unselfish conviction of right. I think there was never more of sincerity and pure motive in any war than in that; but it is clear to me that even that was an unnecessary war; because the best mind and the best feeling of the people never had control, on either side, of the discussion of the questions that led them into it. Influences more partisan than patriotic, and more of passion than of principle, were working for years to push the sections into conflict, and they did not work on one side alone.

We often say of the Civil War that it was inevitable; and that is true if we mean what Christ meant when He said, "It must needs be that offences come." In his thought He reckoned the inevitableness of wrong-doing among men, and was pointing to no necessity which they do not themselves create; for He added, "But woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." Of all offences to God and man, that of war is assuredly the blackest we know or can conceive; and if ever we find reason to say of any war that "it must needs be," let us take care to remember that men have made the need; that the woe and the crime of it are on their heads; and that we must not look for the whole guilt on one side.

History, written with truth and read with candor, carries this teaching always;

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and my plea is for graver attention to it than our tradition-colored habits of mind incline us to give. Especially in the introduction of the young to historical reading, it seems to me of great importance that we train them to a justly abhorrent attitude of mind toward war; to such an attitude of thought and feeling as will check the easy excitement of interest in armies and commanders and incidents of battle, awakening a moral and rational interest instead. If they read a story of war with the feeling that it is the story of somebody's or some nation's crime, they are sure to be moved to a judicial action of mind, and find their liveliest interest in searching out and apportioning the guilt. By this leading they can be carried into more or less critical studies of the moral, the political, and the economic antecedents of a war, scrutinizing the right and the wrong, the practical wisdom or the unwisdom, the true or the false reasoning, in public policy, in popular feeling, in the aims and measures of statesmen, that are discoverable to them in the doings and disputes that brought it about.

For example, in our own history, if young students of it, when they approach the occurrence of the War with Mexico, in 1846–47, are led to a serious examination of the circumstances which preceded it, not casually, as if they were only pursuing a common routine in the learning of facts, but with the especial attentiveness of a feeling that the conduct of their country is to be judged, as to its consistency with principles of right and plain rules of honor, the investigation cannot fail to interest them, generally, more than the mere story of the battles of the war. And it will give them new moral convictions, and a new conception of patriotism; for they will begin to see that a true lover of his country must care more for keeping uprightness and honor in the conduct of its government than for having victories in battle with other peoples to boast of, or for having conquered populations to rule, and conquered lands to cultivate, and conquered ports for extended commerce, and augmented wealth in conquered mines.

And when such young students discover, as they will, that the taint of dishonor, of false pretense, of iniquitous motive, is in all the procedure by which our government forced Mexico to engage in war with us; when they read the words of Benton, and of other honorable leaders of the party in power, who proclaimed and denounced the flagrant wickedness of its course, and when they note the emphasis of the vote in the elections by which a majority of the people condemned it, — then, if they are reminded of the value to us of California, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, and large parts of Colorado, Wyoming, and Arizona, with Texas stretched to the Rio Grande, which were our conquests in the war, and are asked, "How could we afford to do without them to-day?" — then, I say, they will be brought face to face with such a question as will probe their moral sense to its depths, and have, on the moral side of their education, a tremendous effect.

Can anything that a nation gains by a wantonly wicked, aggressive war be thought of by honest citizens as the justification of its war? Can a nation win covetable territory by means that would be criminal and shameful to an individual if he used them for winning his neighbor's lands, and yet not be criminal, or disgraced, or merit less from its citizens of their fealty and love? Can a man uphold his country in an aggressive war with less wrong-doing than if the aggression were his own? If such questions could be threshed out with earnest thoroughness, again and again, as they arise naturally in historical study, and in their bearing upon the facts of particular wars, I am sure that a new aspect would be given in another generation to the whole subject of war.

Now that the nations of the world are instituting a great, august tribunal for hearing and adjudicating disputes among

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them that threaten war, we may hope that it will become a prevailing natural habit, in the reading and study of history, to imagine a summoning of the authors of past wars to submit the grounds of their contentions to such a court. Apply that imagination, for example, to the abominable wars of the eighteenth century, in which half the world was desolated and tormented by thieves' quarrels among the monarchs and ministers of Europe, in the evil time of their unrestrained power! Apply it to the War of the Spanish Succession, or to the War of the Austrian Succession, or to the Seven Years' War! Imagine a bench of disinterested and honorable jurists attempting to give serious hearings and decisions as to whether Louis the Fourteenth may repudiate the solemn engagements that he entered into when he married the Infanta of Spain and joined her in renouncing all contingent claims to the Spanish crown; or whether Frederick the Great and his confederates may attack and despoil Maria Theresa, whose inheritance of the Austrian dominions of her father they had pledged themselves to uphold; or whether Maria Theresa and Catherine of Russia may revenge themselves on Frederick by organizing a powerful combination to carve and partition his kingdom!

There is no slightest open question between right and wrong to be found in the origin of one of those wars. There is nothing to argue about in the grounds on which they were fought. They offered, therefore, no case that could come before a tribunal like that of The Hague. And, what is more to be considered, no tribunal of that character could exist under the conditions which produced such wars. From which it follows, that the conditions producing a Hague tribunal are conditions that may fairly be expected to extinguish the possibility of wars as openly wicked as those into which Europe and colonial America were dragged by Louis the Fourteenth and Louis the Fifteenth of France and Frederick of Prussia called the Great. A generation that is able to contemplate the submission of its national disputes to a rational adjudication cannot easily be tolerant of a war that has no rationally debatable cause. We have gone far in the way of civilization within the past century and a half if we have come to this; and, realizing the advance, we realize how much of the actuality of civilization lies in the movement toward suppression of war.

Yet war has not only its tolerant apologists, who look upon it as a necessary evil, but its admiring upholders, who commend it as an exercise of energies and virtues in man which his best development requires. In their view he could not be manly if he did not sometimes fight like a wild beast. Courage, resolution, independence, love of liberty, would suffer decay. Rights no longer to be contended for and defended would be valued no more. Peace, in a word, would emasculate the race. Does history sustain such a view? Not at all. The peoples which have exercised their self-asserting energies most in war are the peoples in whom those energies went soonest and most surely to decay.

Among the strong nations of the ancient East, the Assyrian pursued the busiest, most constant career of war; and its end was the most absolute extinction, leaving the least mark of itself behind. What has value in the ruins of its buried cities is what it took from the more ancient Babylonia. Among the Greeks, it was the Spartans who illustrated the fruits of the culture of war; and how much of Greek influence in history came from them? The Romans were a great people, doing a great work in the world, — for how long? Till they had exhausted the forces of genius and character that were native in them by persisting in war; and the exhaustion had begun before the Republic went down and the Empire took its place. The Romans had then organized and given their name to a great incorporation of the energies of many other peoples, — Latin,

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Greek, Gallic, Germanic; but the freshening absorption only retarded and did not arrest the decay. If war could ever invigorate and better a people we should surely have seen the effect in the history of Rome, and, surely, we do not.

Among modern peoples the French have had the most of whatever culture war can give; and the French have a less hopeful future than any other important people in Europe to-day. On the other hand the English have been and are, unquestionably, the people of highest achievement in the modern world; the people who have done most for the liberation and general uplift of mankind; and, of all who inhabit Europe, the English have had the least of whatever culture war and battle can give. If this seems to be a misstatement, bear in mind that the many wars of England have been naval more than military, involving relatively few men in actual fight; that she has used soldiers who were not of English blood, from subject races or subsidized allies, to a great extent in her wars; that a large British army, on the scale of the armies of Germany and France, has rarely been seen on any battlefield; that Englishmen had never had, since Cromwell's day, at least, so extensive and so serious a personal experience of war as that which they went through in their late conflict with the Boers. It is no exaggeration, then, to say that the qualities exhibited by the people of English blood have been developed less by the culture of battle than those of any other living race, and that the barbaric doctrine which commends war as an exercise necessary to the moral training of mankind, is refuted sufficiently by that single fact.

It is far from my thought to question the moral nobility of the spirit which accepts battle as a stern, imperious, terrible duty of defense, when home and country, or sacred rights and institutions, are wickedly assailed. Then it is self-sacrifice, the very sublimation of the human soul. Then it is purely and truly heroic, and uplifts humanity by inspiring example. But courage and fierce energy of the kind to which battle is attractive, — what good to the world can come from the cultivation of them? They are forces, to be sure, that have usefulness in other exercises than that of war. They are part of the power which drives men in that conquest of Nature which we call the material progress of the world; but are they not the part of that power which is ruthless, oppressive, dangerous to society, by the hard aggressive selfishness with which it works against the common good?

But, leaving that question aside, and assuming that the coarsely militant courage and militant energy, as well as the courage and the energy that are militant only when duty makes them so, are good qualities in men, and to be cultivated for the improvement of the race, we are confronted by the discouraging fact that the very process of cultivation is destructive of the good effect we seek. We exercise the fighting temper in men by war, and kill them in the exercise, or keep them from marriage, and, in one or the other way, lessen the breeding of the quality of man that we are supposed to be endeavoring to increase. Every great war is a dangerous drain upon the stock of valor and fortitude in the spirit of the peoples engaged; and the drain runs near to the dregs when war succeeds war, as it does and will if war is believed to be a national good. There has been no lack of assiduity in the cultivation of humanity by war; and what has the product been? Look at the training-grounds of Europe, where the schooling has been busiest and longest, and see!

History, not well studied, but written or read lightly, for its incidental romance, can make no other impression than those I have alluded to at the beginning of my paper. War puts a deluding emphasis on its own part of the story by its rubrication of the text. The past has tinctured it with states of feeling and thinking which ought to have faded long ago, in

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the light of increasing knowledge and in the warmth of the increasing neighborliness of mankind, but which stay and give their color to the influence of historical reading, if we take it with no proper filtration through the moral beliefs of our own day. The songs of the heroes of those ages when battle was a normal exercise of high qualities in men can still play upon our imaginative and sympathetic brains, just as the trumpets, the drums, the fifes, the banners, the plumes, the splendid pageantry of a marching army can play on our quivering nerves of bodily sense.

A poet, Richard Le Gallienne, has described the deceit of the emotion in exquisite verse: —

War
I abhor,
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife! And I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery without a soul.
. . . . . .
The tears fill my astonished eyes,
And my full heart is like to break;
And yet 't is all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

THE WORD

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

To-day, whatever may annoy,
The word for me is Joy, just simple Joy:
The joy of life;
The joy of children and of wife;
The joy of bright blue skies;
The joy of rain; the glad surprise
Of twinkling stars that shine at night;
The joy of wingèd things upon their flight;
The joy of noon-day, and the tried
True joyousness of eventide;
The joy of labor, and of mirth;
The joy of air, and sea, and earth —
The countless joys that ever flow from Him
Whose vast beneficence doth dim
The lustrous light of day,
And lavish gifts divine upon our way.
Whate'er there be of Sorrow
I'll put off till To-morrow,
And when To-morrow comes, why then
'T will be To-day and Joy again!

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A NEW LIFE OF GOETHE

BY CHRISTIAN GAUSS

THE consciousness that biography is a particular and a difficult art is borne in upon us when we stop to consider how few, how very few, of our really heroic figures have been set before us in anything that approaches a standard or authentic record. For intimate knowledge of da Vinci, of Luther, of Byron, or Napoleon, to whom do we turn? It cannot be argued that to the biographer Byron and Napoleon, for instance, are not alluring subjects. Repeatedly great men have rushed in. Yet Moore failed with Byron, and the Napoleons of Scott and Hazlitt have long since started on their way to oblivion. Not infrequently failure may be attributed to lack of sympathetic insight, more often still it may be ascribed to a misconception of the biographer's privilege and function.

Biography is not excellent in proportion as it approaches the "secret memoir." The biographer is not one who has been chartered to explore the backstair happenings in the houses of great men. To be sure, significant, relevant detail is his by right; only in so far, however, as, taken with the body of the portrait, it denotes its subject truly. This, unfortunately, is often forgotten, and the foremost of living biographers, John Morley, in discussing history, though animadverting, doubtless, upon his own art, could write in his *Diderot*, "There have been many signs in our own day of its becoming narrow, pedantic, and trivial. It threatens to degenerate from a broad survey of great periods and movements . . . into vast and countless accumulations of insignificant facts, sterile knowledge, and frivolous antiquarianism, in which the spirit of epochs is lost, and the direction, meaning and summary of the various courses of human history all disappear."

The subject of a biography should be as consistent and as explicable as is the hero of a work of art. The writer is to make him the familiar of his readers; he is dramatizing, or shall we say novelizing, a life's story. We do not forget that one of our classic biographies was made by merely joining naïvely phonographic records of conversation with links of admiring comment. To set forth a cause by its effect is, of course, a valid principle of artistic representation, and Boswell's impression is an index of Johnson's greatness. From his account we carry away a stronger impression of the reality of the old lexicographer than if we had been privileged to con his large, seamy face in the portrait of some eighteenth-century Meissonier. Such a work, however, can only be written by a contemporary. A *Life of Goethe*, on the contrary, written by a German scholar at the close of the nineteenth century, ran a particular danger of becoming "narrow, pedantic, and trivial." The great world-figure has moved back into his century. University scholars have given us the histology of every section of his career, save only the diplomatic, for which documents are wanting. Through this maze of erudition the writer would have to thread his way carefully, lest he sacrifice living knowledge to pedantry, reality to "frivolous antiquarianism." Bielschowsky,[1] fortunately, has not thus lost himself. More clearly than any of his predecessors, he has revealed to us the fullness of Goethe's many-sided personality. He has gone forward steadily and surely, extenuating little, and setting down naught in malice. He has not

[1] *Goethe.* By ALBERT BIELSCHOWSKY. Munich: C. H. Beck. Translation in three volumes by W. A. COOPER. Volumes I and II now ready. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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deviated from his path to force himself into the old bogs of controversy; nor does he approach each new incident as if he were handling a case in chancery. There is progression, there is growth. A great life is lived before us and he who runs may read. Without the author's avowal it would have been plain that he considered Goethe's life the greatest of his works, and the narrative is set forth in the main in the poet's own words, as culled from the works, letters, and journals. The biographer has challenged forth the old Titan once more to tell his story, though this time we are given to understand it is to be *Wahrheit* only.

In a conversation with the artist, Heinrich Meyer, Goethe had said, "All the pragmatic characterizations of biographers are of little value compared with the naïve details of a great life." Such details have of course been given before. Lewes has told us, for instance, with what delight the august Privy Councillor could dance through midnights with the peasant girls in the mines of Salzburg, and how the author of *Werther* could write to his beloved (Frau von Stein) and beg her to send him a sausage.

Bielschowsky's work is pitched in a higher key. Yet he has accepted Goethe's dictum and made it a principle of procedure, and his wealth of characteristic incident, behind which we never lose the sense of the mastering personality, exhibits his hero in all his multifarious endeavor. We see him at his home, at the council chamber, in the laboratory, at his desk, climbing the Harz, on the hills above Rome, and in the grain-fields of Sicily. He writes, ponders, makes love before us, and the resultant portrait allures, engages, then compels our interest. We are made to feel with Wieland that Goethe was the most human of men and that with more truth than Terence he might have called out in challenge, *Homo sum*. This was the motto which he carried on his shield. All things were his, and had he written alexandrines, he too might have said, —

> "Mon âme aux mille voix, que le Dieu que j'adore
> Mit au centre de tout comme un écho sonore."

Like Victor Hugo's, nay, even more than Hugo's, Goethe's works are the *Memoirs of a Soul*. In his preface to *Les Contemplations*, the author made clear the secret of the appeal of every sane lyric poet. "Quand je vous parle de moi," he says, "je vous parle de vous." This will admit of even stricter application in Goethe's case, for as his life and personality were the more normal, his works as the reflection of that life possess a larger measure of universal truth. This brings us to the brink of a much-mooted question, that of Goethe's romanticism. As opposed to Hugo, he is a classicist in so far as his experience is the more typical, in so far as it was controlled and dominated not by phantasy, or by imagination even, but by reason; and in considering his work under this aspect we shall be reminded of that nice distinction which has been made between Goethe and Shakespeare, the poet of the *Fausts*, and the poet of *Macbeth* and the *Sonnets:* the one is a *dichtender Denker*, the other a *denkender Dichter*.

Most readers of Goethe will remember his remark that all his poems are *Gelegenheitsgedichte*. Bielschowsky presses this point and raises it to the perilous dignity of a thesis. He contends that all that is good and great in the poet's achievement, in prose or verse, mirrors events participated in by the author. This theory has led him into a fruitful field. He has collated the events and their appearance in the works with much acumen, and has often welded then indissolubly. He has discovered significant relations that had previously been either only dimly divined or entirely unknown, and it is on this side that lies whatever his study may possess in the way of original contribution. The results are most satisfying in the illuminating chapter on Goethe's *Lyrics*. When the author applies his theory to certain of the other works, *Hermann and Dorothea*

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for instance, the reader who is interested only in Goethe and not in the thesis will feel that he protests too much and that he is forcing a work of art into a frame for which it was not made. It may be that the misfortunes of Lili suggested the epic. This is an interesting conjecture. Yet it is a mere conjecture, for the poet himself was strangely reticent about his sources here and refused to commit himself even when a similar story had been discovered by his critics in Göcking's chronicle. Such being the case, it would have been more profitable to establish the fact than to elaborate the theory, though the fact itself would after all have been for the critic of comparatively minor importance. We mention it at length only because it is characteristic.

Bielschowsky, unlike Lewes, for instance, is the type of the scholar who delivers himself up, bound, as it were, to a particular study. This close focusing of all his interests on one man has enabled him to enter into the fullness of the poet's life, to coördinate, to reconstruct, to illuminate. Yet with gazing too intently upon his star he has lost sight of the skies. His criticisms, and this is the weakness of the work, are often clearly ex parte judgments, and reveal a naïve lack of literary perspective. There are fewer arcana in the life of this essentially normal man than we are led to believe. He had gathered experience with full hands and much that he wrote was autobiographical, though in a remoter sense than his biographer would lead us to infer.

Goethe's greatness lies in the fact that he could enter sympathetically into all of human life, *ins volle Menschenleben*, that he found it everywhere interesting, that he could understand and pardon all things. *Tout comprendre est tout pardonner.* Of him more than of any other singer, we feel that he could have struck every chord in the lyre, that he could have sung every theme, and if he did not it was only because of the limits of time that hedged him in. His personality was essentially mobile and he did not infrequently write surpassing well of things in which he had no part. And why should he not? The problem involved is as old as Plato's *Ion*. Was Homer a great charioteer because he so excellently and accurately describes a chariot race? The philosopher's answer was "inspiration." It is not necessary to believe with Taine that Shakespeare was once a Hamlet in real life. Iago is as convincing as the hand-palsied Dane. It is not necessary to have thrown an ink-pot at the devil to be able to draw a Satan, and he who could make a Mephistopheles of a Merck, could, more easily than his own Faust, have made a man of an homunculus. Because *Prometheus* is a good poem, Goethe is not necessarily a Prometheus, any more than Æschylus or Shelley. And whether we agree with Taine or not, it is perfectly certain that Shakespeare experienced Hamlet when he created him; and whether Goethe had ever been the son of a village innkeeper or not, he certainly lived like one and felt like one in the year when he wrote *Hermann and Dorothea.*

This laudatory absorption in his subject leads the biographer to accept with but little correction the estimates of contemporaries. How immoderate expression could become in that age of sentimental excess, we may gather from the following quotation. "Let us make of him our Christ and let me be the least of his disciples," Werthes wrote of the twenty-five-year-old author of *Werther* and *Götz.* Occasionally just a suspicion of this attitude has passed to the biographer. On the other hand, we are often given only Goethe's impression of his contemporaries. Thus we are told that Frau von Stein was "a gentle, pure, and talented nature." There are other estimates distinctly less flattering. All this adds markedly to the singleness of his portrait, though in the interest of the strict truth it might have been well to forewarn the reader unfamiliar with the Weimar circle. Goethe's play, *Clavigo*, was based on an episode in Beaumarchais's *Memoirs*, at that time believed to be true. Bielschow-

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sky likewise leaves us with this impression, though in fact the episode had been romanced and distorted out of all recognition by the good-natured buffoon and adventurer who wrote it.

In the critical portions of the work, the reader will occasionally be taken aback by unabashed superlatives. In the suicide Werther "fell the noblest and purest of human souls." This is distinctly an eighteenth-century estimate. "*Werther*, the great masterpiece," is, "next to *Hamlet*, the most unique [eigenthümlich] figure in the literature of the world." We are given reasons why Goethe's *Iphigenia* is greater than the *Iphigenia* of Euripides. Of the youthful fragment, *The Marriage of Hanswurst*, it is written, "If the play had been completed we should possess a comedy little inferior to Aristophanes in wit, and superior in bold license." Those who feel that Aristophanes was conscious of the limits of his art will necessarily misconstrue Bielschowsky's intended compliment.

When he turns to the works of the closing years, in which the aging Goethe occasionally wanders far from the poet's province, the concrete, and writes in that compressed, telescoped style not unlike Shakespeare's last manner, the critic confuses two categories. He seems to believe that a work of art is beautiful in proportion as it is profound, forgetting that when poetry ceases to be simple, sensuous, and passionate, it runs grave danger of ceasing to be poetry. Thus the second part of *Faust* is coupled with the first in one indiscriminate laud, though the first is a poem of man's experience with desires and the world, and the second of his experience with phantoms, ideas, and that essentially morbid person, himself. To many they are as different in quality as *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. The second poem of both masters has been anticlimaxed by the first; the *griffe du lion* is less and less evident, and the greatest poetry less and less frequent. Bielschowsky follows many commentators in speaking of *Faust* simply as the Gretchen Episode. Part II contains the body of the poem. Yet nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed between the publication of the two. The fact that *Paradise Regained* was Milton's favorite does not make it his greatest poem, and for the critic Goethe's views will not be decisive here. His two works, whatever their relation to the central theme, exhibit two distinct conceptions of poetry, and if they are both great world-literature they are great for different reasons and they should have been treated separately.

Through following his master so closely, Bielschowsky has given us a convincing, by all odds the most convincing, portrait of the great Sage of Weimar, the largest, fullest personality in history. He shows us how he lived and moved and had his being, how "he could split a day into a million parts and rebuild it into a miniature eternity." As such it is an independent and valuable contribution to literature. For estimates of the literary achievement of Goethe, we shall still read with profit the book of his larger-minded, saner admirer, George Henry Lewes.

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BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

In 1833 Coleridge, full of enthusiasm for Beaumont and Fletcher, exclaimed, "How lamentable it is that no gentleman and scholar can be found to edit these beautiful plays!" Ten years later the Reverend Alexander Dyce, a scholar and a gentleman, and the man to whom the Elizabethan drama owes more than to almost any one, re-collated the early texts and published an edition which has remained standard for sixty years. Now two new complete editions[1] are offered to the public. It is to be hoped that this means, or will create, a renewal of interest in the old dramatists, and that a generation which has been somewhat surfeited with Ibsen will turn its attention for a time to plays of a different character. To be sure, Beaumont and Fletcher are infinitely grosser than the prophet of the North, but it may be doubted whether *The Chances* is not, in fundamentals, less unhinging to the moral sense than *Ghosts*, and the English play is certainly the more entertaining of the two.

Mr. Bullen reserves elaborate critical discussion for a supplementary volume; but each play is preceded by a brief introduction, of which the most original feature is a sketch of the theatrical history of the piece. In determining chronology it is unfortunate that the editors should not have taken account of Professor Thorndike's admirable *Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere*. Even if they could not accept Professor Thorndike's views, they should certainly have considered them, particularly as to the relation of *Cymbeline* to *Philaster*. In explanatory notes Dyce is usually followed, but with valuable additions. For text the old editions have been re-collated and many variants, disregarded by Dyce, have been noted. Not all, however. For example, *Maid's Tragedy*, IV, 1, line 1, Mr. Bullen's edition, in common with *all* others, omits the at least possibly solemn and dramatic "God" of the first quarto.

The Cambridge edition, like the Cambridge Shakespeare, pays no attention to anything but the text, although a supplementary volume of comment is promised. The second folio is reprinted *verbatim et litteratim*, apparently with great accuracy, and a very extensive collection of variants in earlier editions is given in an appendix; but all emendations of modern editors are disregarded. In a work which appears, from its price, to be intended largely for popular reading, this method of procedure cannot be too emphatically condemned. Wantonly to reject everything that has been done to make the old poets more approachable and intelligible, and to hide carefully at the back of the book all the different readings of earlier and perhaps often better editions, is simply without excuse. To show what this leads to, I may point out that we get the beautiful verse of *The Elder Brother* in its plain prosaic second-folio garb; and although in this case the earlier verse form is printed in the appendix, the editors take pains to state that in general they have paid no attention to the efforts

[1] *The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher*. Variorum Edition. London: George Bell & Sons and A. H. Bullen. (In course of publication.)

The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. Edited by ARNOLD GLOVER and A. R. WALLER. Cambridge (England): The University Press. (In course of publication.)

The Maid's Tragedy and *Philaster*. By FRANCIS BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER. Edited by ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE, Ph. D. Belles Lettres Series, Section III. General Editor, GEORGE PEIRCE BAKER. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1906.

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of modern editors to extract verse from the old chaotic prose.

Professor Thorndike's unpretentious volume shows the care and scholarship which we should expect from him and from the excellent "Belles Lettres Series." The introductory matter is abundant and suggestive, both for scholars and for the general reader. The bibliographics, especially, as with other volumes of the series, are very useful. The text has evidently been prepared with much thought and labor. I must confess to a shadow of doubt as to the advantage of following the lawless spelling of the old quartos; but Professor Thorndike's whole treatment of the question is totally different from the slavish process of facsimile adopted by the Cambridge editors.

It has long been well known that in the vast collection of dramas printed under the names of Beaumont and Fletcher, Beaumont had but a comparatively small share. Massinger was recognized by contemporaries as an occasional collaborator with Fletcher, while Shakespeare, Jonson, Middleton, Rowley, and Shirley are all mentioned as part authors of different plays, and many were undoubtedly written by Fletcher alone. The elaborate investigations made in recent years by Fleay, Boyle, Oliphant, and others, have put the question into much more scientific shape, and it is now possible in a large number of cases to distinguish the different authors with a reasonable degree of certainty. This result has been brought about mainly by the careful study of different forms of verse. In the work of Shakespeare, taken in its chronological order of development, we find a very great variety in the iambic metre, a steady progression from simple and primitive numbers in the early historical plays to the complicated and subtle harmony of *The Tempest* and *A Winter's Tale*. In Shakespeare's contemporaries no such elaborate process of development has yet been traced; but many of them seem to have inclined to some special phase or phases of metrical expression, by which, when once recognized, it becomes a comparatively easy matter to distinguish their work. Of all the dramatists, Fletcher is the most marked in this respect. In the plays which are known to be by him alone, he shows such striking peculiarities of metre, as well as of style, that any one who is thoroughly familiar with him will hardly confuse his work with that of others. The same thing is true, though in a less degree, of Massinger, and, in a less degree again, of Beaumont; so that we can say, with a reasonable amount of confidence, that certain plays are by Massinger and Fletcher, others by Beaumont and Fletcher; and, in the case of the former, especially, we can point out the acts and scenes that are attributable to each author. With Beaumont and Fletcher this is more difficult, for we often find distinct traces of both authors in the same scene, and these marks of intimate association of thought and workmanship agree pleasantly with old traditions of the poets' close friendship and intimate association in their lives.

Unfortunately tradition and shreds of doubtful hearsay are all that have come to us in the matter. As with Shakespeare, and with so many of his great fellows, we know little of Beaumont and Fletcher beyond a dry and meagre collection of dates. Fletcher was born in 1579, entered as a pensioner in Benet College, Cambridge, 1591, probably began playwriting about 1604, and died in 1625. Beaumont (sometimes spelled by contemporaries Bewmont and possibly so pronounced) was born about 1585, went to Oxford in 1597, was entered at the Inner Temple in 1600, married, perhaps in 1613, and died in 1616, the year which also saw the death of Shakespeare. Both poets were of good family, Fletcher being the son of a bishop. Both had certainly the opportunity of a good education, and were well qualified to mingle on equal terms with the gay and courtly gentlemen who figure so largely in their plays. Both were intimate with their fellow drama-

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tists. The most brilliant account that has come down to us of the witty doings at the Mermaid Tavern is contained in a letter of Beaumont's to Ben Jonson; and Jonson's answer shows genuine affection, although in his frank talks with Drummond he remarked "that Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses!" For any closer acquaintance with the characters and fortunes of the two celebrated partners we have to rely, as with Shakespeare, mainly upon the study of their writings.

In considering Beaumont's work we must always bear in mind his extreme youth. If Professor Thorndike's chronology is to be accepted, Beaumont began play-writing at twenty, and some of his best pieces had almost certainly been produced by the time he was twenty-five, an age at which Shakespeare had not attempted even such immature performances as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Comedy of Errors*. Dying at but little over thirty, Beaumont is to be classed with Chatterton and Keats and Shelley, among those who had time to give the world only the promise of what they might have accomplished.

Yet the contemporaries of this precocious genius seem to have thought quite as highly of his discretion as of his inspiration. Pope's remark that Beaumont "checked what Fletcher writ" is hardly to be accepted as final, any more than Dryden's astonishing statement that Jonson "used his [Beaumont's] judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his plots;" but such observations must have been founded on an enduring tradition which had much basis in fact. And, in general, the plays written by the two poets in collaboration, as compared with Fletcher's unassisted work, show a greater solidity of design, more forethought and broad sense of dramatic effect in the conduct of the action. They have not Fletcher's verve, his inexhaustible fertility of resource; but Beaumont would hardly have been guilty of the structural defects of *The Chances*.

And the finish, the perfection of Beaumont's workmanship are much more apparent in his style than in his handling of plot. In this regard he is as remote from Fletcher as he is from Shakespeare. Shakespeare crowds his lines, strains them with thought and figure, sometimes sublime above all other sublimity, sometimes ill-chosen and tasteless; he loads and strains language almost beyond its capacity of bearing. Fletcher rushes onward in a golden flood, clear, but unchecked, exuberant, garrulous at moments. Beaumont is as clear as Fletcher, as simple, no labor in him, no overstrain; but every word tells. The progress, the modulation of the thought is as delicate and perfect as the modulation of the verse, and moves with it in absolute harmony. From the nature of the case these qualities can be well shown only in passages longer than I have space to quote; but let the reader turn to Philaster's well-known description of his first meeting with Bellario and observe the exquisite adjustment of sound to sense, the grace and purity of the diction, the delicate restraint in the use of figurative expressions. An odd little illustration of the working of prejudice in these matters occurs in a note of Steevens on *Twelfth Night*. He calls attention to the lines of Viola, —

> Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive
> If you will lead these graces to the grave
> And leave the world no copy, —

and adds, "how much more elegantly is this thought expressed by Shakespeare than by Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Philaster*: —

> I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth
> Without an heir.

We must remember that Viola's mood tends to irony; but surely any one who is not blinded by the good Steevens's Shakespeariolatry will feel that, taken in itself, the *Twelfth Night* passage, with its fanciful conceit and its tricky alliteration, is far inferior to the Beaumont bit in grace, in delicacy, in short, precisely in elegance.

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This instinct of perfection in Beaumont has been too often overlooked, because until recently critics have not been sufficiently able to separate his work from the glittering imperfection of Fletcher; and no better testimony can be found to the utility of minute investigation in questions of authorship than that it clears the way for such a result. It is worth while to insist on Beaumont's excellence in this respect, because it is so peculiarly un-Elizabethan. Ben Jonson complained that Shakespeare wanted art, and, after all the frenzy of German hypercriticism, I think the sober reader of the twentieth century will end by agreeing with Ben Jonson. Beaumont did not live to arrive at maturity. He was hampered, as well as benefited, by association with a genius of a totally different stamp. But if he had lived and had come to work independently, I cannot help thinking that he might have given to the English drama just the something which Shakespeare, supreme poet and supreme creator as he was, did not give to it. In all the peculiar excellences of the dramatic art we may, perhaps, take Racine to have been the exact opposite, the complement of Shakespeare. And Beaumont had it in him to have become the English Racine.

In the creation of character Beaumont has also much of Racine, as well as in style and in faculty of design. Like Racine, the English poet succeeded best with women, and his heroines have the grace, the delicacy, the peculiarly feminine qualities, which belong to Phèdre, to Andromaque, to Bérénice. Beaumont's heroes undeniably fall short of the heroic. Amintor, Philaster, Arbaces, Ricardo, are too much victims of the storms of passion, they lack command over others and even over themselves; we feel in them the want not only of heroism, but too often of simple manliness, which, perhaps, is the same thing as the only heroism that counts. Nor, indeed have his women always quite that element of womanliness which corresponds to manliness. Beaumont has no Portias, no Imogens. But who can resist the passion of the forlorn Aspatia, offering her own likeness as the model of Ariadne's sorrow? —

> Do it by me,
> Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia,
> And you shall find all true but the wild island.
> Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
> Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
> Wild as that desert; and let all about me
> Be teachers of my story.

Or the pathos of the abandoned Viola? —

> Woman, they say, was only made of man.
> Methinks, 't is strange they should be so unlike.
> It may be, all the best was cut away
> To make the woman, and the naught was left
> Behind with him. — I 'll sit me down and weep.
> All things have cast me from 'em but the earth.
> The evening comes and every little flower
> Droops now as well as I.

Or the divine tenderness of Euphrasia (as the boy Bellario) comforting Philaster who mourns that her life should be cut off before the prime? —

> Alas, my Lord, my life is not a thing
> Worthy your noble thoughts. 'T is not a life;
> 'T is but a piece of childhood thrown away.

On another side, however, Beaumont shows his truly Elizabethan affinities and reaches out into a world of comedy quite beyond the grasp of the classical author of *Les Plaideurs*. Bessus and Merrythought are as far removed from the starched humors of Jonson as from the dry brilliance of Fletcher. They have the warmth, the mellow, fruity richness in which only Beaumont, Dekker, and Middleton approach the golden sunshine of Shakespeare. Merrythought, especially, is a real comic creation and stands out as such in that rather elementary burlesque medley, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. How gay he is, with his old tags of song, his inextinguishable laughter, his joyous confidence that the future will be like the past and that, if it is not, mirth will mend it.

> "How have I done hitherto these forty years? I never came into my dining-room but at eleven and six o'clock I found excellent

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meat and drink o' the table: my clothes were never worn out, but next morning a tailor brought me a new suit: and without question it will be so ever. Use makes perfectness: if all should fail, it is but a little straining myself extraordinary and laugh myself to death."

Looking at the comic aspect of Beaumont's work, the first thing that occurs to us is the phrase which Dryden used of Fletcher, "a limb of Shakspere." But if the name has aptness in connection with some elements of Beaumont, it is hardly appropriate to Fletcher at all. With Jonson, though in an entirely different way, Fletcher stands more apart from Shakespeare than does any other of the great dramatists. His constant exaggeration in plot, in character, in thought, his redundancy of expression, his avoidance of prose even in the lowest comedy — all these qualities are un-Shakespearean. And there is a still deeper difference, which Dryden perfectly expressed in one of the most searching touches of his searching criticism: "The scholar had the softer soul, but the master had the kinder." Fletcher was brilliant, spirited, vigorous always. He was quick to feel and to perceive and over-ready to express. But he rarely went below the surface. He had little power of thought, little depth of emotion.

To this essential superficiality we may trace all of his very marked and undeniable defects. In plot-making he was unwilling to go to the bottom of a subject and work it out seriously. He preferred to rush off a hasty sketch and get his effects by heightened situations and sparkling dialogues, turning tragedy into melodrama and comedy into farce. In his earlier days Beaumont corrected this tendency, and Massinger in later. But it is curious to note that in a number of plays written with Massinger, Fletcher leaves to his younger associate the responsibility of opening the action and again of closing it; as if Massinger worked out the plot and began the development, then Fletcher became interested, caught the thread, hurried it along beyond the climax, then lost his enthusiasm and left the conclusion to be elaborated by the original designer.

Again, Fletcher's lack of depth shows in the material and physical aspect under which he views everything. All critics since Coleridge have insisted on this peculiarity of Fletcher's heroines, in particular; their virtue is a mechanical property, not a spiritual grace. And the same thing is true when we go back of the heroines to Fletcher himself. It is the outside of goodness, its conventional value, its utilitarian advantage, that especially appeal to him. His sympathy with the inner loveliness of noble character is vague and insufficient. This accounts not only for his general grossness of language, but for the almost insufferable æsthetic as well as moral impropriety which makes him defile the fairest people and things by impure association. His play of *The Faithful Shepherdess* is perhaps the most striking example of this. In it he seeks to present an ideal example of pure and devoted love, and to that end he employs all the most varied and exquisite means of poetical expression; but he fails because he has not sufficient depth of nature to justify the beauty of virtue by itself and therefore tries to enhance it by contrast with the foulest and most deformed shapes of ugliness. Milton's *Comus*, which owes so much to Fletcher's play, excels it far more in purity and dignity of moral conception than in mere poetry.

One trifling yet significant mark of the physical element in Fletcher is his singular fondness for the undignified practice of kicking. I do not think Shakespeare's gentlemen ever resort to this, certainly not often. They refrain from it, not so much from regard to others as from respect to themselves. Fletcher's heroes are always kicking their antagonists and dependents about the stage. Nay, even the finer temper of Beaumont becomes infected, and in *The Maid's Tragedy* the delicate Aspatia, disguised as a boy, wishing to provoke her lover to fight

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with her that she may die by his hand — kicks him. Shades of Imogen and Viola!

But Fletcher's lack of profound grasp of human life shows most in his treatment — or ill-treatment — of character. Here again, as in his plots, he makes up for sober, profound study, by exaggerated emphasis and an extravagance often approaching caricature. This is much less marked, at any rate less offensive, in comic than in serious personages; yet even in comedy Fletcher cannot get the rich, delicate humor of Beaumont and Shakespeare. A curious instance of this is Bessus, who was doubtless created by Beaumont and through the earlier portion of the play speaks prose and is a thoroughly Beaumontesque and Shakespearean figure. Then Fletcher takes him, puts dancing verses into his mouth, and he becomes a member of a different comic family altogether.

With tragic characters this fault of exaggeration grows almost unendurable. Fletcher's heroes all brag; not so much as Dryden's, to be sure, but too much for heroism. The noble Caratach, the generous Aëcius, not only show their generosity and nobility, but repeatedly call our attention to them. With the women it is the same. They all lack dignity. The sweetest of them, like Ordella and Juliana, tend to become abject in their submission. Those of an opposite type are so very opposite! The Brunhalts are not only monsters, but vulgar monsters, and talk like fishwives. Worse still, spirits of the noblest strain, like Edith and Bonduca, suddenly break out into the same fishwifery, and rail with an excess of epithet that is as repulsive as it is picturesque. We have noted the change in Bessus, as he passes from Beaumont's hands to those of his partner. The same thing takes place even more strikingly with Evadne in *The Maid's Tragedy*. During the first part of the action, Beaumont depicts her with real tragic restraint. But as soon as Fletcher takes a hand, she tends at once to deteriorate, to become fiendish in her revenge and groveling in her repentance, in short, to show the true Fletcherian lack of dignity.

Yet we must not let these defects of characterization lead us to Darley's and Oliphant's conclusion that Fletcher's creations are without power and without charm. After all, he was an Elizabethan, which means that he thronged his scenes with human faces, often ugly, often caricatured, but alive, studied, and reproduced for the pure love of them: and so his work is infinitely more interesting than, for instance, the drama of Calderon, with its perpetual repetition of the same primitive types, its fantastic cavaliers, veiled ladies, and silly *graciosos*. In the Spanish, even in the French drama, the logical necessity of the dramatic movement makes the characters seem to live not for themselves, but for the action. In Shakespeare and in all the Elizabethans, high and low, the characters live for their own pleasure and walk in and out of the story with a lovely indifference, letting it adapt itself to their individuality, as best it can.

If we want to get on with Fletcher, we must let him have his way. His most characteristic work is that in which a grain of exaggeration is permissible: romance, which oversteps the boundaries of humdrum reality, or rollicking farce crammed full of lyrical grace and charm. The very titles of his romantic plays carry their atmosphere with them, as do Calderon's: *The Pilgrim*, *The Island Princess*, *The Sea Voyage*, *The Beggar's Bush*, *Love's Pilgrimage*, *The Maid in the Mill*. *The Pilgrim*, especially, perhaps comes nearest to the outdoor plays of Shakespeare, with its woodland scenes, its gay and sprightly heroine and her waiting-maid, its quick interchange of tenderness and laughter. Even better are the comedies, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, *Monsieur Thomas*, *The Wild Goose Chase*, *The Chances*. "A whiffling vagary" Darley called the latter, with all the scorn of a serious-minded person.

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But one should love "whiffling vagaries," that is to say, trifles of human passion beaten up into light foam by the wind of fancy. Such are the delicious comedies of Meilhac and Halévy, between which and Fletcher's there is a good deal of kinship. Only the great attraction of *La Petite Marquise* and *Fanny Fear* is best indicated in the remark of Frondeville to Fanny herself: "The charm of your conversation lies not only in what you say, but still more and above all in what you don't say." Now there is nothing that Fletcher does not say.

In these merry Fletcherian farces everything is gay, sparkling, full of life, movement, and theatrical effectiveness. "A pipe and a comedy of Fletcher's the last thing of a night is the best recipe for light dreams and to scatter away Nightmares," says Lamb. And Coleridge: "I could read *The Beggar's Bush* from morning to night. How sylvan and sunshiny it is!" The characters flash and sputter about like so many fireworks set off all at once. Everywhere there is the light tinkle of fresh young voices, the careless glee of fresh young faces. I have said hard things of Fletcher's women and they deserve it; yet his comedies abound with jolly girls whose piquancy more than outweighs their occasional disregard of the lesser proprieties. The greater they rarely fail to respect. Mr. Saintsbury says of them very justly, "For portraits of pleasant English girls, not too squeamish, not at all afraid of love-making, quite convinced of the hackneyed assertion of the mythologists that jests and jokes go in the train of Venus, but true-hearted, affectionate, and of a sound, if not a very nice morality, commend me to Fletcher's Dorotheas and Marys and Celias."

Of Fletcher's young men much the same is to be said, *mutatis mutandis*, as of his young women. Dr. Johnson had "heard that Steele practised the lighter vices." So do the young gentlemen of Fletcher, and with such zeal that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish their practices from the heavier sins. Yet one would fain believe that they are all somewhat after the model of Hylas in *Monsieur Thomas*, of a monstrous dissipation in words, but with deeds not quite in "a concatenation accordingly." At any rate, if one disregards their love-affairs, there is much to be said for them. They are keen of wit, ready of sword, quick in sense of honor, loyal in friendship, apt to remember a kindness, generous, and not incapable of sacrifice. A very little acquaintance with the skeptical, cynical, selfish gallants of Dryden, Congreve, and Wycherley makes one ready to find Fletcher's Don Johns, and Pineros and Rutilios a harmless and even a lovable generation.

Many critics have found fault with Dryden for his remark that Beaumont and Fletcher "understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better" than did Shakespeare. But there is some truth in it. Shakespeare's young men are proud of their wit and too often seem to be thinking about their own smartness. Fletcher's heroes think about pretty girls, about their tailors' bills, the last run of the dice, or the newest fashion in doublets; and when they discuss these things they *are* smart. Even in the essentials of gentlemanliness perhaps Shakespeare is not so much superior as is sometimes thought, and the ugly passages of Fletcher are well paralleled by Lysander and Demetrius, by Claudio in *Much Ado About Nothing* and Claudio in *Measure for Measure* and Bertram in *All's Well That Ends Well*. Indeed, high authorities have attributed to Fletcher a peculiar perception and appreciation of the gentlemanly character. Professor Ward says, "I have been much struck by the passages in his works where he recurs to a conception which undoubtedly had a very vital significance for him — that of a gentleman. See, above all, the fine passage in *The Nice Valor*:—

> I cannot make you gentlemen; that 's a work
> Raised from your own deservings: merit, manners,

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And in-born virtue does it; let your own goodness
Make you so great, my power shall make you greater.

Lysander in *The Lover's Progress* is a really fine gentleman every inch of him." And our own Emerson, who surely knew, tells us that "in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher there is a constant recognition of gentility."

Fletcher's style is absolutely characteristic of the man and has all his defects and excellences. It fails in tragedy, and generally in passages of serious reflection; it is too jaunty, too flippant, too highly-colored. Wolsey's farewell speech in *King Henry VIII* represents probably the best that Fletcher could do in this kind, and effective as it is, it is far enough from the enormous grandeur of *Macbeth* or *Lear*. Fletcher uses two words where Shakespeare would use one, he lavishes adjectives and particles, his old men and young women and clowns and heroes are all garrulous alike. He has tricks of style, too, pet tricks that he indulges in on all occasions. For instance, he loves a ringing repetition of words: —

She is fair and young and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious, too,
In all her entertainments, as men report.

They are cozening mad, they are brawling mad, they are proud mad;
They are all, all mad. I come from a world of mad women,
Mad as March hares: get 'em in chains, then deal with 'em.
There 's one that 's mad; she seems well, but she is dog-mad.
Is she dead, dost think?

And certainly no English or other poet ever had a greater fancy for alliteration or got more cunning or more preposterous effects from it. See how it haunts the noble reply of Ordella to Thierry when he urges the terror of her fate and declares it to be full of fearful shadows: —

So is sleep, sir,
Or anything that 's merely ours and mortal;
We were begotten gods else. But those fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.

But all these whims and dainty devices, unworthy of the serious dignity of high tragedy, are immensely effective in comedy; and of easy, vivid, brilliant comic dialogue Fletcher is certainly a master. In this, as in everything, his work is peculiarly adapted to immediate presentation before an audience. Critics have sought out many explanations of the fact that Fletcher's plays were so much more frequently acted during the seventeenth century than Shakespeare's. But this is the most obvious reason: that Fletcher always expresses himself with limpid clearness and intelligibility. His language, in the French phrase, gets over the footlights, instantly explains and emphasizes itself. It is difficult to imagine any average audience in any age following with pleasure the elaborate thought and compact expression of Shakespeare's Ulysses. But a child can catch, without effort, the easy, flowing rhetoric which Fletcher gives to wise men and fools alike. It is rare that our author is even so subtle as in the beautiful line which Coleridge called one of the finest in the language: —

You are old and dim, sir,
And the shadow of the earth eclipsed your judgment.

Usually his figures, his descriptions, his narrative, his dialogues of passion and of reflection, all run on with the golden, sparkling clearness of a sunlit brook. One charming passage from the *Elder Brother* may serve to illustrate most of the points which we have been considering: —

I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading,
And all my faculties turn into study:
'T is meat and sleep. What need I outward garments,
When I can clothe myself with understanding?
The stars and glorious planets have no tailors,
Yet ever new they are and shine like courtiers.
The seasons of the year find no fond parents,
Yet some are armed in silver ice that glisters,
And some in gaudy green come in like masquers;

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The silk-worm spins her own suit and her lodging
And has no aid nor partner in her labours.
Why should we care for anything but knowledge
Or look upon the world but to contemn it ?

Our study of Fletcher's style would not be complete without some comment on his verse, which is even more thoroughly characteristic than his diction. In verse, as in diction, Fletcher has a manner. An author has a style when he rules his expression and has it thoroughly under control. He has a manner when his expression rules him, and forces his thought into a fixed mould, no matter what its subject. Carlyle and Browning have a manner. Shakespeare is the most glorious example of the absolute possession of a style. Now Fletcher found out a few inventions in rhythm in his younger days and they pleased him so greatly that he clung to them till his death, in season and out of season, for every subject and every character.

Without insisting on technicalities too much, it is sufficient to say that the chief of these inventions was that of ending two thirds of the lines with an extra, unaccented syllable. In the above-quoted passage every line thus ends. This practice is common enough in the Continental languages, but Shakespeare and Milton use it very soberly. In serious writing it is apt to tend to monotony, as, for instance, in the sing-song blank verse of Schiller. And in Fletcher's tragedies it is simply one more added to his long list of defects, as will be seen by comparing the Wolsey speech with any Shakespearean passage in the same play. But, here again, when we come to Fletcher's comedies, the result is altogether different. In writing easy, natural dialogue, he combines the above-mentioned peculiarity with others which go far to relieve its monotony, shakes out the folds of his lines, as it were, adds extra syllables internally, throws the pauses in unexpected places, above all adapts rhythm to sense and emphasis in the most wonderfully varied and telling manner.

Just how far Fletcher was original in seeking these effects and how much he owed to Plautus and Aristophanes it would be difficult to say. Coleridge clearly recognized the Plautian affinity. Critics since his day have surprisingly neglected it. But it is certain that no dramatist of modern times has come anywhere near producing the comic effects of the Roman poet as Fletcher produces them. Shakespeare, when he wrote comic dialogue, turned to prose. So did most of his contemporaries. And the stiff Alexandrines of Molière are about as un-Plautian as can well be imagined.

It was a verse-quality like Fletcher's that Goethe referred to when he said, in connection with Byron's *Don Juan*, that "English poetry has developed a comic medium which we Germans are entirely without." And, though Byron probably knew nothing of Fletcher and got his octave entirely from the Italians, the swift flight of the Byronic stanza has something very Fletcherian about it.

As for the bass, the beast could only bellow.
In fact, he 'd had no singing education ;
A timeless, noteless, tuneless, ignorant fellow.

But the free movement of comic blank verse gives an opening for such things which no stanza could possibly afford, and Fletcher used that opening to the full. His verse dances, sparkles, quivers. It leaps like a serpent and lashes like a whip. Of course, his careless temper pushes everything to excess, and to crowd seventeen syllables into one ten-syllabled line is an excess undoubtedly.

Do they think/to car/ry it away/with a great band/made of bird-/pots ?

Yet even this monstrosity, read as I have marked it, rather enhances than trammels the contemptuous bearing of the thought; and it is just here that Fletcher's cunning and his greatness lie, in his extraordinary faculty of emphasizing sense by sound. His lines speak themselves, they fling themselves right

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in the faces of an audience, they flutter through the theatre, drenched with laughter and glittering with gayety. They are simply made for dramatic declamation and nothing else; and if actors could be found to deliver them understandingly, I am convinced that critics would be astonished at the effect.

I went up, came to the door, knocked, nobody answered.

Would she were at home again, milking her father's cows.

And blast, blast, blast, those buds of pride that paint you.

SEBASTIAN

Why that 's my daughter, rogue; dost thou not see her,
Kissing that fellow there, there in that corner?

LAUNCELOT

Kissing?
An honest, moral man? 'T is for a constable.
A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,
A liberal man, a likely man, a man
Made up like Hercules.

It is difficult to find longer passages suitable for quotation, but at least I must give this edifying dispute between Don John and Don Frederick in *The Chances*, on the subject of conjuring. Don John inquires how devils may be raised: —

FREDERICK

With spells, man.

JOHN

Ay, with spoons as soon. Dost thou think
The devil such an ass as people make him?
Such a poor coxcomb, such a penny footpost?
Compelled with cross and pile to run of errands?
With Asteroth and Behemoth and Belphagor?
Why should he shake at sounds that lives in a smith's forge?
Or, if he do —

FREDERICK

Without all doubt, he does, John.

JOHN

Why should not bilbo raise him, or a pair of bullions?
They go as big as any; or an unshod car,
When he goes tumble, tumble o'er the stones,
Like Anacreon's drunken verses, make him tremble?
These make as fell a noise.

The movement of Fletcher's verse cannot be better described than by his own glittering lines in *Bonduca:* —

Their gilt coats shine like dragons' scales, their march
Like a rough, tumbling storm.

I have dwelt at much more length on Fletcher's work than on that of Beaumont, first because critics almost universally praise Beaumont at Fletcher's expense, and second because, though Beaumont was a higher and purer spirit and a more delicate artist, Fletcher was much more original, a more complex character, and on the whole stronger and more vigorous.

To enjoy Fletcher and to enter fully into his plays, one should be young, at any rate in spirit. In this respect he is like Scott. Sir Walter had a purity and dignity of moral tone which Fletcher never knew; and Fletcher was an Elizabethan in imagination. But they both loved the grace, the variety, the picturesqueness of romance; they both preferred to look at the outside of life; neither of them wished to dwell upon

the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world.

Such writers give us no help in passionate struggles or profound problems. No wise man would go to them for such a purpose. But if one wishes, with Lamb, "to scatter Nightmares," to relax and let go, to throw off the burdens, to flood one's soul with sunshine and sweet laughter and bright, immortal gayety, I do not know a surer resource than the comedies of Fletcher. And though he does not set up for a preacher or a framer of wise saws, there have been more foolish ones uttered than the remark of Cacafogo in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife:* —

What need we fiddles, idle songs, and sack,
When our own miseries can make us merry?

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

LUGGAGE AND THE LADY

I WRITE as one pursued through life by the malevolence of inanimate objects. My singular subjection to things was never brought so painfully home to me as last summer during four months in Europe. Of course, my soul had been to Europe a great many times, but my body never, and now I was taking it, as well as certain scrip and scrippage for its journey. I chained up my soul and held it under lock and key while I took counsel with certain seductive guidebooks. These paternal manuals left no detail untouched, until there was no fear left for me of cabs or custom houses, of money-tables or time-tables. It was all as simple as bread and milk. One thing all my guides inveighed against, a superfluity of baggage; with them I utterly agreed. A trunk was an expensive luxury on foreign railways; there stood ready always an army of porters to escort one's hand-bags. A lady could travel gayly with a single change of raiment; after a day's dust and soil, merely the transformation of a blouse, and behold a toilet fit for any table d'hôte. Moreover, so remarkable were foreign laundry facilities that on tumbling to bed all you had to do was to summon an obliging maid, deliver, sleep, and on the morrow morn, behold yourself all crisply washed and ironed. As to the expense of a trunk and the battalions of porters, the guidebooks were correct; as to the rest, they lied. The single blouse theory is all very well if you don't wear out or tear out by the way; and as to the laundry fallacy, do I not still see myself roaming the streets of Antwerp searching vainly for one single blanchisserie? My conclusion is that one needs clothes and a right mind about as much on one side of the Atlantic as on the other.

But I had not reached this conclusion when I bought my baggage, therefore I limited myself to two hand-pieces. For the first of these I had not far to search. It was that frail, slim, dapper thing, a straw suitcase. It was very light, just how light I was afterwards to discover, but before embarkation I regarded it with joy; it seemed to me suitable and genteel, with its sober gray sides and trim leather corners. With it I was satisfied, whereas from the first I felt misgiving about my second article of impedimenta. There was nothing genteel or ladylike about this, that was certain, but perhaps I am not the first traveler who has yielded to the mendacious promises of a telescope. *It looks as if it would so obligingly yield* to the need either of condensation or expansion. You may inflate or contract at will, and it's all the same to the telescope. My telescope was peculiarly unbeautiful. Its material was a shiny substance looking like linoleum, called wood fibre, and having a bright burnt-orange color. Its corners were strengthened with sheet iron, lacquered black. You have seen the same in use by rural drummers, but rarely in a female hand. I don't know why I bought it. It is part of my quarrel with inanimate objects that they always exert an hypnotic influence upon me in the shop, and always excite loathing so soon as they arrive at my home. In this instance it was both the saleswoman and the purchase that excited the hypnotism. She was of that florid, expansive, pompadoured type that always reduces my mind to feebleness. Moreover, she jumped up and down on my prospective telescope, bouncing before my eyes in all her bigness. Now, in my sober senses I do know that one's primary motive in purchasing a hand-bag is not that one may dance upon it; but at that moment, as I watched her pirouetting as if on a spring-board, I felt that no piece of luggage was

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anything worth unless you could jump upon it. I bought.

Almost at once that tawny bedemoned box began its career of naughtiness. The first thing it did on shipboard was to disappear. It stopped just long enough to be entered in the agent's book, and then it leaped down into the hold and hid. I searched; the purser searched; so did six several stewards and stewardesses. The stewards searched the staterooms; I searched the passages; together we searched the hold, penetrating even the steerage to see if the missing article were congregating with the motley collection down there. We were four days out when, in a passage repeatedly searched, on a ledge near a porthole, behold my tawny telescope leering at me! My steward was genuinely superstitious over it. So was I.

It was during my first travels on land that I discovered that a capacity for being jumped upon, far from being a recommendation in a piece of luggage, is distinctly a detraction. I did a great deal of jumping during three weeks in Scotland. I am sure I shall have sympathizers when I declare my difficulties in packing a telescope. In the first place, it is very hard, when both ends are lying on the floor, supine and gaping, to distinguish which is top and which is bottom. It is only after sad repacking that you discover that while top will sometimes go over bottom, bottom will never go over top. Having ascertained which is bottom, you begin to pack. You soon are even with the edge; but in a telescope this is nothing. You continue to pack, up, up into the air, a tremulous mountain of garments upon which at length you gingerly place top. Firmly seating yourself at one end, you grasp the straps that girdle the other, and bravely you seek to buckle them. Result, while that end of the telescope on which you are sitting undoubtedly settles under your weight, from the gaping mouth which you are attempting to muzzle there is belched forth an array of petticoats, blouses, collars, postcards. You dismount, reopen, replace scattered articles, and reseat yourself on the opposite end. Result, the end which sank under you before now pops wide, and spouts forth a stream of Baedekers red as collops. Again you repack all, replace top. Starting from across the room, with a running high jump, you aim to land on the very middle of the thing. Result, the top goes down, it is true, but from all edges there dips a fringe of garments. In the privacy of your room, with the assistance of Heaven and the chambermaid and the Boots, you may sometimes contrive to shut a telescope; but I once had to open and restrap mine, sole and unaided, in the waiting room of a station. It happened that I had placed my ticket to London in the toe of one shoe, placed the shoe in the bottom of the straw suitcase, locked this, placed the key in the toe of the other shoe, and placed that in the bottom of my telescope. Why did I do this? Simply because I had just visited Melrose Abbey. I frequently suffer from a tendency of my costume to disruption in moments of stress. At times of great muscular exertion and mental excitement my hat tends to take an inebriate lunge, each several hairpin stands on end, my collar rises rowdyish from its moorings, impeccable glove fingers gape wantonly. All these circumstances attended the closing of my telescope on that occasion. It was immediately after that I decided upon the necessity of a third piece of baggage.

I bought it in Edinburgh, on Princess Street, the wonderful street where you vainly seek to apply yourself to mundane shopping with Edinburgh Castle ever filling your vision, standing over there on its craggy hill, all misty with legend, while a hundred memories of Mary Queen of Scots come whispering at your ear as you soberly endeavor to buy gloves. If my previous impedimenta had been outrageously American, my third handbag was Scotch, every inch of him. He was gentlemanly and distinguished, frank and accommodating. I have never seen any-

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thing like him over here, — shiny black sides of oilcloth, bound by leather strips, plentifully studded with tacks, but otherwise strictly unornamented. But his chief charm was the way he opened, the whole top flapping easily apart at will, and afterwards the two sides closing over all as easily as if his only desire were to please. In capacity he was unlimited; you could pour into him, on and on, and always he closed upon his contents smilingly, without protest.

For a brief space, as I trickled down through England from cathedral to cathedral, my Scotch companion was my chiefest comfort, the mere sight of his black, rising-sunshiny face cheering me as it looked down upon me from the luggage rack of a third-class carriage. More and more I came to impose upon the generosity of his interior, until one day my confidence in his Scotch integrity was rudely shattered; for I discovered that the reason he could hold so much was that he had quietly kicked out his bottom! He continued to accompany me, it is true, but thrust from his high gentlemanly estate, resembling now rather those bleary, dilapidated Glasgow porters that greet one's arriving vessel, his frail form, like theirs, begirt and bandaged in order to support the few light belongings I now dared to entrust to his feebleness.

Meanwhile, the strength of my yellow telescope continued unabated, but so did also its averseness to accommodating my possessions, which daily, all unwittingly and unwillingly, increased. My dapper suitcase had suffered by the way, its neat sides were bruised and staved in, one leather corner was missing, another stood up like an attentive ear. It still smiled, "brave in ragged luck," but its own America would not have known it. It now appeared that England, and as it happened, rural Devon, must contribute another article to my retinue.

Now, ever since I had touched Great Britain my unaccustomed eye had been fascinated by a piece of luggage quite new to me, I mean that most British thing, the tin trunk. We have nothing like it in luggage, but we have copied it exactly in cake boxes; the only difference is that the English original has a bulge top and a lock and key. In character my British baggage was much better natured than my American telescope, but in color it was much the same, orange tawny; it had grown very easy for me to spot my belongings in the miscellany of the luggage van.

These representatives of the American, Scotch, and English nations followed in my wake from Southampton to St. Malo, and perhaps their company need never have been increased on the continent if in Brittany I had not bought a pair of sabots, life size. Nothing so unaccommodating as sabots! Seemingly each was big enough to sleep in, but if I attempted to pack the inside of one, behold, it would hold nothing at all; it was built to hold a foot, and if it could n't have a foot, it would have nothing. In true peasant insolence, each sabot demanded a whole handbag to itself, and, once in, refused to accommodate its substantial bulk to the needs of any of my other possessions. In much difficulty I managed to get across France, but once in Paris, especially in view of certain aristocratic purchases that absolutely refused to consort with wooden shoes, the need of still a fifth hand-piece was evident.

Paris luggage, like a Paris lady, is built to show a pleasing exterior. Diversion rather than utility is its motive. My Paris handbag still preserves its suggestion of perpetual picnic. It looks as if it were always just off for a Sunday in the Bois. It is a woven wicker thing, exactly like an American lunch-basket, vastly magnified. The handle must be grasped from the top, and is not the handy side appendage of all American grips. I never look at it without seeing within dozens upon dozens of boiled eggs and sandwiches. As a matter of fact, it has never held anything of the sort; rather it carried my new Parisian costume safely from Paris to New York.

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By dint of fast and furious touring through Belgium I managed not to acquire anything more to pack or to be packed, but in Holland once again I fell. I was within a few days of sailing when I visited Alkmaar. There a tall polyglot young Dutchman showed me through a most delicious cheese factory. Innocent and round, ruby or orange, smiled those cheeses down at me from their long shelves. My guide gave me to eat. Thus it was that the last thing I bought on the other side was — cheeses! Oh, he assured me, they were perfectly well behaved; even had they so desired they could not get out of their strong cases; no more innocent gift to be taken home to appreciative friends. That Dutchman understood American credulity better than he did the American language. Those cheeses did not stay in their cases. They came out and performed in all ways after the manner of cheeses. Now throughout my trip, whatever inconveniences I might suffer by reason of possessions acquired, I could never make up my mind to abandon any. Having bought them, I did not desert my cheeses, but it became increasingly apparent that they would have to travel in a home of their own, together with such of my goods as would not be corrupted by evil communications. I purchased my last bit of luggage in Rotterdam. It was a gray canvas bag, in shape like a dachshund without the appendages. It was capable of as much lateral expansion as a Marken fisherman. It received and held the cheeses, but frankly, so that their contour was clear to the eye. To all appearances I was taking home a bushel of turnips out of brave little Holland.

I embarked at Rotterdam, and for ten days sank into that state of coma to which ocean travel stimulates me. It was not till we had touched the Hoboken dock that I became once more acutely alert. I had donned my Paris traveling dress, had walked through the great shed until I found my letter X, and then turned about to wait with the rest for the arrival of my luggage. Then for the first time realization overwhelmed me. I was waiting for my bags, *my* bags; those six disreputable traveling companions would here and now seek me out and claim my society, right here in America, with V and W to right of me, Y and Z to left, my haughty steamer acquaintance, looking on! Over on the other side one is not known by one's baggage, but here one is! I had faced many a white continental porter with nonchalance, but with which one of my motley collection in my hand could I face the black Pullman porter of my own country? I cowered with shame, so slowly they arrived, each several one of the six, tediously threading its way to X, never losing itself, never losing me, always hunting me down! The joy of homecoming was turned to gall. I saw V and W, Y and Z, turn away their faces. To my eyes each several hand-piece looked more bizarre than the last. Which one should I select to accompany me on an American railroad? Which of the motley crew would least endanger the respectability of a lady traveling alone in an American car? Through the crowd my Parisian lunch-basket came mincing up to me, still ready for perpetual picnic. Silly chit! I would n't travel with her. My Rotterdam purchase, bulging and redolent with cheeses, came waddling up, respectable perhaps, but with it I should have been as conspicuous as with one of the Marken imps in copious trousers that it so much resembled. My former pride of Scotch travel was now so fallen away that he looked as if he were in the last stages of his native whiskey, and as if his physique would hardly have supported the weight of a hairpin. No help to be had in him! My American suitcase, in May so trig and debonair, had been punched and pounded out of all semblance to anything belonging either to America or a suitcase. My British cake-box had suffered likewise, and in its decrepitude supported the loss of a lock, and appeared to my horrified eyes carefully roped with clothesline by a friendly steward. Even

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though I promptly sat down upon it, spreading my Paris skirt wide, I could not conceal that yellow cake-box from the fashionable steamer folk that swarmed about me. Suitcase and tin trunk both had lost all distinction of nation; they both belonged now to the international species, tramp. There remained to me only my evil genius, the orange-tawny telescope. Foreign labels had but scantily subdued the natural aggressiveness of his demeanor. He was possible — perhaps. Then I considered how he had flouted me, scorned me, spilled out at me, jeered at me in my helplessness. I pictured opening and shutting him in the berth of a sleeping car; then quietly, inconspicuously, and virulently, I kicked him.

I fastened the last strap the customs officers had loosened. Just one moment I hesitated, regarding my rakish European retinue, then I fell upon the waiting baggage-agent. "Check them all," I cried, "all!" Free as a bird, as a gipsy, as an American, I traveled from New York to Chicago, a lady luggage-less.

OF BEING MIDDLE-AGED

WHEN are we middle-aged? There is no very definite year for its beginning, nor any special aspect to tell of its arrival — you may *be* it either before or after you look it. Superficially, much depends on the point of view, for there's a wide angle between twenty and eighty; but not so much in reality. Let us consider the matter.

It, this middle-age, comes gradually, of course; though, as a rule, each of us realizes it for himself, suddenly, with a shock. One day we say of a contemporary, "Oh, of the usual age," which means, I take it, "between thirty" as Mark Twain (I believe it was he) has happily euphuized it. A Harvard professor once called this period the "Cambridge age," which struck me at the time (I had not arrived at it then) as very clever. I dare say, now, however, this specific Cambridge age has advanced along with him and me. It may be between forty now; come to think of it, I rather think it is. I did n't connect any of these terms with myself for a long time. One day, however, I remarked of some one, "Oh! of the usual age." Instantly I said to myself, with a horrid shock, "That's just what you are! *You are it!*" This was the beginning of my rise, or fall, to middle-age.

Here let me digress a bit for the benefit of the "young person." As soon as you, "my youthful reader," begin to think about these things, it is the beginning of them; if you want to study the psychology of the further coming, now is the time to start. Before you know it, you will be *it*, — that is, middle-aged, — and the crucial moments will be gone. But let me beg of you, don't. Don't, I pray you, "dear youthful reader," don't, until you are obliged to, don't have more than two classes of people in your mind — the young and the old. It is much nicer then; and so long as it is so, you yourself are young. What a sad thought it is (its coming to me is a sure sign of my own middle-age, for it's a stock thought and expression of this period; let me give way to it once more!) what a sad thought it is that every one in the world, no matter what his condition, is for years of his life possessed of the one desirable, the one most beautiful thing in the world — youth, — and does not appreciate it till it is gone! If we could only be young and realize all that youth means at one and the same time! If only we did not, with youth's perversity (almost its only one), want to be grown up! Some happy mortals, happy I call them, never do really grow up, though alas! by the time they and their friends realize it, they have lost the physical beauty of youth — which is half the game!

But to get back to middle-age. I did not (nor do any of us of ourselves, probably) realize being middle-aged for some time. It came to me, personally, when a youth, of twenty or so, called me "sir." And even now, although I 'm

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almost between forty, I can't quite get over it, when another youth whom I see frequently, and who *treats* me confidentially as no older than himself, always *addresses* me as Mister.

My most violent and painful shock was, however, when I read of some play that it was "familiar to the older generation of playgoers, but unknown to the present." And I remembered that play! and not even vaguely, as one remembers the plays of one's childhood! It was a shock, too, in speaking of Julia Marlowe with a young woman, who seemed to me to be as old as I, when she said, "I am so glad that Miss Marlowe is beginning to play Shakespeare. What a lovely Rosalind she will make!" "But," I began; then I realized that Julia Marlowe *was* Rosalind when this young woman was bread-and-buttering in the nursery. I went the next week to see "As You Like It;" but, alas! I did not see *my* Rosalind. Incidentally, what a pity it is that there are no good parts for actresses of the "usual age" (let us use the euphemism). If I were a playwright I'd try my hand at them. But I suppose they would be turned down — stage folk being always either young or old.

I "acknowledged it" (I still cling to certain expressions in vogue before I was "between") and went on to tell the young woman of seeing Maude Adams when she *might* have suggested youth in Peter Pan (and was well scored for my use of "*might*"), of seeing Janauschek as Hortense, Booth as Hamlet, of laughing, and crying, with Warren and Mrs. Vincent at the Museum. Having thus confessed to her, she asked (innocently, I know), "And did you very much admire Charlotte Cushman?" I changed the subject before she could ask me how I liked Jenny Lind or the elder Booth. It was all one to her: I was a middle-aged man "reminiscing" of my youth. And I had started in to talk on equal terms! The stage is a terrible indicator.

And books! We are certainly middle-aged "Misters" and "Madams" when we remember the sensation of "Called Back," the flood of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the advent of "Mr. Barnes." And we do not even have to remember waiting for the installments of "Trilby:" it was but yesterday. Yet those superficially of our time know it not; and to them Kipling is as old as George Meredith!

And the cities! We remember when eight stories was a high building, when we watched steel construction with interest. We remember horse-cars, and the sensation of our first trolley ride, and squinting when we talked into a telephone! But no, no more! else I shall seem garrulous — a word of Old Age, not the "between."

When, then, are we middle-aged? When we have had these experiences, can remember these things. The keeping or the losing of our hair is a matter of health, of inheritance. The preservation or the loss of our enthusiasms is the same. Success and failure are personal affairs. Any one may mistake our ages on the street, or when they hear us talk of the weather — we do not yet say that in our youth winters were colder, or summers hotter. But when we have let slip the "between thirty" words, or thought of the "usual age;" when we remember these things; when we desire Youth; then indeed are we middle-aged, — just plain middle-aged, a word without a constant epithet. Youth is charming, joyous, exuberant: Old Age is serene, pathetic, terrible: middle-age is not even worth a capital letter. And yet, it has its compensation — we have an outlook in two directions — the only period which has; we have attained and not lost (it is to be hoped this is the case; Heaven help us if it is not!) a sane charity and a saving sense of humor.

THE DEVICE

If I might take unto myself a device, not for the family silver, but for my own contemplation, it would be this: a tall

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man in rude attire standing in the midst of a high hill-road, the sun rising out of the sea at one side, the land stretching off and off, with hidden rivers and villages, to the other side. And above him there would be an apple-tree, blowing continually in a west wind; but having more fruit than leaves, for I think the time would be autumn.

The man I see to be journeying always, and smiling as if he had no fear. For he is always young; weary often, but always young.

He is my soul. He is a pilgrim or a vagabond; perchance he is both. The road is the highway made by generations on generations of pilgrims and vagabonds who have gone on quests throughout all time. Yet now he is alone, for the soul must travel far without pleasant company.

It is on a hill that he is, for the conquest of hills is needful in that journey. And since I would have the soul always setting forth at dawn, as it were, the sun comes up mightily out of the sea, which is a deep limitless divine glory. But his golden setting is beyond the lands, the abode of men and women, of love and sorrow and labor.

As for the apple-tree with few leaves and much fruit, I think it is the Tree of Joy. But why the wind is ever from the west, so that the few leaves point like withered yellow tongues to the sea, I do not understand. I see it so, but its meaning is not plain to me.

The time is autumn. That is a time not like spring with its restless languor and tremulous leaping beauty, nor like summer, sated with colored heat. The autumn is a keen time, a superb time; when a man is strong to journey and the wind is bold to blow.

That is my device.

If one asks me what the quest of my soul may be, I cannot tell him duly. Sometimes it is no more than a shadow on the hills, or the wing of a wandering moth; and again, it is a planet, great fires in space, the very sun himself. Then perhaps it is a wind, a song, a delicate curve of sound, or the hoarse thunder of waves. The eager soul desires knowledge, too, of old intricate things, stored in books and minds of wise men; or of new intricate things, hidden since the first light, in the earth and the air and the fleeing elements. And then it desires knowledge of men's hearts. And then, a thing whereto I dare not give a name. But it is beneath and beyond all the rest.

Now as I meditate upon it, I perceive that this is the most common, most worn device, belonging to all men since the beginning of days.

This being so, I am fain of an answer to two questions. I have no desire for the name of the quest. Perhaps I know that name. But these things I do not understand with clearness.

Wherefore should the apple-tree, the tree of joy, if it be that, blow ever towards the rising sun and the sea?

And if every traveling soul must pass that tree, why have so many the appearance of hunger and meagreness? Is the right to eat thereof denied to some?

Some one in all of the world should know these things, for every one must traverse that road.

I am fain to be told.

DOG AND UNDER-DOG

It seems a queer thing, on first thought, that the multitudes are always for the under-dog. At a tennis tournament the cheers are for the loser when he pulls up his score a bit, and for him are the sighs and the feminine "Too bad!'s" when he makes a good try which fails. "Why are you always on the side of the under-dog?" asked the man who wondered about such things of the girl who turned her head away and would n't look because the game was being lost.

"The under-dogs are always so appealing and — so nice," she said, and then, smiling, "I 'm an under-dog myself." That was just it.

The common feeling for under-dogs

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is not so much pity as it is affection, tenderness — they warm the cockles of the heart; one likes to have them around. And this is because we are most of us under-dogs ourselves, in the depths of us, and we feel for each other the sympathy which comes from resemblance, the attraction of like for like.

Under-Doggism does not arise wholly from condition (you find under-dogs in the very seats of the mighty) but from a winsome quality of mind which is inherent. You may know the under-dog by a certain negative attitude, an absence of assertion, a denial of superiority, a smiling air of seeing the humor of the situation, a droll hint of a wink at his own discomfiture. Some of them, it is true, do make the mistake of trying to be something else: they put on an imposing front, and in a momentary flood of favor and fortune pose as dogs rampant. Yet, even in that lofty attitude, the tail may be observed between the legs.

Decidedly (if one may be allowed a bit of under-dogma) one likes best the under-dog who knows what he is, and who accepts his humble but comfortable lot with complacence, even with relish and gusto. The young woman who dispenses with society columns and suitors and with a droll little smile confesses that she did n't "make a go of it," but who is, nevertheless, a most enchanting under-doggess; the young author whose life-work is certainly not of the Six Best Sellers, and who makes pleasant little jokes about returned manuscripts; the little girl at a piano recital who has to go on and on tearfully repeating her "piece" because she has forgotten the end of it; young men and maidens disappointed in their loves; small round boys who can't do their sums; little forlorn, abandoned cats; Cinderellas — what is the universal appeal of these, wherein lies their dear power to claim affection and stir emotion, but in their under-doggism?

Contrast with these beloved browbeaten, the browbeaters of society — officials, inspectors, authorities, champions, directors, good-spellers, winners of beauty contests, powers that be, governesses, boy orators, street-car conductors, successful candidates, belles-of-the-season, prize bulldogs, trust magnates, cooks, floorwalkers, tax-collectors, infant phenomenons — the whole inglorious horde of disagreeables. Ah! the super-dog, the dog rampant, is the real outcast, the miserable one, for he ramps alone.

WORDS

Last night it was long before I could let sleep overtake me. Words, mere words, pursued me so hotly that sleep lagged far behind.

To-day, as I sit in the sun and write, the words are but my none-too-ready servants. They come at my bidding, yet slowly, grudgingly, as if they were sullen laborers, well-nigh on the verge of a strike. I wish that last night I could have been writing and writing. The thing I might have written would be like a great unearthly jewel, flaming the seven colors, sharper than a two-edged sword. For a host of words was all about me, crowding, urging, flashing, making outcry.

It is a hard thing to relate clearly. If I say, "Last night I was full of splendor, last night I was ready with great speech," one would scarce believe me. Where is it all fled, then? And alas, I do not know. Yet I cannot hold my peace in the matter. For an hour I was overwhelmed by triumphant words.

I have read that the time between waking and sleeping is the time for visions to slide across the quiet lids, and charm away the sense with a riot of symbolic color and shape. This has been well proved in my own small fashion, for many a night I have lain quiescent, watching a weird procession that flowered magically out of the half-dark in my eyes. Blossoms and birds and fish, brilliant with color; wide deserts, high seas, blazing sunsets flecked with masts and leaves to make them blaze the more; wood paths

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and glimmering brooks; and faces upon faces, mad, distorted, scarred, or pale and beautiful. And I have seen far stranger things: once a red-capped peasant unearthing a chest of treasure under a waning moon; once a silent company of folk in dull ancient garb, lifting what seemed to be many dead bodies from a great wagon that stood beside a field of sunken graves; and countless curious pictures more.

I am aware that this motley procession arises from no singularity of my own brain, and am become accustomed to it; but last night, the hosting of the words seemed novel, disquieting, terrible, and glorious. Doubtless it was but another manifestation of the old half-occult mental power, but to me it was strange.

An army of words, in companies and battalions and charging ranks, gave chase to me. It was as if I ran, ran, forever ran, and the words were forever upon me: strong words, delicate words, glittering and gloomy words; those that cry aloud and those that whisper close; plodders to a funeral march, dancers to a twinkling tarantella. Now a phrase, round and robustious as from a demagogue's mouth, clapped me upon the back; and then a line of lazy lovely poetry clasped my throat like a woman's hand. An old refrain meriting tears, and a proud thought with a windy buffeting breath, trod close upon each other.

And they were all gloriously new: bold as the sun, unused as the dawn, full of might; not the poor empty echoing shells listened to for countless noisy centuries, but live things, young as Adam in the garden, urgent as the tides of the sea.

Had they but stayed a little with me, how the world would bow down and listen! How I would shout in the ears of the fat rich folk who grow deafer day by day; how I would sing for the thin poor folk who are in peril of forgetting music through very lack. How I would flame and sparkle and work splendid miracles on earth!

Alackaday! so is it with dreams. The power is gone with the night. At last I fell asleep, and awoke to the sun, happy, clear of head, strong of body, but dumb as ever before.

I only know that somewhere between waking and sleeping, between the light and the dark, the great words live untarnished and unworn. Mighty are the men who can snare them and carry them forth to the light of day; but it must suffice me to have felt their pursuit even in a feverish half-dream.

THE MUSE ASTRAY

Once in a land where memories throng,
  By a far southern sea,
A poet sang a little song
  Of rhythmic ecstasy.

He caught — or thought he caught — the glow
  Of rapt Italian vales,
The lustre of unstained snow,
  The thrill of nightingales.

And not alone it charmed the sense,
  Since on the theme was cast
The precious antique influence
  Of a long, storied past.

"Now," cried he, "for a magazine;
  I'm puzzled as to which
My brilliantly word-painted scene
  Most fitly shall enrich."

The dove returned; one tiny leaf
  Dejectedly it bore.
The singer stood transfixed with grief,
  Yet sent it forth once more;

And back it came, and back, until —
  So early trained to roam —
If one but gave the thing its will
  The carrier song flew home.

MORAL

Be good, sweet muse, and wisely choose
  Some fresher, homelier strain:
Shall Kalamazoo, Metuchen, too,
  And Oshkosh sue in vain?

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